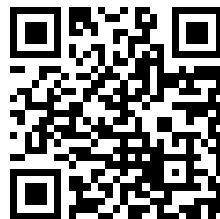

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Our little ones. W.T. Adams, ed





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OUR LITTLE ONES:

ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

(OLIVER OPTIC),

Editor.

WITH 380 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



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LITTLE MISS SONNET.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 1.

LITTLE MISS SONNET.

PRIM little Miss Sonnet
Once ordered a bonnet;
The biggest and grandest that ever was seen.
And little Miss Sonnet
She said, "I will don it,
For I am quite sure it is fit for the Queen."

Then little Miss Sonnet
She put on her bonnet,
And tied a true lover's knot under her chin;
And this wonderful bonnet
Had red roses on it,
With all of them fastened in place with a pin.

So little Miss Sonnet
Went out with her bonnet,
And strutted about for a while in the park;
When the wind took the bonnet
With little Miss Sonnet,
And blew them both up in the sky, like a spark.

ALBERT H. HARDY.



IN A STRIPED ULSTER.

FARMER PENN meant to have his wheat all cut by night, but the reapers he had hired did not come.

But one harvester, a small, spry chap, was hard at work on his own account. He enjoyed it and was not lonesome. He was not working for wages, nor reaping on shares, but all he gathered he took away for himself.

He wore a striped ulster, and yet did not seem too warm. He did not take it off and hang it on the fence, as the reapers would have taken off their coats.

Every now and then he sat down, folded his hands and gave a loud Whi-r-r! which was his way of laughing at the thought of his good fortune. His hands were paws, and his name was Mr. Chipmunk.

He lived close by, in a hollow tree, beyond the fence around the field. His house and his granary were one. Farmer Penn had never seen a reaping or a threshing machine, but little Chipmunk



knew a good deal about such things. At least, he carried in his head some very curious helps to harvesting.

That afternoon the two boys of the family, George and Gardner, went to the wheat-field, and saw the squirrel helping himself. They

hid behind a rock at the edge of the field and peeped out to watch him. The cunning little fellow was too busy to notice them.

How swift his motions were! No man could swing his arms like that. Chipmunk bent down the wheat, a stalk at a time. With his teeth he shelled the head clean of kernels in one moment. Not having any use for the straw, he left it where it was.

"What will he do for a bag to carry the wheat away in?" whispered Gardy. "Will he take the bag on his shoulder, as father does?"

"Don't you see his cheeks swell out?" asked George. "They are all the bags he needs."



"Oho!" whispered the little boy again, "is n't Chipmunk a funny chap? His cheeks look like yours when you had the mumps last winter, Georgy." Gardy could hardly help laughing aloud.

When Chipmunk had stuffed his cheeks with wheat, he ran away through the fence, with his tail over his back. The boys waited till, in a very short time, he came leaping back, saying Whi-r-r! His cheeks were empty, ready to be filled again.

"I'm sure," said the older of the brothers as they set off for home, "that he has as much as half a peck of father's wheat already stored away for winter. It won't make much difference, and a squirrel lives by eating, like you and me. If there were many such thieves around, though, we might have to trap or shoot them. The field will be reaped to-morrow, then Mr. Chipmunk will be obliged to finish his harvesting on nuts."

L. S. G.



THE TABLES TURNED.

ROVER's bark, so fierce and loud,
Scares the noisy, cackling crowd.
Silly geese, how fast they run!
Gallant Rover thinks it fun;
Down the road and up the hill
Keeps the chase up with a will.

Suddenly, with rage possessed,
One goose, bolder than the rest,
Turns, and with an angry cry
Puts to flight the enemy;
Up the road and down the hill
Chases Rover with a will!

EVA F. L. CARSON.





ROASTED CHESTNUTS AT THE FAIR.

WILLIE had been to the city with his father. In a great many places he saw men in the streets selling roasted chestnuts. They had stands made of sheet-iron, in which they roasted the chestnuts. Willie's father bought some, and the country boy thought they were very nice.

Willie lived in the village of Gordon. A few days before there was a bad fire in Millbrook. The great factories were burned, and so were the houses of many poor people. It was hard for the rich who owned the mills. It was a hundred times worse for the poor, who now had no work, and had lost all they had.

The people of Gordon and other towns gave money, food, and clothes to these poor people. Willie and Lillie Gray, who were cousins, wanted to do something for the hungry and houseless ones. They got up a fair, for they had no money to give.

A few days before the fair, Willie made up his mind that roast chestnuts would sell well. His father kept a tin shop, and made him a stand like those he had seen in the city.

Then Willie found that no chestnuts were to be had at the stores in Gordon. Mr. Gray was going to Millbrook, the day before the fair. Willie and Lillie were to ride with him.

But there were no chestnuts in Millbrook. On the way home, Mr. Gray happened to think he was to be in Harvard at four o'clock. He had not time to go home with the children. They were very willing to walk across through the woods. It was seldom any one went that way.

In a lonely place Willie chased a rabbit that ran across the path. In a few minutes he came to a place where the ground was covered with chestnuts. He did not chase the rabbit any more. He called to Lillie, and she soon joined him. The frost had opened the burrs. Willie said the chestnuts were "knee deep."

They had left the bag in the wagon, and they had no way to carry the nuts. Lillie filled her apron, and Willie helped her. They walked home, looking at the nuts nearly all the way.

Before night they went back with Willie's wagon and filled it even full. They had two bushels. All day Saturday, at the fair, Willie roasted chestnuts. He sold them at five cents a half-pint. They brought twelve dollars and eighty cents.

At the fair they made twenty-two dollars. They were even happier than the poor who got this money. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

MARY BLOOM.



THREE LITTLE FRIENDS.

UNDER the tree, under the tree,
Contented and happy sit little friends three.
The sunbeams so gay make a beautiful day
For our little girlies to frolic away.

Up in the tree, up in the tree;
The birdies are hiding as snug as can be;
The little black cat is too lazy and fat
And too busy purring to care about that.

M. D. BRINE.



ZIP, THE TAME CRANE.

HE was not a lame tame crane. He had a pair of very long and nimble legs. He used to take walks in the garden with Uncle Will. He would stretch his long neck under Uncle Will's arm, and hold his head up as high as his shoulder. Sometimes they would have a race. Then the crane would take long and funny leaps, and flap his wings, and scream with delight.

His name was Zip. He came from the South, and wore a light blue jacket of feathers. You would have laughed to see the hens when he first came. Perhaps they thought he was a great awkward chicken. They all ran round him, and cackled in chorus at the top of their voices. At last Zeke, the rooster, hopped up, and tried to spur him. But he could not reach. Zip's legs were too long.

Zip looked for a minute, to see how high the rooster could hop.

Then he darted out his sharp bill at him. Zeke did not try to hop at Zip again. He hobbled to his roost, and left a handful of feathers behind. Then he said some very loud rooster words. The hens puzzled over the strange chicken for a while, and then they went to bed too.

Zip was not fond of boys. When a boy came into the yard, he would run with all his might, and drive him out. His bill was very sharp. When he struck a boy with it, he did not ask the boy to yell. But the boy did it without being asked.

One day Uncle Will was coming up the street. All at once he heard a duet in the garden. First he heard Zip sing. Then he heard a boy sing. Zip sang as if he liked it. The boy sang as if he were sad. Uncle Will opened the gate, and went in.

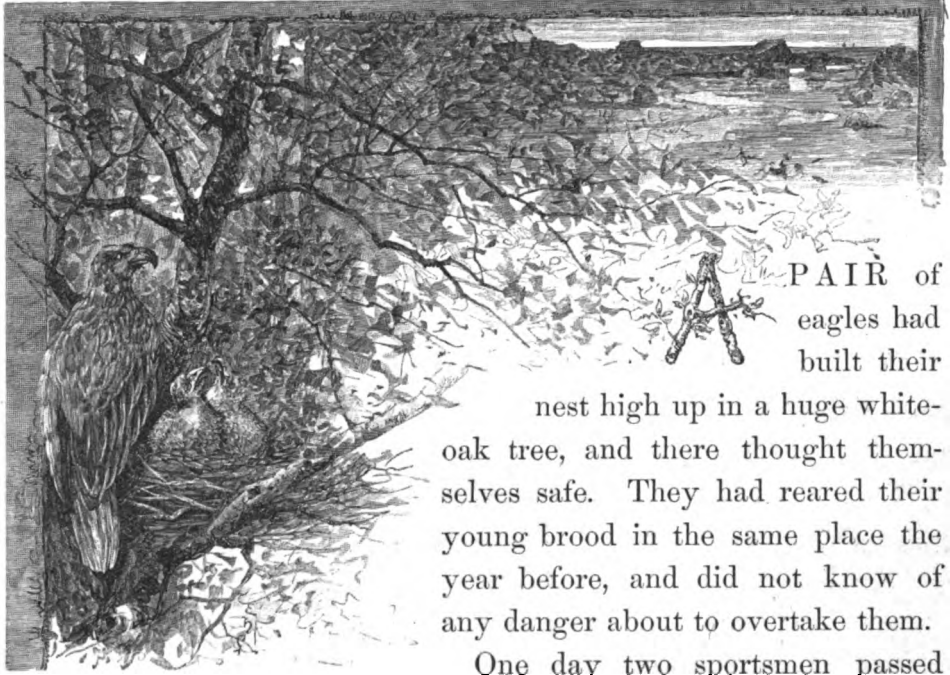


There, in a corner, stood the tailor's boy. He had brought a coat. He wanted to leave the coat and go home. But the crane would not let him. Zip kept dancing about, and pecking at the poor little fellow. All the boy could do was to hold out the coat, and let Zip bite that.

Uncle Will soon put an end to Zip's fun. The next time the boy brought a coat, he threw it over the fence and ran away.

KHAM.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.



A PAIR of eagles had built their nest high up in a huge white-oak tree, and there thought themselves safe. They had reared their young brood in the same place the year before, and did not know of any danger about to overtake them.

One day two sportsmen passed that way, and as one of the birds was circling round the tree, they proposed to shoot it. Quick as thought, a gun was raised, and bang! down came the royal bird, shot through the wing. He still, however, made such brave use of wings, beak, and claws, that the hunters feared to approach him, and left him, as they thought, to die.

Next day a young man, driving through a field of the same farm, found the wounded bird in a ditch. He went near it, in spite of much flapping of wings, and striking out with beak and talons. The angry bird caught his leg in its fierce beak, and would not let go. A friend came to his aid, and together they captured the eagle. They fastened him with a strong rope, and carried him home. Then they set the broken wing, and put him in a large, airy house.

They fed him with fish, birds, or anything they could catch or shoot.

This royal captive has a white head, mottled brown wings, and legs heavily booted with feathers. His great talons can clutch and carry off a young lamb in their powerful hold.

Some day soon, his two friends, who saved him from a cruel death, will carry him home and set him free near his nest. His mate has no doubt long wondered where he is, and why he has left her to rear their young ones alone.



PINK HUNTER.

WHY SHE CACKLED.

“TUT, tut, Biddy Speckle!
 Pray hush your loud cackle!
 ’Tis only an egg you’ve let drop:
 No cause for such flurry,
 This flutter and worry;
 I dare say ’t will soon be forgot.”

“O, dear mistress Kitty,
 Please spare me your pity!
 I cackle for joy, don’t you see?
 This egg I’ll be hatching,
 And soon he’ll be scratching
 Fat worms for himself and for me.”

M. CAREY.



AN ODD BABY.

It is ten years, and more, since John and Sue Bent went out West to live: they were quite small then. On the way out, in the cars, they had two things to talk about.

John was so glad to hear that they were to go in a boat, "up the great river with a long name," as he said.

Sue added, "O, I do hope we shall see some Indians, out West!"

When they came to the river, they found that the boats could not run. It was spring, but the ice was not yet gone; so they had to go up the river in a *sleigh-stage*, on the ice.

John did not like this; no one liked it, for it did not seem safe. All were glad when they were on land once more.

"Well, John," said little Sue; "we did not go in the boat; but maybe we shall see some Indians now!"

This made the rest laugh, for no one thought Sue would have her wish. But, as they rode up the street of the town, some one cried out, —

"Why, little girl, there goes an Indian, to be sure!"

"Yes, and his squaw is behind him. Look, Sue! Look, John!"

"The squaw has her pappoose on her back, too!" cried John.

As they came up to the Indians, how they all did laugh! For the

squaw had a little dog on her back, in place of a baby, or pappoose, as they say. It rode in a fold of her blanket, as snug as could be.

The old Indian did not turn his head as the sleigh drove past. But the squaw gave John and Sue a look, as much as to say, "I know why you laugh!"

Was n't it odd of the squaw to carry her dog like a pappoose?



If it had been a child, I dare say she would have had it strapped to a board. The Indians treat their babies so to make them hardy, they say.

I think the dog had the best of it: don't you?

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

PLAY-TIME.



THE boys were in the garden,
Digging little wells;
The girls were at the sea-side,
Hunting pretty shells.



The boys were in the school-
room,
Sitting all in rows;
The girls were in the ball-room,
Standing on their toes.



The boys were in the wild
woods,
Picking sweet red berries;
The girls were 'neath the fruit-
trees,
Shaking down the cherries.

The girls were in the old swing,
Getting many a fall;
The boys were running swiftly
After bouncing ball.



Tired out, both girls and boys
In bed are sleeping sound.
May Heaven's brightest angels
Their dreaming couch sur-
round!

CELIA LOGAN.



A PIG CAUGHT IN A SLY TRICK.

My story is about a potato field in "Old Virginia." It had around it "a stake and rider fence." The potatoes grew and grew, in sunshine, dew, and rain. They were now as big as hens' eggs.



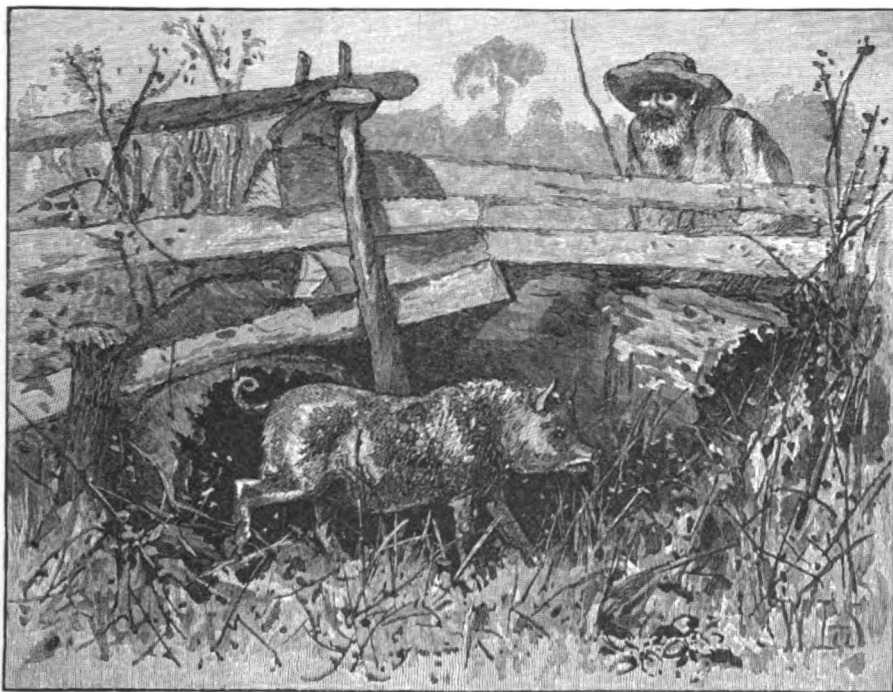
The owner of the field saw that there was something wrong with his potato patch. The vines were torn up, and the potatoes were gone. But who was the thief? By watching, maybe, the robber might be found out.

The farmer hid himself among some bushes. But he saw nothing, except one of his own little pigs. Piggy was coming slowly, slowly along the big road. He was rooting all the way, and grunting at every step. Did the pig know where he was going?

One corner of the rail fence rested on a large hollow log. That log was just like the elbow of a stove-pipe. One of its ends was outside and one was inside of the potato field.

The sly pig went straight to that log! With a grunt, he crawled in at one end of it, and, with another grunt, he crawled out at the other end, into the field. There he began, at once, to root up the nice potatoes, and to eat them.

The farmer jumped over the fence. In a trice the bars were put down. There was a loud call, — "Here, Rover, Rover, seek him!



seek him, sir!" And the dog chased the thieving rascal squealing from the field.

The farmer said to himself, — "I'll fix things all right." Then he turned the log so that the elbow was in the field, and both of its ends were on the outside.

Then the farmer hid and watched again. Mr. Pig came along a second time. He thought everything was right. He crawled into the log once more. He crawled through it. But he was still on the outside of the fence!

The pig grunted. He lifted up his head. He looked all around in great surprise. He wondered what was wrong. Then he grunted louder, and tried once more. Again he failed. And he failed as often as he grunted and tried.

The merry farmer laughed loudly at the wicked and astonished pig.

Thieves are sometimes caught in their slyest tricks!

UNCLE LEE.



THE TWINS.

Do you know our Peter and Polly,
So pretty, so plump, and so jolly?
One with merry blue eyes and lips like a cherry,
And one with dark hair, and cheeks brown as a berry?
Then this is our Peter and Polly!

Do you know our Polly and Peter?
One a little and one a great eater;
One with jews-harp and whistle and hammer
Just making a houseful of clamor;
And one with her dollies and stories
And lapful of blue morning-glories?
Then this is our Polly and Peter!

J. P. B.

HOW TWO FROGS SCARED TWO CITY BOYS.



Two small boys,
who had always lived
in the

city, went
one summer
to spend a
few weeks
with their
aunt in the
country.

Just below a
little hill near the
farm-house was a pond.
On the first day of their

visit, after it
throw stones

Cu-chug!
the water,
cu-chug!

Now
were
log
two very old bullfrogs
sitting on the end of a
in the pond. They were
talking about old times, and boasting
how far they could jump when they were
young.

grew dark, the boys went out to
into the pond.
went a stone into
and then another,



When they heard the stones strike the water, one of them puffed up his cheeks and said in Greek, which everybody knows is the language of bullfrogs, "Brek-ek-eks co-ax." "Co-ax, co-ax," said the other frog, and they both plunged in, thud! thud!

The boys ran home in great fright, and told their aunt that there was some strange thing in the pond that said, "Break their necks with whacks, whacks, whacks," and then struck the water two hard blows.

L. J. C.

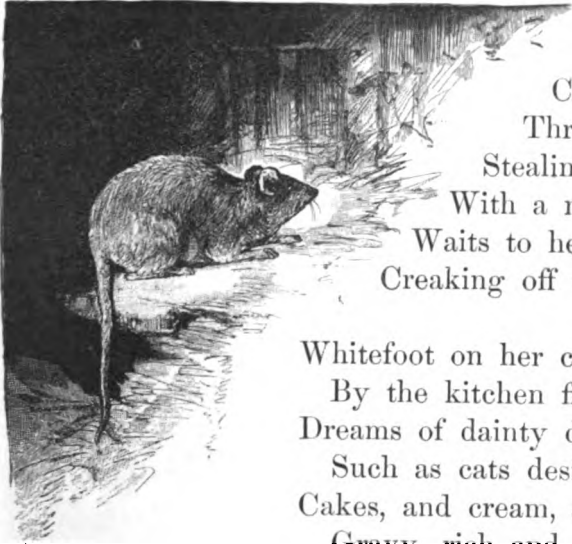
OBEY YOUR MOTHER.



DON'T say "I will,"
When I say "no";
Don't say "I won't"
When I say "go."
For I'm your mother:
You must obey
Until you learn
The better way
Your steps to turn;
Then take no other.

MAXIM.

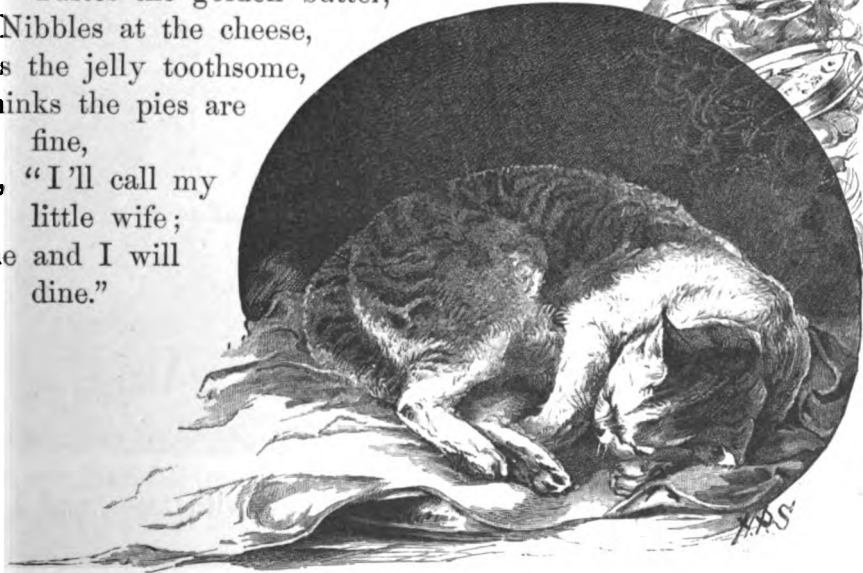
A KITCHEN TRAGEDY.



LIGHTFOOT in his castle
Just behind the wall,
Creeps along his stairway,
Through his winding hall;
Stealing to his doorway,
With a noiseless tread,
Waits to hear the sleepy cook
Creaking off to bed.

Whitefoot on her cushion,
By the kitchen fire,
Dreams of dainty dinners,
Such as cats desire:
Cakes, and cream, and chicken,
Gravy, rich and nice,
Platters filled with speckled fish,
Plump and tender mice.

Lightfoot, from his castle,
Saunters quite at ease,
Tastes the golden butter,
Nibbles at the cheese,
Finds the jelly toothsome,
Thinks the pies are
fine,
Says, "I'll call my
little wife;
She and I will
dine."



Whitefoot moves a whisker,
Pricks a velvet ear;
Who would guess the sleepy thing
Such soft step could hear?
"Queek!" there's not a soul awake
In the silent house!
No one knows that in the night
Puss has caught a mouse!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ROBBIE'S VISIT TO CENTRAL PARK.

A TRUE STORY.

WHEN Robbie was six years old his aunt took him to Central Park one fine day. It is like a beautiful garden, only a great deal larger



than any garden you ever saw. It is filled with trees, and lovely flowers of every kind.

Robbie liked very much to look at the flowers, and asked a great many questions about their names. He thought it strange that he might not touch them, when there were so many.

There were lakes, with white swans swimming on the clear water. The visitors had a sail in one of the pretty boats. They walked over a bridge, and saw the deer running about among the trees.

"O, Aunt Jennie, come here, quick!" called Robbie.

In a clump of trees she saw the cunningest little squirrel that ever was. He looked fearless and saucy, sitting on a little branch that nearly touched Robbie's head.

Aunt Jennie spoke to him, and he hopped off the tree. Running along the path towards her, he sprang on her shoulder.

Robbie thought it very strange that he should be so tame, and wondered to whom he belonged. Just then a tall policeman came out from the shade of a great tree. He called to the squirrel, but Bunny did not care to leave his new friends.

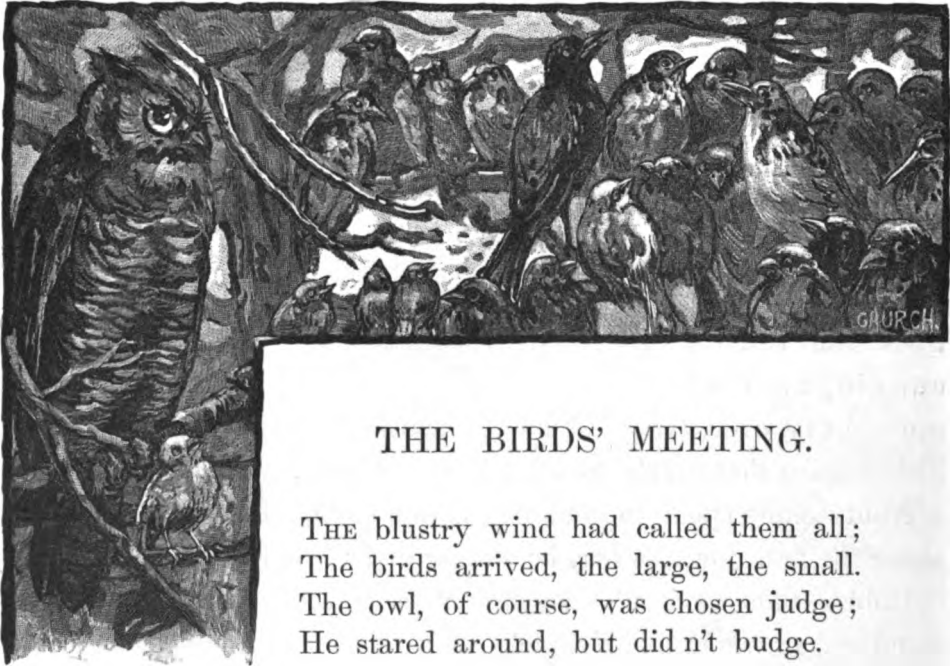
The policeman told them it was his business to watch the squirrel, and see that he was not stolen. Although Bunny was so tame, it was very seldom that he would go to a stranger.



Aunt Jennie's voice seemed to have a great attraction for him. He ran up and down her arm, and looked at her in a very cunning manner. Robbie thought he would like to own him.

At last they had to say good-by to the little fellow. The policeman put him in his coat pocket and walked off. Robbie saw a great many other things which pleased him, but nothing else, I think, that he liked quite so well as the little squirrel.

A. D. BELL.



THE BIRDS' MEETING.

THE blustry wind had called them all;
The birds arrived, the large, the small.
The owl, of course, was chosen judge;
He stared around, but did n't budge.

The robins, jays, and meadow-larks
Got up to make a few remarks;
They said the time had come to go,
Red leaves and gold flew to and fro.

The sparrows then grew spiteful quite,
 They thought it much too soon for flight;
 But bluebirds longed for bluer skies,
 And wrens thought this was very wise.

The blackbirds said their time was up:
 The berries gone, where should they sup?
 The catbirds said they quite agreed,
 'Twas time the warning they should heed.

The owl this question put: "Say 'Ay,'
 Those who intend away to fly!"
 All but the sparrows vote to go;
 These cheep a most decided "No!"

"'T is carried," said the owl; "adieu!"
 The birds cry: "Now for skies of blue."
 "Go!" chirped the sparrows, "why this
 fuss?"

Our home is good enough for us!"

GEORGE COOPER.





A GUEST IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

"WHAT is a guest?" asked a little boy.

"Don't you know?" said his sister. "When we go to Grandma's we are her guests."

"O yes, and when Grandma comes here she is our guest."

"Guest and visitor are just the same thing, you know."

One day a guest entered a large school-room. Fifty boys and girls were all seated there. None of them saw the guest. The teacher was trying to give the scholars a new lesson. It was a lesson in drawing.

"Look at the copy," said she. "Now, children, where you see a line make one like it. No matter if it is not just the same. 'Do your best, and leave the rest.'"

Some of the children tried, and drew the little picture. Some fretted, and made bad lines. Some did not try at all.

"Why do you not try?" asked the teacher.

"I can't," said one boy, and "I can't," said another, and "I tried, but I can't," said a third.

"My dear children," said the kind teacher, "we have a bad visitor here to-day."

The children looked about, but could not see any one.

"This guest makes me very unhappy. He will make you unhappy all your lives. You may not see him, but he is here. Before we go on with our lesson we will decide what we shall do

with him. Are you willing to have a visitor in our pleasant room, who will spoil our lessons, make us weak and naughty, and follow us like a shadow all our lives?"

"No, no, no, ma'am," said the children.

"He is a wicked enemy. Shall we drive him out and shut the door? Shall we tell him he must never come in again?"



"Yes, yes, yes, ma'am," said the scholars.

"The name of this guest is 'I CAN'T.' I will open the door wide. You shall send him away. We will not let him get into our hearts or touch our lips. He does not like books or any good thing. Shall we banish him forever?"

Then all the children said, "Yes, ma'am," over and over.

The teacher opened the door, and the children sang this little song.
No one ever saw it printed until now.

“Leave our school-room,
Bad ‘I Can’t’;
Leave it now forever!
We will try, and try again,
And listen to you never.

“Leave us, leave us,
Bad ‘I Can’t’;
You have naughty brothers, —
‘Will,’ and ‘Shall,’ and ‘Won’t, and ‘Sha’ n’t,’
And too many others.

“Good by, good by,
Bad ‘I Can’t’;
Shut the door behind you;
In this school-room nevermore
Shall our teacher find you.”

The teacher then closed the door. The scholars clapped their hands, and the drawing lesson went on.

Each one read the lesson, and spelled the words, or counted the numbers, every day. The kind, patient teacher had a smile and pleasant word for them all.

“I can’t” never visited that school-room again. Perhaps he has gone to another school. Who can tell?

K. T. W.





BLOWING BUBBLES.

BRIGHT and ready, little Eddie
On a stool sits blowing bubbles ;
Round his mouth his laughter runs
Like the ripples over stones,
For he is a merry fellow,
Very free from baby troubles.

Like a tattered rainbow, scattered
On a globe as thin as air is,
The bright colors glide and swim
Round the growing bubble's rim,
Till it seems a wee world peopled
With gay troops of dancing fairies.

Hoity-toities ! how his bright eyes
Laugh to see it ! "Tee it, Muzzer !"
("See it, Mother," — the words trip
Sweet as kisses on his lip,)
Then, at that world's sudden bursting
Laughs he, — "I tan make anuzzer !"

Ever ready, darling Eddie
Blows again his broken bubbles,
Never wasting any tears
When a bright one disappears ;
But, as happy in their breaking
As the making, blows "anuzzer,"
And laughs down his baby troubles.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.





Going to Grandpa's



Marble Game



Thanksgiving Dinner

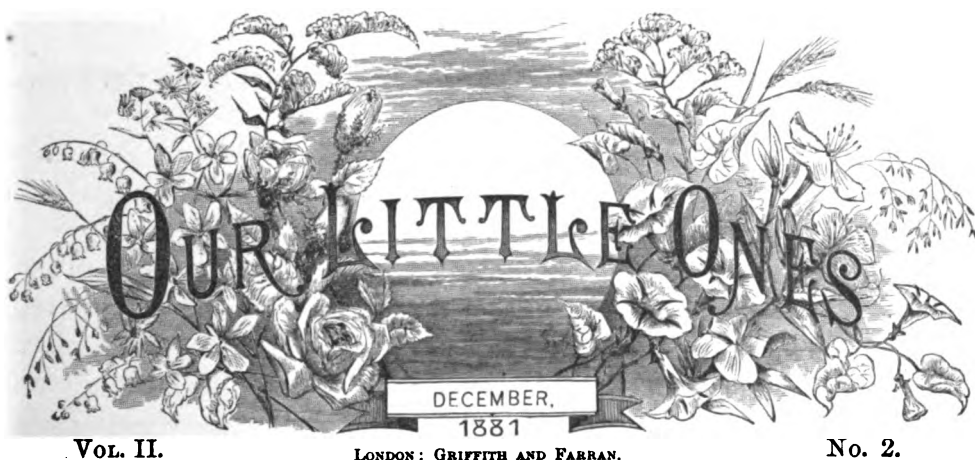


Blind Man's Bluff



London Bridge

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDPA'S.



THANKSGIVING AT GRANDPA'S.

WHERE we live, it snowed from morning till night on the day before Thanksgiving. Papa and John, our hired man, got the double sleigh down from the loft, where it had been resting all summer. I don't think it was tired, but it rested all the same.

Old Kate and Charley were harnessed, and they were as frisky as young lambs. They seemed to know it was Thanksgiving, and were as happy as the children. We were all wrapped up in thick, warm clothes, and packed in the sleigh. Large as it was, we filled it quite full.

We all went to church first. Do you know what Thanksgiving means? The good people who first came to make their homes in New England set apart a day and called it by this name. In the autumn, after the corn had been gathered, the apples picked, and the vegetables put in the cellar, they felt very thankful to God for all these good things. They fixed a time to meet in the churches to give thanks to God. They gave thanks in prayers, in hymns, and in sermons. They had a good dinner on that day, and were as happy as they could be. The children and the children's children went home to spend the day. It was the home festival.

People do not go to church so much as they did, but it is still the home festival. We went to church; and after that we all had a long sleigh-ride to Grandpa's. Uncle George and Aunt

Lucy were there, and cousins were almost as plenty as the snow-flakes the day before.

We played "blind-man's buff" before dinner. We laughed and screamed, and rolled and tumbled on the floor. Grandpa and Grandma sat laughing at us, as happy as we were.

The great event of the day was the dinner. Grandpa sat at the head of the table in his arm-chair. Some of the children thought he never would get his knife sharp enough to carve the turkey. Flora, the maid, brought it in. All the little ones screamed when she put it on the table. It was a very large turkey, and was nicely browned. We never saw anything that looked so good.

The turkey tasted as good as it looked. For ten minutes the children did not scream or laugh out loud. I suppose their mouths were too full. Then we had to eat plum pudding and four kinds of pies. We did not feel so much like it as we did. I am afraid we ate all we could rather than all we needed.

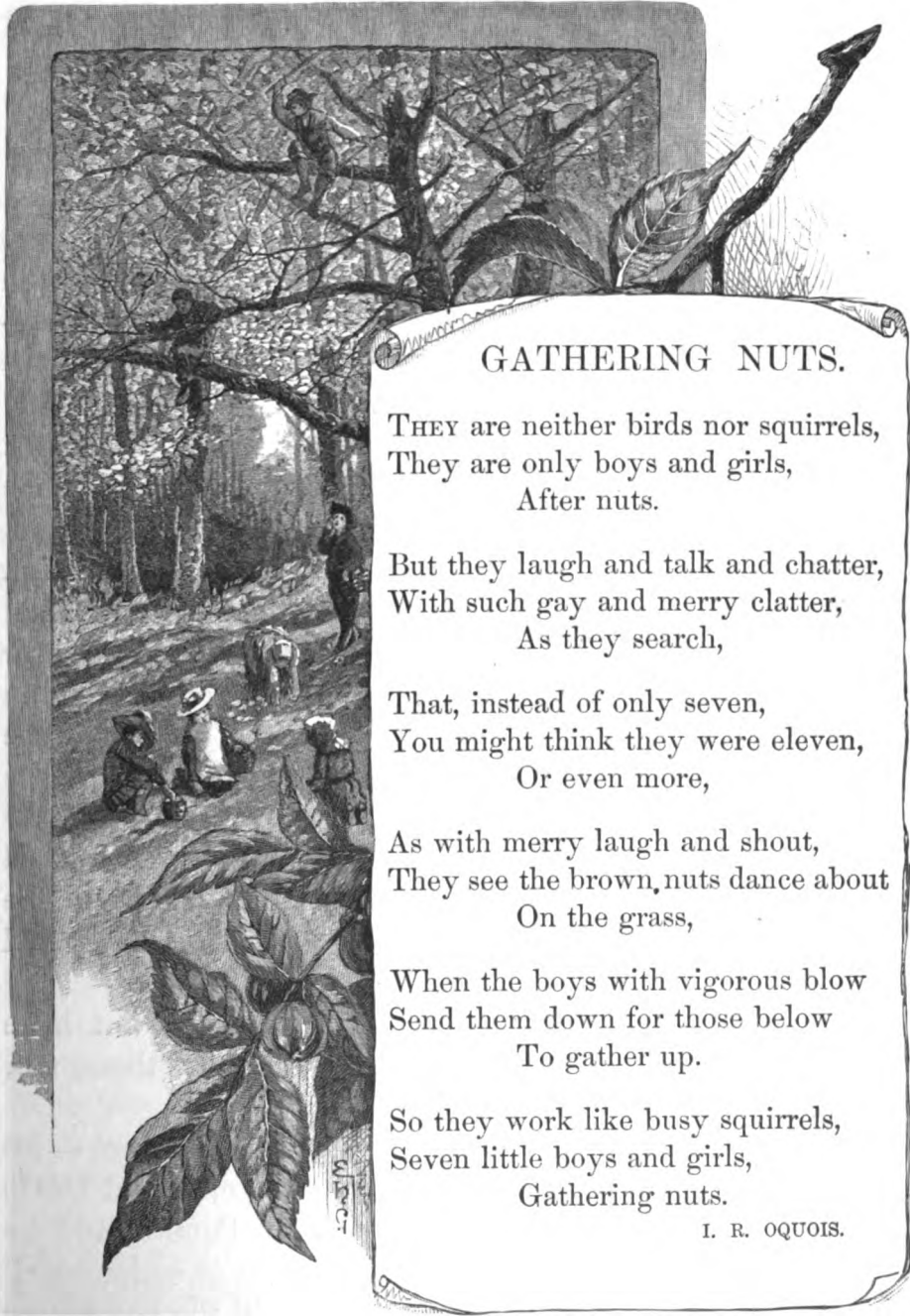
After dinner Grandma told us about her little ones. We all wanted to know where they were now. Grandma laughed, and pointed to Uncle George, Papa, and Aunt Lucy. We could hardly believe they were ever little things like us. Then Grandpa told us how he killed a great bear near the old house ever so many years before.

Uncle George showed us how to play "London Bridge." Some of us were parts of the bridge, and some of us went under it. After that we played "snap-apple." Aunt Lucy tied an apple by a string to the ceiling, and we bit at it. Every time we bit, the apple flew away from us. It was great fun.

After supper the "day was over" with the little ones. We could not keep our eyes open, and some of us slept all the way home in that double sleigh. I know I dreamed about that long table at dinner, and thought we were playing "snap-apple" with the big roast turkey.

That Thanksgiving was many, many years ago, and some of those mites of little ones that played "London Bridge" are grandpas and grandmas now.

UNCLE FRED.



GATHERING NUTS.

THEY are neither birds nor squirrels,
They are only boys and girls,
After nuts.

But they laugh and talk and chatter,
With such gay and merry clatter,
As they search,

That, instead of only seven,
You might think they were eleven,
Or even more,

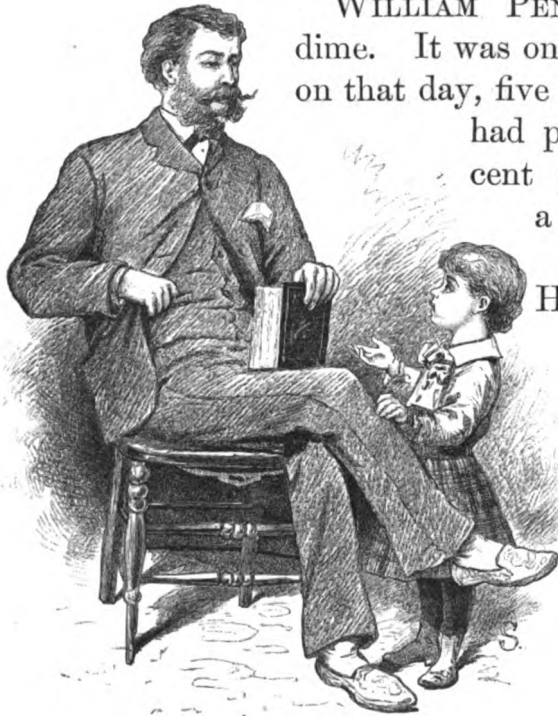
As with merry laugh and shout,
They see the brown nuts dance about
On the grass,

When the boys with vigorous blow
Send them down for those below
To gather up.

So they work like busy squirrels,
Seven little boys and girls,
Gathering nuts.

I. R. OQUOIS.

A DIME THAT WAS WORTH TWENTY-SIX CENTS.



WILLIAM PENNOCK ROGERS had a dime. It was on his birthday. He was, on that day, five years of age. He had had pennies and once a five-cent piece, but never before a dime.

A dime is ten cents. He carried it to his Uncle Frank and asked him to keep it for him. Uncle Frank had never been banker for a boy of five years before. He says he cannot afford to be any more. Penn, the same morning, wanted some candy, and so he

got one cent from Uncle Frank; then, soon, some buns, and so he got three cents.

The next day, he could not see why he should not have ten cents for a top and five for a whip. He got them, too, and so had nineteen cents already out of the ten.

In an hour after, Penn asked for seven cents more—all these out of that one poor ten-cent piece. He cried and Uncle Frank gave him the seven cents. I suppose Penn would be asking for some more of his dime for a month or so longer, if Uncle Frank had not gone away on a visit till the boy forgot all about it.

R. W. LOWRIE.



FOR BENNY AND ME.

Criss-Kingle! Criss-Kingle!

Wrapped up in fur,
Here in a twinkle,
Then off with a whirr!

Horny hoofs prancing,
Bells ringing in glee —
Please, Criss, remember
Our Benny and me!

Criss-Kingle! Criss-Kingle!

With jolly round face,
And eyes that go peering
Into every dim place!

Come down the chimney,
And hang on the tree
Cakes, toys, and candies
For Benny and me!

Criss-Kingle! Criss-Kingle!
 With reindeers and sled!
 Fill the long stockings
 Hung up by the bed!

I'll leave the light burning,
 So you can see;
 I know you'll do this,
 For Benny and me!

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



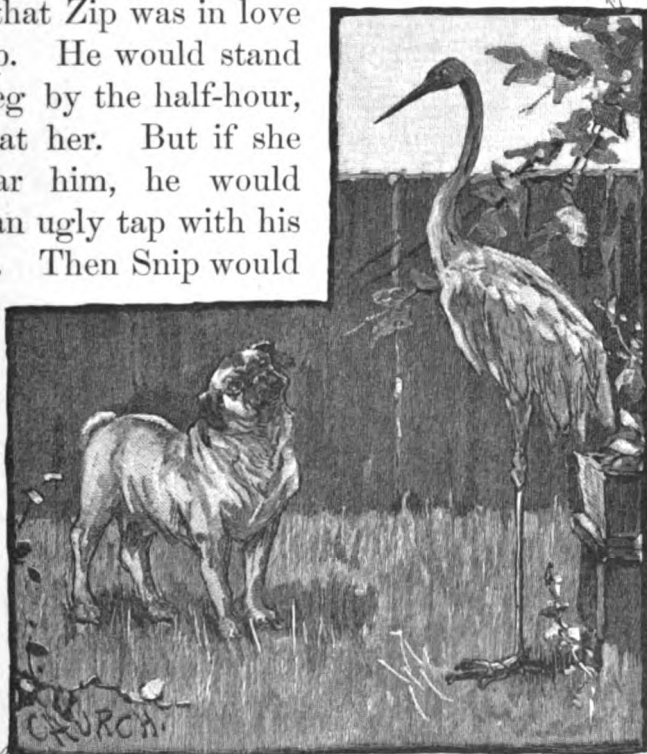
FISHING.

DROP the line with baited hook
 In the brook
 Near the nook
 Where the fishes like to stay
 All the day
 At their play;
 But, like fish, do not be caught,
 When with sin's bait you are sought.

MAXIM.

ZIP AND SNIP.

ZIP was Uncle Will's pet crane. Snip was a little pug-dog. You would think, to see him, that Zip was in love with Snip. He would stand on one leg by the half-hour, and look at her. But if she came near him, he would give her an ugly tap with his sharp bill. Then Snip would run away whining, and hide. Zip would stalk about



as if he thought it was a good joke.

Snip had two lovely puppies in the stable. Wee bits of things they were, black and soft. The little mother was very fond of them. One day, after her dinner, when she went to

the stable, she could not find one of her puppies. The next day the other was gone. Poor little Snip! She ran and looked in every corner for her lost babies. She cried as if her heart would break. It was all in vain. The darling puppies could not be found.

Uncle Will said the rats had carried them off. But Snip thought it all over, and made up her mind that Zip had eaten the puppies. Every time he came near she growled and showed her teeth. Yet she was afraid to snap at him.

One day Snip was lying on the porch, curled up on a mat. Zip was standing on one leg, not far off, watching her. All at once she leaped up, and rushed at him. She rolled herself over and over upon the ground. Before Zip had time to wonder what it meant, Snip rolled against his leg. Over he went upon his back.

Then Snip sprang, and had not Uncle Will hurried out, she would have killed poor Zip. How he screamed with fright! Now that Snip had found out how to conquer Zip, his life was no longer safe. So little Snip had to be sent away, to live on a farm.

KHAM.





PAWS AND MILK.

THE dogs Fern and Fan
Are a lovely young span,
With their ears just as soft as silk.
But queer little Fern,
O, when will she learn
To eat as a puppy ought,
And not
Put her paws in the basin of milk?

Fan growls her advice,
And declares "You're not nice!"
Goes back and sits down in disgust;
Yet of all things to eat,
Paws and milk are a treat
To her sister, Fern by name;—
For shame!
Shall we send her to bed with a crust?

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



THE VOYAGE OF THE BLUEBELL.

ONE rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. They had little white sails, and tiny flags floating from the tops of the masts. They were gayly painted.

Sixon put his nose into the paint pail, so he was painted too. But it soon wore off.

Mabel's ship was decorated with blue, so she called it "The Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright with scarlet trimmings. A fine sounding name would be best she thought. She named hers "The Pride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, they had fine times sailing them. As they were always careful they were allowed to go down to the lake. There was a little cove, with a bright sandy beach where they played. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other. Back and forth they went, in safety, for a while.

There is sometimes danger for ships, however. This the children soon realized. One day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell."



ber boots on, res-
And she sailed
pleasant summer

The little girls
make little boats
shingles, with paper
These they sent

ship. It is many years now since the "Bluebell" started on her long voyage, but she has never returned.

She did not sail across to the other side as she had done before, but out by the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong; the blue streamers fluttered bravely in the sunshine. She sailed far away, and at last was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly, as they stood watching her.

"She will come back some time with a load of gold," added Mabel.

"The Pride of the Seas" stuck fast on a mud bank. John, the hired man, with a long pair of rub-
cued her.
many a day.

used often to
from pieces of
dolls for sailors.
out to find the missing

EMERY LYNN.

THE MOUSE AND THE OWLS.



THE Mouse said to the Owl:
"Pray come and tea with me!
We'll sup on cheese,
Frog fricassees,
And a buttercup of tea."

The Owl said: "Thanks, I
will!
And bring my little Tim.
Don't set a plate,
For he can wait.
The crumbs will do for him."

Gayly the two began.
"Dear friend," the Mouse, said
she,
"We seldom meet,
So please to eat
Of everything you see."

They never left a crumb!
So when the feast was done,
Said hungry Tim,
It seemed to him
That fasting was no fun.

"So sorry," squeaked the
Mouse,
"There's no more on the shelf!"
"O yes!" Tim cried,
"One crumb I've spied;"
And he swallowed — the Mouse
herself.

MORAL. — In Mistress Mouse's fate
You may this lesson see:
Though it is right
To be polite,
Yet choose your company!

C. BELL.



THE TILES AROUND THE FIREPLACE.

HATTIE LAKE's father was a rich man. He was very fond of fine pictures, statues, vases, and pretty forms. When he built his house, he had some rooms made like those people lived in hundreds of years ago. One had a great big fireplace in which half a dozen little boys and girls could stand up. It had a pair of great brass andirons.

In the sitting-room, picture tiles were set on each side and over the fireplace. These tiles were square, flat pieces of earthen ware, like a dinner plate. Long before any one now living was born, these tiles around the fireplace were all the fashion. In some very old houses in Europe they may be seen now.

The pictures on these tiles were sometimes about Bible stories. The mother of a very learned man, who wrote books about the Scriptures, taught him a great deal about the Bible from these pictures before he could read a word. Perhaps this was the reason why he studied and wrote about religion all his life.

The pictures in Hattie's sitting-room were not all scenes from the Bible. But every one of them had a story, which Hattie's mother had told her. She had learned every one of them by heart. The tiles were just like a book to her. When her Aunt Mary came to see her, she had only to point to one of the tiles, and Hattie told the story at once. She learned a great deal from these pictures. She was very fond of pointing them out, and telling the story of each.

Perhaps you have none of these pretty tiles in your house. If you have not, you can look at the pictures in your magazine, and tell your friends the story of each one.

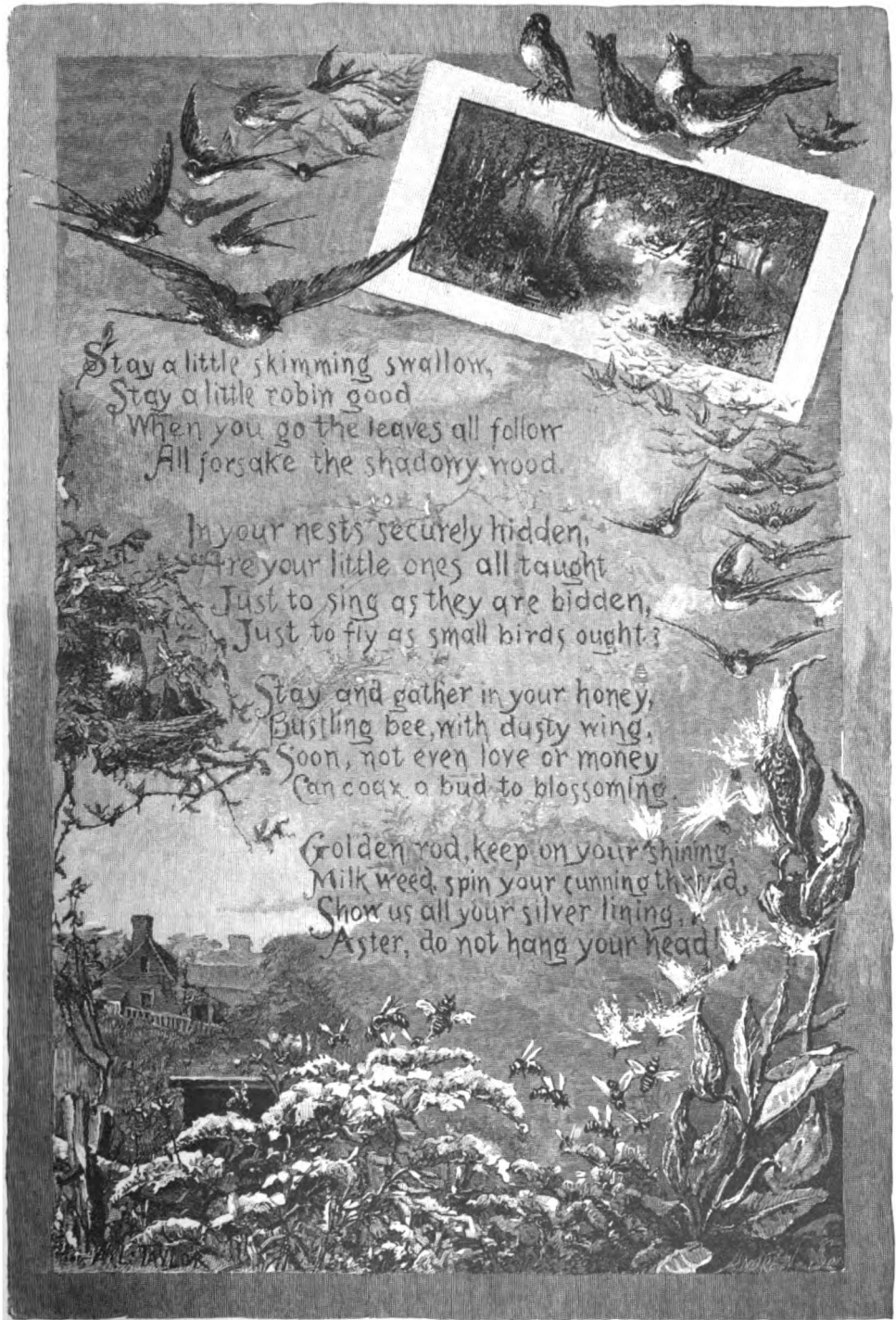
WARD BROOKS.



HOW TO WALK.

HOLD up your head, my little man;
Throw back your shoulders, if you can,
And give your lungs full room to play.
Toe out, not in, like a circus clown;
Just let your arms hang loosely down,
And walk as though you knew the way.

P. T.



Stay a little skimming swallow,
 Stay a little robin good
 When you go the leaves all follow
 All forsake the shadowy wood.

In your nests securely hidden,
 Are your little ones all taught
 Just to sing as they are bidden,
 Just to fly as small birds ought?

Stay and gather in your honey,
 Bustling bee, with dusty wing,
 Soon, not even love or money
 Can coax a bud to blossoming.

Golden rod, keep on your shining,
 Milk weed, spin your cunning thread,
 Show us all your silver lining,
 Aster, do not hang your head.



THE STORY OF A ROBBER.

“WHERE is the baby’s shoe?” asked mamma, one morning.



Baby Gertrude, who sat on the floor, kicked her little fat feet and laughed. She could not talk, so she did not tell. Nelly and Mabel did not know. They were the only ones in the room, except Buff, the little brown spaniel. He sat still, and blinked his eyes very fast, but nobody noticed him.

When papa came home that night he brought Mabel a new doll. It was a wooden one. Its black eyes and hair were only painted. But it had a pink tarlatan dress, and was altogether so gay that she named it Rosabella.

One morning when Nelly went to feed the chickens, Mabel thought she would go too. She liked to watch the yellow, downy little ones, and their fussy bird mothers. She left Rosabella sitting up very straight on a bench in the sunshine. But when she came back, the doll was gone, and no one knew where.

“I can’t find the little dust-brush,” said Mary. And the children hunted all over the house, but it could not be found. “I never did see such a dog,” she said, as Buff went chasing across the lawn, and jumping at a big butterfly.



When papa’s straw hat was missing from the piazza one evening, he was quite ready to punish the thief, but he did not know who it was.

A few days after, he saw Buff tearing and rolling over and over with something in the yard. He went to see what it was, and found his lost hat.

Buff was frightened and ran away. He hid himself under the back shed. Papa soon followed him, and in a little dark hole found all the things the dog had taken.

There was the dust-brush, a big beef bone, and poor Rosabella, with her head gnawed off. There were some old slippers, and a little chewed-up lump, that was once the baby's shoe.

"You are a robber! Did you know it?" said Mabel, severely. "You ought to be ashamed. I do not like folks who are not honest."

Buff drooped his long silky ears. He knew his little mistress was right.



M. E. B. EMERY.



DOLL ROSY'S PUNISHMENT.



DOLL ROSY is the loveliest creature

One ever need behold:
Her eyes are blue, her hair is yellow,
(Though Gold-Locks calls it "gold";)

Her lips and cheeks are just the color
That sweet-brier roses show,
And when she lies upon a pillow,
Her lids shut soft and slow.

Moreover she is very gentle;
She neither frets nor sighs,
When tasks are hard or days are rainy,
And never, never cries.

I think a frown — that ugly shadow —
Her forehead never wore,
Yet Gold-Locks put her in the closet
Just now, and shut the door,

And then came back with so much firmness
And such solemnity,
I felt that something grave had happened
And asked what it could be.

All I could learn was, that Miss Rosy
When she was going to bed,
Because she did not feel quite like it,
Had left her prayers unsaid.

Ah, now I think I know the secret
That prompts this punishment!
Last night, when to her snow-white chamber
Tired little Gold-Locks went,

And I a moment later followed,
Our sweet prayer-hour to keep,
I found her in her bed already,
Poor child, and fast asleep.

And now her tender little conscience
Does penance, as it were,
By taking Rose at once, and dealing
Thus vigorously with her.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





MR. AND MRS. BUNNY AND FAMILY.

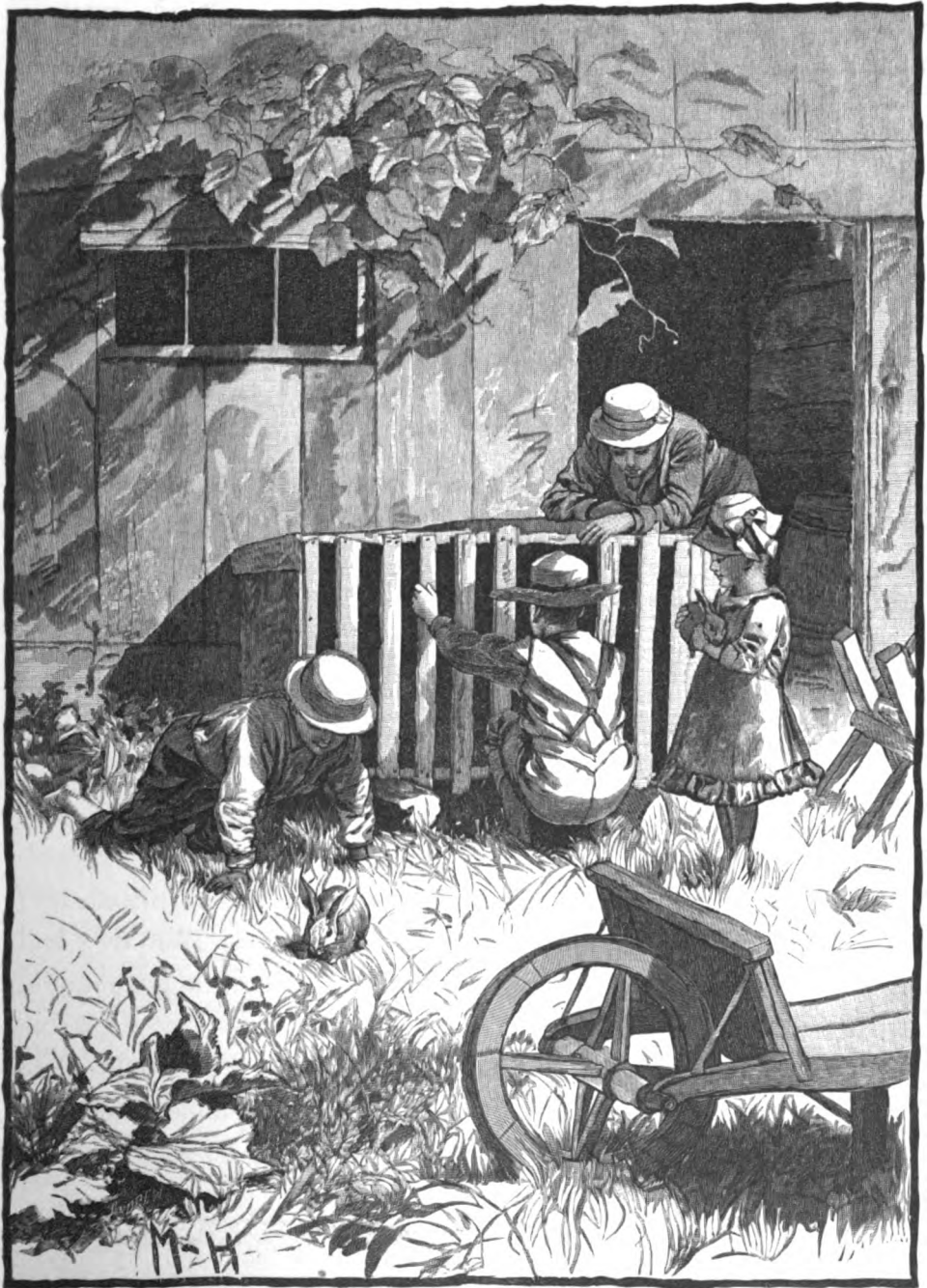
PERRY GREEN's uncle gave him a pair of white rabbits. They had pink eyes, and were larger than the wild rabbits in the woods. Perry's brother John brought a box from the store on the wheelbarrow. They set it on two sticks of wood at the door of the woodshed. This was to be the home of the rabbits. It was under the grapevine, and Perry thought it was a very nice home.

Lottie and Eddie looked on and played with the rabbits while Perry built the house. John showed him how to do it. At last the house was done. Lottie caught one of the rabbits, and held him. Eddie wanted to catch the other. The rabbit jumped when he came too near him. It took three boys to catch him. At last both of the pretty creatures were put in their new home.

Though Eddie thought the box made a very nice house, the rabbits did not think so. The children fed them with clover, lettuce, and other plants. But the rabbits liked better to run about the yard and pick out their own food.

The rabbits had lived in the house under the grapevine about two weeks. When Perry went out one morning to feed them, he found they had "moved out." He was very sad and sorry.

Perry had made a bedroom, as he called it, in one corner of the house. He had put plenty of hay in it for a bed. But the rabbits were not in the bedroom when Perry went to feed them. He went into the garden to look for them.



He could not find them in the garden. When he came back to the house, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Bunny eating the clover behind the

slats. They had not "moved out," after all. Perry wondered where they had been when he first looked in the cage.

When he came home from school, they were gone again. This time he made sure they were not in the house. He put some fresh clover in the cage, and pretty soon they came out of the bedroom. Perry did not know what to make of it. He went into the cottage and told his mother about it.

"They won't run away," said Mrs. Green, smiling. "They know what they like, and where they want to live, better than you do, Perry. Be sure and feed them every day, and let them alone as much as you can."

Perry wanted to know where they went when he could not find them. Uncle John told the children a great many things about rabbits, and they agreed to let Mr. and Mrs. Bunny alone. It was hard work, but they did it.

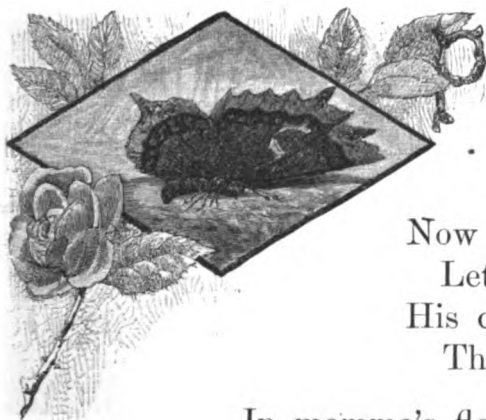
Some weeks later, after Perry had put some lettuce in the house, he found four little pink-eyes came to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Bunny. How happy he was then! How glad that he had let the rabbits alone.

Then John told him the rabbits had found a little hole in the floor of the bedroom. They had gnawed till they made it large enough for them to crawl through. Then they had dug, or burrowed, into the ground, and made a home after their own hearts. Here they had brought up their little ones till they were big enough to go out and eat clover.

In a few months the house was full of rabbits. Perry sold them for fifty cents a pair. He bought fowls with the money, and was soon selling eggs and chickens. Perhaps he will be a great merchant some time.

OLIVER OPTIC.

THE BUTTERFLY'S GRAVE.



OOR little Butterfly,
 Dead on the walk!
 Take him up, Rose,
 With a violet stalk.

Now in a lily-leaf
 Let him be wound;
 His coffin a pease-pod
 That Johnny has found.

In mamma's flower-pot
 Dig him a grave;
 Let the geranium
 Over him wave.

Rest, little butterfly,
 In your nice bed;
 A rose at your feet
 And a stone at your head.

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

 CRADLE, BABY, AND ALL.

THE baby's eyes were like two bits of sky, only ever so much fairer and bluer. Her hair was like spun gold, only ever so much softer and finer. She had a sweet little red mouth, and a dimple in each cheek, and two soft pink hands. Everybody said she was "the dearest baby in town."

Mamma smiled at this, for she *knew* she was the dearest baby in the whole big world!

There was no name good enough for a darling like this. They called her Baby Rose; that was the best they could do. Mamma

dressed her in the finest white frocks with blue ribbons and lace, and when Baby Rose cut her pearly wee teeth, she cut them on a gold watch.

Now nobody lived in the house with this dear one but papa and mamma, and Fido the dog. Fido was small and young, but he liked to sit by the cradle and watch Baby Rose while she slept. If the flies buzzed, he growled. If any one came into the room, he barked. When he barked the baby woke up.

One day something happened. I will tell you about it.

It was summer. The blueberries were ripe in the meadow, and mamma said to papa, —

“Do you want some blueberry pies?”

“O, yes,” said papa, “very much.”

“Then let us take the baby, — cradle and all, — and go to the meadow and pick blueberries.”

Papa laughed, but the meadow was not far away and the cradle was not big. He took up the cradle and walked off with it, — baby and all. Mamma walked beside him, with a basket on her arm. There were two tin dippers in the basket. Little Fido trotted behind her, wagging his tail.

When they came to the meadow Baby Rose was fast asleep. Papa set down the cradle and bade Fido watch it, but Fido growled, for the air was full of flies.

“They will bite baby, O dear!” said mamma.

“We will not let them bite her,” replied papa. “We will make a little fire on the ground, and that will drive them away.”

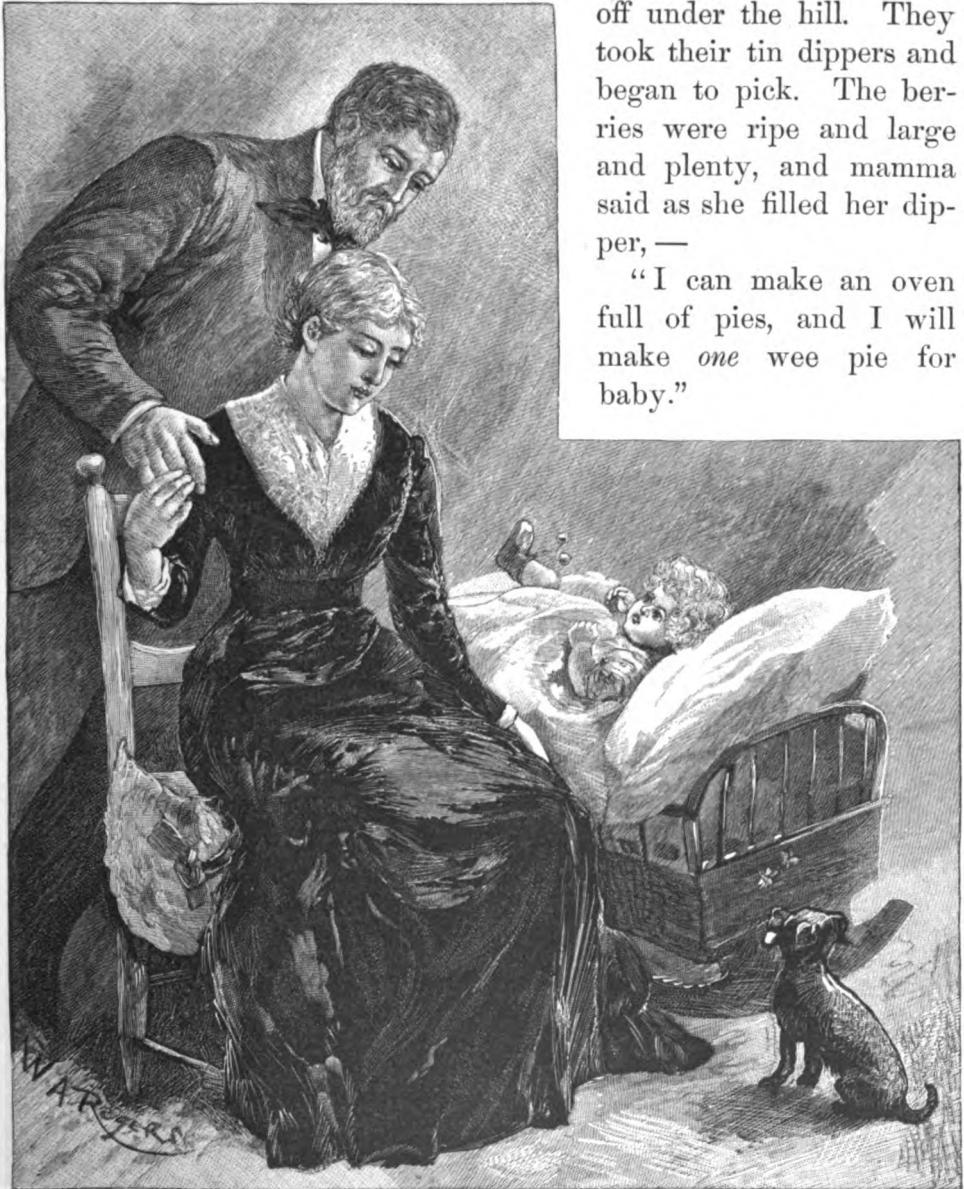
So they picked up some dry sticks and twigs, and laid them in a pile near the cradle, but not *very* near. Then papa took a match out of his pocket and set fire to the pile. It blazed and smoked, and the flies did not like it. They all flew off and forgot to bite the baby.

“Now we will leave her with Fido and pick our berries,” said papa.

Mamma kissed the darling’s bright hair softly, as they went away, and said, —

“Good by, baby, cradle and all.”

But they did not go far off. It was only a very, *very* little way



off under the hill. They took their tin dippers and began to pick. The berries were ripe and large and plenty, and mamma said as she filled her dipper, —

“I can make an oven full of pies, and I will make *one* wee pie for baby.”

They could not see her, but they were sure she was safe. Now I must tell you she was *not* safe; and this is a true story. She was not safe at all! Dear little Rose!

The wind was blowing and blowing, and the fire was creeping and

creeping. By and by the fire began to burn the grass, which was very dry indeed. Papa did not know the grass was dry enough to burn.

O, the flames were creeping, creeping toward that precious cradle!

Papa meant to go back in just a minute when his dipper was full. He was in no haste. But Fido began to bark. He barked and barked and barked.



"What a dog!" said mamma. "I wish he would stop that noise." But papa ran; and then she ran too.

The fire had reached the cradle. Ah, but it had not touched the baby. She was awake and crying.

Papa caught her in his arms. Mamma cried for joy; Fido barked for joy; but papa had to work. He and some men that were going by had to work hard to put out the fire.

Then they all went home, and forgot the blueberries. Do you wonder?

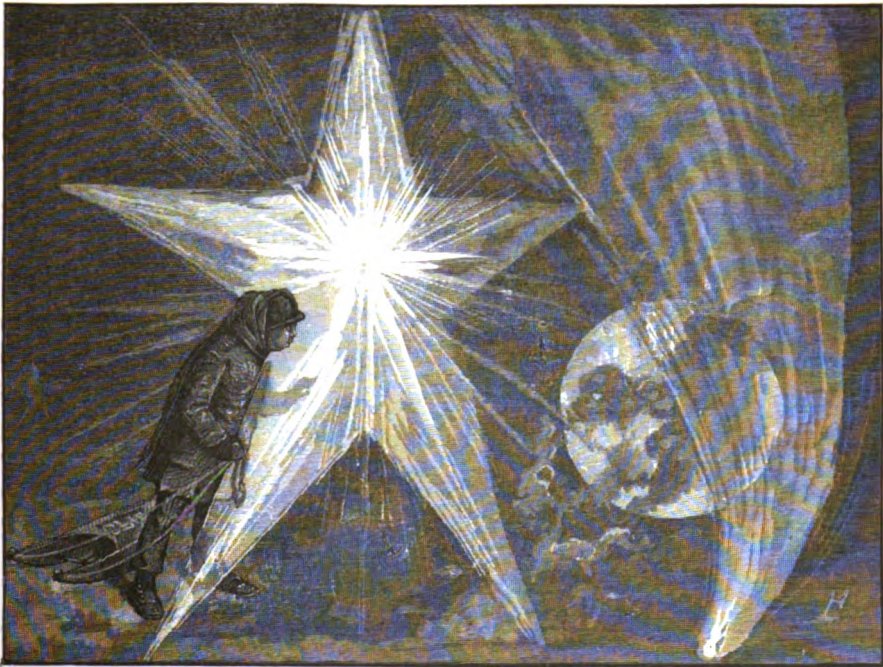
But papa did not forget to take back what he carried to the meadow, "baby, cradle, and all."

SOPHIE MAY.

THE HANDSOME NEW CLIPPER.

OUR Fred put his Clipper back in the wood-shed,
Then took off his muffler and went up to bed.

Soon after he found himself up in the sky
Looking out for a hill, for he wanted to try
His handsome new Clipper, "the best-looking sled
In the town of New Portage," so all the boys said.



"I have it!" he cried, as he peeped round a star
And saw a long hill stretching ever so far.
"I'm glad there's no one to say 'Stay away from it,'
I must have a coast on the tail of this comet.

"It's a million miles long and a thousand miles wide,
And after I'm started I can just slide and slide
Until I get tired. Hurrah for my sled
And a hill with no end!" cried our happy boy Fred.

The handsome new Clipper shot proudly away
Down the tail of the comet, and Fred rode as gay
As if he were King of the whole starry sky.
The Moon-man looked out and hailed Fred passing by;
Each star raised a hat from its shining bald head,
And bowed low to the being who travelled by sled.
The Clipper flew faster, and by and by Fred
Cried out, as he put his hand up to his head, —



“I’m dizzy. I wish I could stop. O, dear me!
That must be the head of the comet I see
Just ahead. What a mouth! I’ll steer away from it.
I can’t! ’Twill swallow me sure, this monster comet!

“Oh!—” Into the mouth slid the Clipper and Fred,
And the very next moment he lay in his bed
With both eyes wide open, while out in the shed
Stood the handsome new Clipper, “the best-looking sled
In the town of New Portage,” so all the boys said.

WILLIAM N. BURR.



HOW TOMMY TENDED THE BABY.

TOMMY TEALE was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time, to celebrate such a grand event, he had to take care of the baby. His mother went out to do some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very bad about it. Little Nellie cried a good deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but did not like to take care of her when she was cross.



As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't," Tommy shouted back, "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight and she can't get out," Ned said.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table, or break the lamp. An idea came into Tommy's head. He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer. He drove four tacks

through her dress and fastened her down to the floor. When this was done, he ran out of doors as fast as his legs would carry him.

In about an hour Tommy's mother came home. He had not shut the door tight because he was in such a hurry. Right on the top step she found the baby. But her little fat neck and arms were



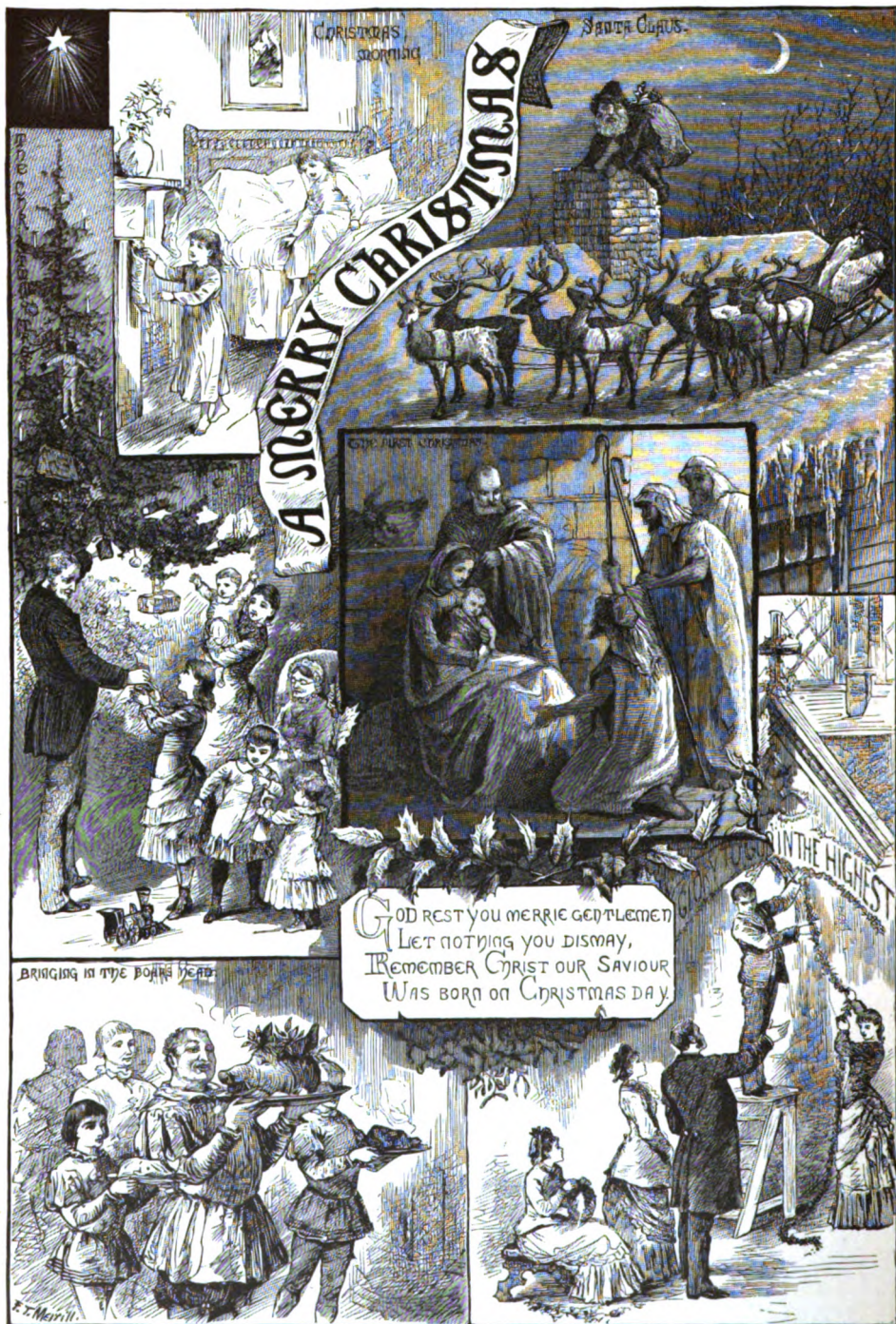
bare. She had no dress on. Her mother carried her into the sitting-room. There was the dress nailed to the floor. The baby had torn it all off trying to get away, and it had to go into the ragbag.

Tommy came in a few minutes after. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I never *did* see such a baby!" he said. "I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I guessed the nails would do it sure!"

CAROLINE B. LE ROW.





A MERRY CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE GEORGE'S.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE GEORGE'S.

WILLIE and Susie White had no mother. With papa, baby, and the nurse, they spent Christmas at Uncle George Lane's. They went the day before in the steam-cars. Uncle George had three children, and they were all to have fine times.

"Do you suppose Santa Claus will find us here, papa?" asked Willie, as they were going from the train to Uncle George's house.

"I think he will," said papa, laughing. "He knows the way all over the Christian world."

"I hope he won't forget us because we are not at home." Willie was a little sad about it. Santa Claus had found his stocking the year before at home. He hoped he would make no mistake this time.

When they went into the house, Uncle George, Mamma Lane, and the little ones were very glad to see them. But they were tired and went to bed early. Susie slept with Rosa Lane. They looked out the window when they went to their room. The sky was clear and the weather was cold. The new moon was shining, and they saw ever so many bright stars. One shone brighter than any of the rest.

"I wonder if that is n't the Star of Bethlehem," said Rosa. Susie did not know, for she had no mamma to tell her about such things. Mrs. Lane came into the room, and Rosa asked her about the star.

"Do you know what Christmas means, Susie?" asked Rosa's mother. Susie did not know.

"I know, mamma!" shouted Rosa; and she repeated these lines from a very old Christmas Carol:—

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

"Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ," added Mrs. Lane. "The Star of Bethlehem led the wise men to the place where Jesus was. He was born in a stable, and the shepherds went there to see him. But go to sleep now, and I will tell you all about it to-morrow."

They went to sleep thinking of the infant Jesus, of the star, and of the shepherds. Susie had heard how Santa Claus rode over the roofs of the houses in a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer. She slept so soundly that she did not hear the tramp of the deer. She did not know when Santa Claus came down the chimney.

But in the morning the stockings were full, and Santa Claus *must* have come. Susie was the first to jump out of bed. She heard Willie laughing in the next room. Santa Claus had found his stocking.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the children, all over the house.

"Why do you wish me a Merry Christmas, Willie?" asked Uncle George.

"I don't know — for fun!" laughed Willie.

"I'll tell you," said his uncle, as they sat down to breakfast. "The angel said to the shepherds, when Jesus was born, 'I bring you good tidings of great joy.' The birth of Christ was a happy thing for the world. For hundreds of years Christian people have kept the day as a happy time. In England, and now in America, they make merry. It is a day of feasting as well as of praise to God. In England, they used to bring into the feast a boar's head on a great platter. Others marched in with the one that carried it, with other dishes. It was a merry time, and we still wish our friends A Merry Christmas."

They talked about the good times of old till the meal was over. Then some of the folks went to church. Uncle George and others had dressed the church with holly and evergreen. It looked very pretty.

They had a great time at dinner. The children ate turkey, goose, plum-pudding, and mince-pie, till Mamma Lane was afraid they would all be sick. But they were not.

None of the little ones were allowed in the back parlor during the day. At five o'clock the great doors were thrown wide open. The children all screamed with delight. There was a Christmas-tree, hung all over with such things as Santa Claus had brought.

After they had looked at the tree for a time, Uncle George took the pretty things from it and gave them to the children. Willie got a locomotive like the one that had drawn the train down to Uncle George's. He was happy then. So were all the little ones. They played as hard as they could till seven o'clock. Then they were tired enough to go to bed.

The next day Susie and Willie went home. The locomotive made many trips every day after that. Susie's doll never said a word, but always had a smile on her face. It was A MERRY CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE GEORGE'S.

OLIVER OPTIC.





THE NAUGHTY BABY IN THE PARLOR.

HERE I am. Papa don't know it. How mad he would be if he did! What did he slap my hands for? I put my milk in his boots. That was fun. How I did laugh! I am 'most two years old, I guess. I am too big to be slapped. I'll pay him.

Hello! What is that so bright? I can creep. I can walk, if I hold on to things. I must go and see. How it shines! Why, there is a fat baby! How cross he looks! I will hit him. Oh! He wants to fight too. I'll give it to him!

Hello! There comes pa. How did he get in there? Te, he, he! He is going to pull that baby's ear. What fun it will be! The baby don't see him. Oh! ow! ow! It is my ear that he is pinching. O, dear! I would like to pull that baby's nose.

KHAM.

THE ROAD TO SCHOOL.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

In winter, when it freezes,
In winter, when it snows,
The road to school seems long and drear,
O'er which the school-boy goes.



But when the pleasant summer comes,
With birds and fruit and flowers,
The road to school, how short it is!
And short the sunny hours!



But to the boy who loves to learn,
And wisdom strives to gain,
The road to school is always short,
In sunshine, snow, or rain.

L. A. B. C.

WIDE-AWAKE LAND.

"COME, Freddie, time you were in bed long ago," said mamma.

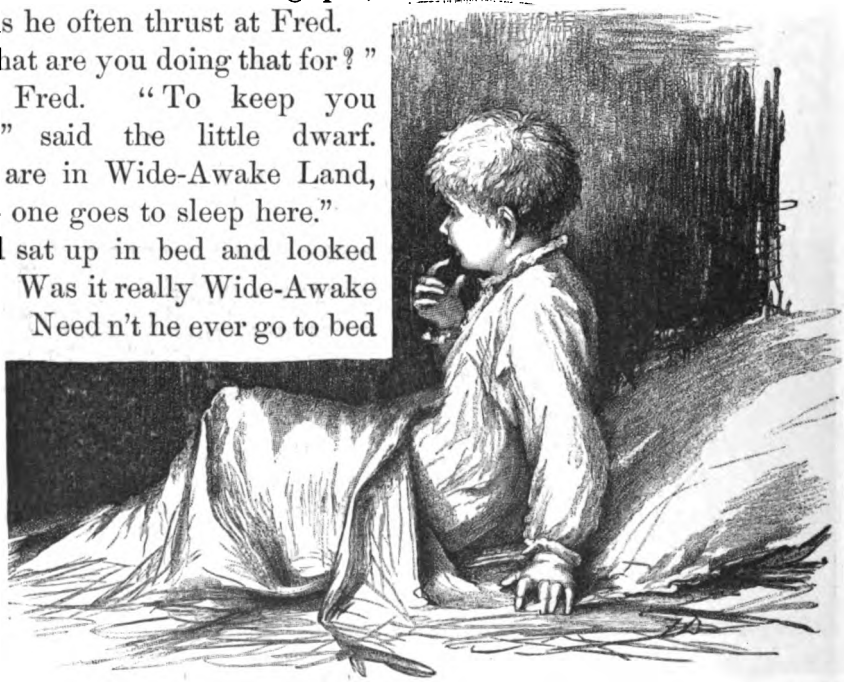
"Don't want to go!" cried Fred. "I wish I never had to go to bed!"

But in a few moments Fred was snugly tucked away. Everything grew dim, and Fred's eyes began to close. Very soon he heard a little voice from somewhere, and started up.

Perched on his knee was the queerest little man he had ever seen. In one hand he held a long pin, and this he often thrust at Fred.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Fred. "To keep you awake," said the little dwarf. "You are in Wide-Awake Land, and no one goes to sleep here."

Fred sat up in bed and looked about. Was it really Wide-Awake Land? Need n't he ever go to bed



again? "O, I am glad!" he said.

There were many other boys and girls in this queer land, and most of them looked very unhappy.

"What is the matter?" asked Fred of a little boy who was crying hard.

"I'm tired and sleepy," sobbed the boy.

"Why don't you go to sleep then?" asked Fred.

"Humph! I guess you have n't been here long, or you'd know."

"No, I've just come; I think it's nice."

"Wait till you get sleepy," said the boy. "I used to think Wide-Awake Land would be nice. I believe Sleepy Land would be nicer now."



"Yes," added Fred; "but why can't you go to sleep?"

"Because the little men that you see everywhere carry pins. They prick us when we try to sleep. O, I wish I had n't come!" And the boy began to cry again. Fred thought he was very silly, and ran off to find some other new-comer.

Night came at last. Big lamps were hung on the trees and made the place as light as day. The little men were flying about to keep the sleepy ones awake.

Fred got sleepy at last, and began to nod. A little man thrust a big pin into him. "You must keep awake," he said. Fred tried hard, but his eyes would shut, and then would come the wicked pin. At last he screamed aloud.

"Why, Fred! what is the trouble?" and he looked up. There was mamma.

"I don't like Wide-Awake Land," cried Fred. "I will go to sleep when you want me to after this."

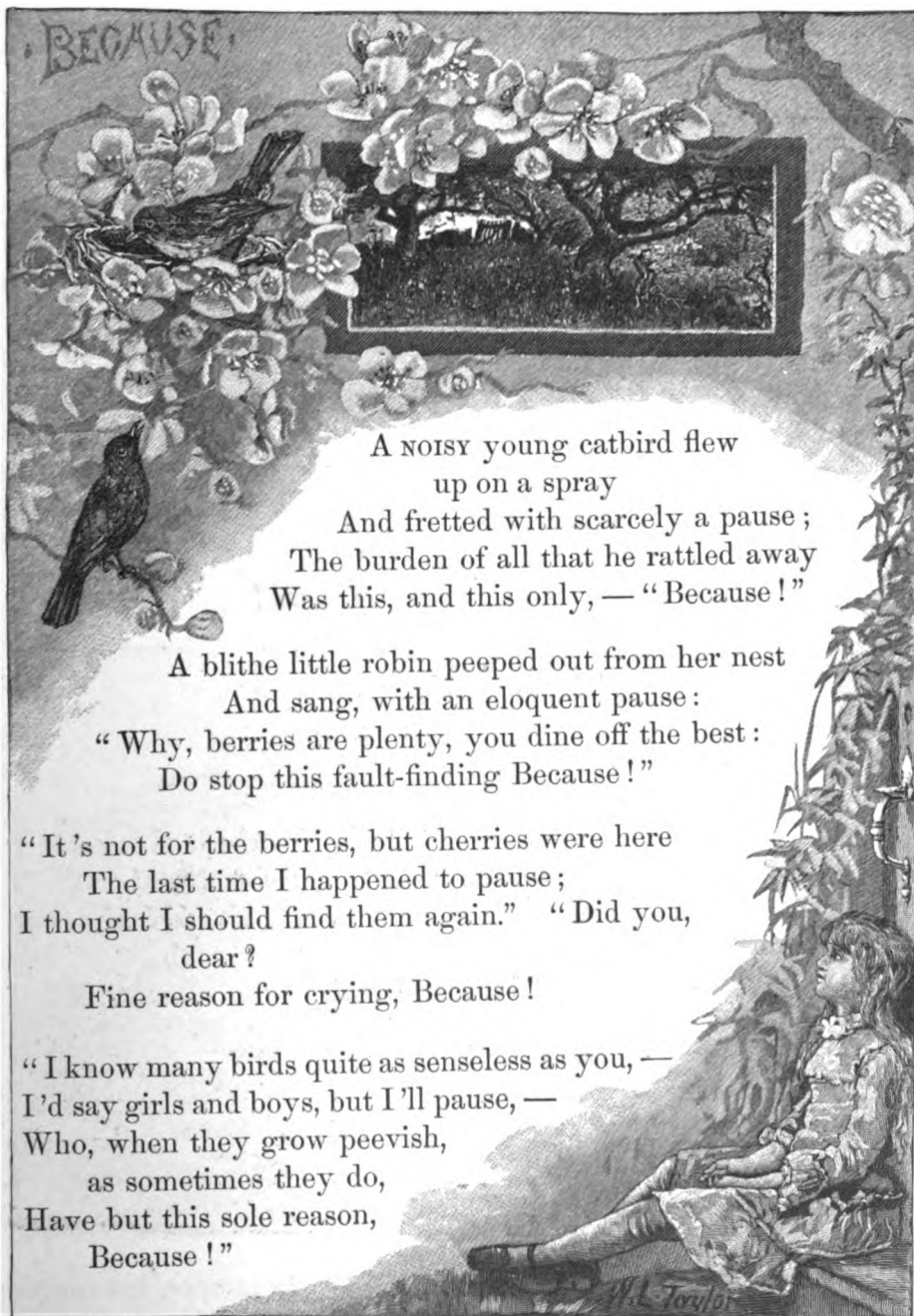
"I think you are dreaming, Fred," replied mamma.

"I was, but I am awake now."

"Well, dear, you are in Sleepy Land now. So good night, and pleasant dreams."

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.





WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT FOR KITTY.

SOMETIMES Kitty was naughty. One day she was very naughty. She began before she was out of bed in the morning, and grew worse and worse.

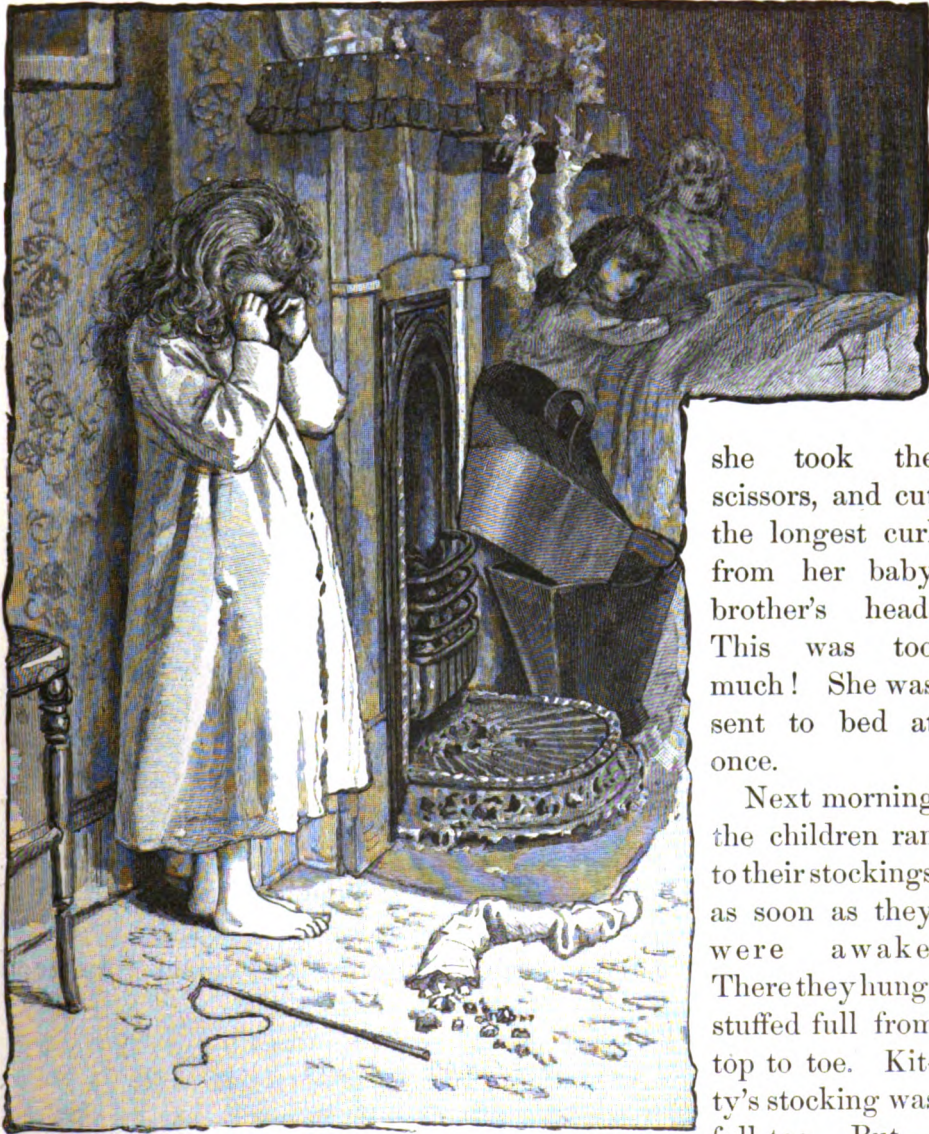
It happened to be the day before Christmas, just when every one should be good. The children had been talking and wondering for a long time what Santa Claus would bring. When Kitty

children had been wondering for a long time what Santa Claus would bring. When Kitty had asked her mother, she told her to wait and see.



But this day, as Kitty grew naughtier every minute, her mother looked very grave, and said she was afraid Santa Claus would bring nothing to such a naughty child. But Kitty paid no attention, and

when the time came, hung her stocking with the others as if she had never been naughty. Then, when her mother was not looking,



she took the scissors, and cut the longest curl from her baby brother's head. This was too much! She was sent to bed at once.

Next morning the children ran to their stockings as soon as they were awake. There they hung, stuffed full from top to toe. Kitty's stocking was full too. But —

it is almost too dreadful to tell! — her stocking was filled with coarse black ashes. Sticking out at the top was a long whip. These gifts showed plainly what Santa Claus thought about it.

Kitty was too much shocked to speak. She went back to bed and lay there until it was time to be dressed. All day she was very quiet, but very good. Her mother saw her every now and then wipe the tears from her eyes. She felt very sorry for her little girl, and at night told her to hang up her stocking again; perhaps Santa Claus might still have something left for her. Kitty was almost afraid to try; but her mother hung it up with a smile, and she fell asleep, feeling very happy.

Next morning her stocking was filled with everything she wanted most.

Kitty did not grow good all at once, but she was never again as naughty as she had been on that day before Christmas.

A. M. S.

THE SCARLET MITTENS.

MITTENS had come in vogue
Ever since Jack Frost, the rogue,
Came out of his den of ice,
To pinch, till they grew red,
The fingers of little Ted;
And so grandma with her gentle hands knitted some warm and nice;

And when they were finished, wrote
To Teddy a loving note,
Saying, that troublesome
Old Jack, she thought, would freeze
Himself, before in these
He could find a chink to creep. Then she put a penny in each
thumb.

And they were sent by post,
A two-days journey, almost;
And when they got there, Ted
Could hardly wait to see
What the letter to him might be.
'T was opened; and out were taken the mittens — oh, so red!

Each had upon the back
 Three times a flowery track
 Of scarlet silk ; and, beside,
 About the little wrist
 A shining, silken twist
 With little dangling balls at the ends in a double knot was tied.

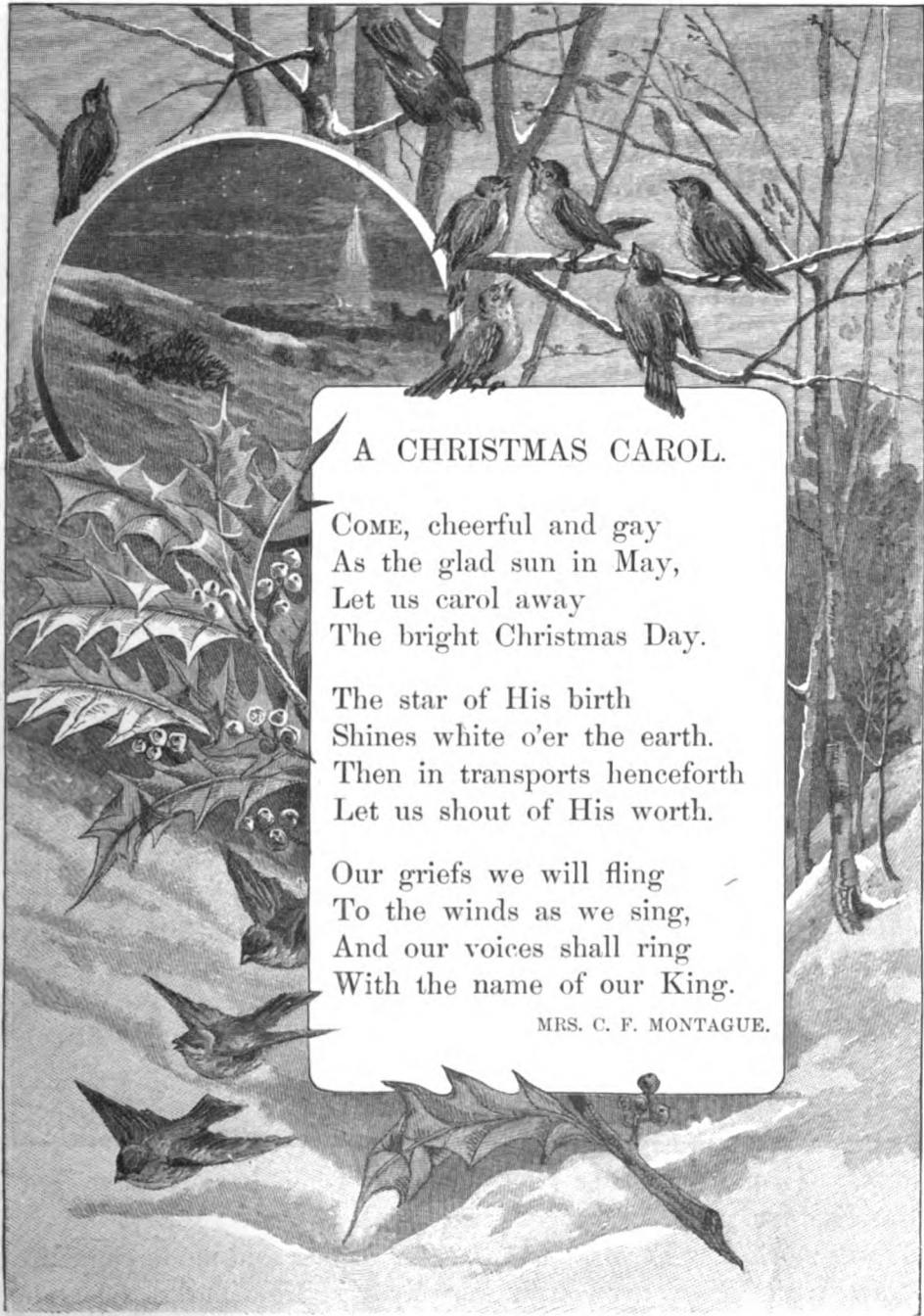


Teddy well understood
 That only dear grandma could
 Have made such a dainty pair.
 Then he put in his thumb —
 Not after a sugar-plum,
 As little Jack Horner did, — but he felt there was something
 hidden there.



A penny in each, indeed!
Be sure, with his utmost speed
He was off to the candy store,—
Off without even his hat,
He did not think of that;
He was warm with his scarlet mittens on if he never was before!

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME, cheerful and gay
As the glad sun in May,
Let us carol away
The bright Christmas Day.

The star of His birth
Shines white o'er the earth.
Then in transports henceforth
Let us shout of His worth.

Our griefs we will fling
To the winds as we sing,
And our voices shall ring
With the name of our King.

MRS. C. F. MONTAGUE.



SCAMP'S SURPRISE.

I HAD a surprise to-day. When I got up I was surprised too. It is Christmas, so my master tells me. I expect Christmas means having a good time. Don't it mean that?

The first thing I saw when I came into the parlor was a big tree all full of pretty things. It's funny to see a tree all fixed up like

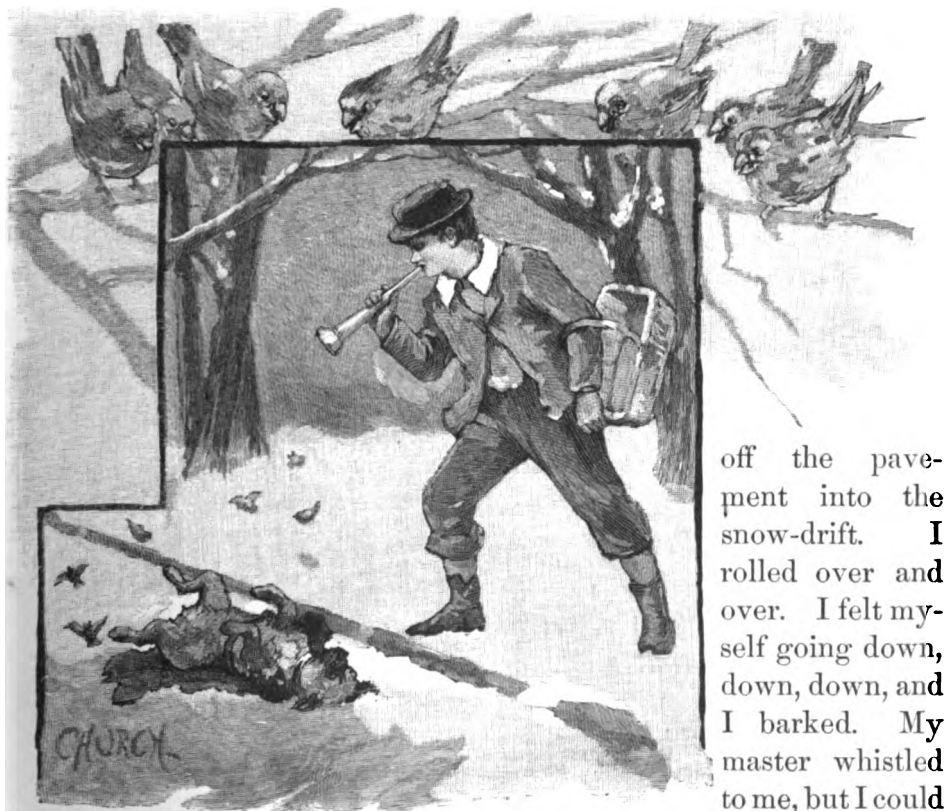


that. Then my master said, "Scamp, come here, I have got a surprise for you." What do you think it was? Why, a big box. It was marked, "To Mr. Scamp." My master told me it came from New York. Now my cousin Amy lives in New York. Of course, she is not my cousin, only my master's; but it is all the same. I knew she sent me the surprise.

My master opened the box and took out the surprise. What do you think it was? Why, a blanket for me. It was all trimmed with ribbons, and inside it was all fur. My master put the surprise on my back and tied the ribbons. The fur tickled me, and I laughed. They all thought I barked, but I did not; I was laughing.

My master said I looked so fine he would let me go out on the sidewalk.

When we got out of the house, a boy came along the street, with a tin horn. He blew it right in my ear, and it scared me so I fell



off the pavement into the snow-drift. I rolled over and over. I felt myself going down, down, down, and I barked. My master whistled to me, but I could not get out.

At last he came and lifted me from the snow-bank. You should have seen "the Surprise." It was all wet, and the fur was spoiled. My master, as he took me into the house, was saying something about "Pride getting a fall." My name is not Pride, but Scamp.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



GYP AND GEE.

Two doggies, Gyp and Gee,
Went out one day to tea,
And they promised their fond mother, with a bow,
That they would be polite, —
Say, “I thank you!” sit upright,
And be proper and correct as they knew how.

But what could you expect?
The “Tea” was quite select,
And Gyp and Gee were charmed with the display;
But when the cups came round,
They set theirs upon the ground,
And lapped the contents in their own rude way.

MOTHER CAREY.

MARY'S HAPPY DAY.

LITTLE MARY had a birthday party when she was eight years old. Ten little girls came to play with her on the lawn. They all wore white dresses, pink and blue sashes, and pretty slippers.

When they were tired of playing games, Mary's mother called them to a table which was spread under some shady trees. There was plenty of cake, candy, and fruit upon the table; but what pleased the children most was an old hen made of chocolate ice-cream. About her were a dozen little chickens made of pink, white, and brown ice-cream. Each little girl was given a little chicken to eat.

While they were at the table Mary saw a little girl looking through the gate of the yard. Her dress was old and torn, and she had no shoes on her feet.

Mary had a kind heart, and she felt sorry for the little girl. She ran down to the gate, and asked her if she would like to come to the party.

The little girl, whose name was Fannie, said she did not know what a party was.



Then Mary took her by the hand and led her to the table, and gave her one of the little ice-cream chickens and told her to eat it.

"It must be cooked first," said Fannie; "I can't eat a little raw chicken."

All the little girls laughed. They thought it very strange that Fannie had never eaten ice-cream. But they were very kind to her. They asked her to join in their games, and Fannie was so sweet-tempered and full of fun that they were all glad Mary had brought her in to the party.

When it was time for them to go home, the little girls kissed Mary good by, and said they had never been to a better party.



When they were all gone, Mary's mother brought out some nice, neat clothes of Mary's and dressed Fannie in them. She put shoes and stockings on the little girl's feet, and a neat straw hat on her head. Then Mary gave her a doll and some other toys, and Fannie went away laughing with joy.

That night, when Mary lay down in bed, she said to her mother, "This has been such a happy day, mamma; I have felt so glad in my heart."

"That is because you have tried to make others happy," said her mother. "Remember always, that in order to be happy ourselves we must try to make others so."

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.



THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

“My son,” said Mistress Fox,
“You’re clumsy as an ox.
’Tis almost Christmas time,
The merry bells will chime;
But we may starve,
While Dobbs will carve
A fine fat turkey on his table:
Go, bring that bird, if you are able.
You are so lazy,
For play so crazy,
No game you ever brought,
No chicken ever caught,
For Christmas or Thanksgiving,
Or for our daily living.”

Young Foxy felt quite sad,
When called a clumsy lad,
And just at night,
With all his might,
He ran to Farmer Dobbs's yard,
And found the turkey off his guard.
Without a word
He choked the bird;
Then proudly slung him on his back,
And took for home the shortest track.
"Good boy, my son! You are no ox;
I'm proud of you," said Mistress Fox.
"Of name and fame you are the winner,
And we have got our Christmas dinner;
While Farmer Dobbs and his three men
Must dine upon an ancient hen."

ARTHUR M. DRAKE.



WHAT BERT DID ONE DAY.

BERT had on his cap, his coat, his mitts, and his rubber boots. He set out to go to the barn to find his sled. All the night, while Bert slept, the soft white snow had fallen. Now it was quite deep, and the sun shone on it. O, how gay it was out of doors!

Bert could but just stand still to have his wraps on; he did so want to get his sled and have some fun!

As Bert went out, there stood Tom, the gray cat, on the doorstep. Tom had a mind to go to the barn too; but he did not like the snow. He put his paw down in it, and then held it up, as if to say, "Oh! it is so cold and wet! — Mew! What shall I do?"

"Poor Tom!" said Bert, "do you want to go to the barn? And you have no nice boots to pull on, have you? Well, then, Tom, I will take you in my arms: do not cry!"



So Bert took up the great cat. It was all he could do to carry him through the snow.

He made his way to the barn door, and put Tom down on the dry sill, with a kind pat on his head.

Was not Bert a dear, kind boy?

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



MY MOTHER.

WHEN the stars begin to twinkle
 And the darkness slowly falls,
 When the warm glow of the firelight
 Plays with shadows on the walls,

I climb into my mother's lap,
 Put my arms about her tight,
 And we sit and talk together
 Till Amanda brings the light.

She tells me pretty stories
 Of what happened long ago;
 She sings her old songs for me
 In a voice so sweet and low.

She's the very dearest mother
 In all the world, I know;
 And she only holds me closer
 When I hug and tell her so.

M. E. B. EMERY.

THE CIRCUS.

I WENT over to Mrs. Good's to spend the day. I did not know there was to be a circus that day. After dinner Mrs. Good said it was time to go to the circus.

Mrs. Good had ten children. They were all going to the circus but the eldest.

The circus ring was under the big oak. On one side were chairs and benches to sit on; on the other side were animals in cages.



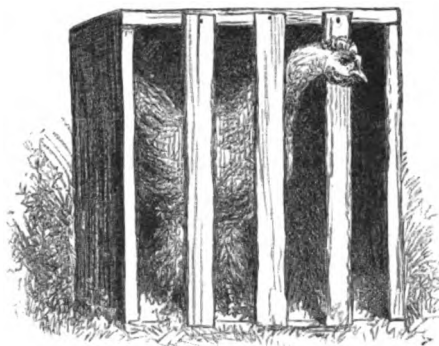
We paid two pence for a ticket. The tickets were blue, and said, "Admit one."

Walter Good was the showman. He took us around to see the animals. He was a good showman.

"Here," said he, "is the beautiful ostrich of Arabia. Its wings are too small to fly with, but they help it in running. Look at its long legs. The ostrich can run faster than any horse except our Selim. Its feathers are used to trim hats. They cost a great deal. My sister cannot afford to buy one for her hat."

We all admired the ostrich. It was in a cracker-box, with strips of shingles nailed over it. This ostrich looked very much like a long-legged light Brahma chicken. But of course we were too polite to say so.

"In this cage," man, "you see a Brazil. He is too This was a pretty had given Jeanie.



said the show-fine parrot from young to talk." mourning dove I

In a wash-basin were some tiny yellow ducks. Walter called them swans.

"And now," said he, "I will show you the greatest wonder of all. A royal Bengal tiger with cubs! Every circus has a tiger, but not the cubs. The tiger, as you all know, belongs to the cat family. It



has cat claws and cat teeth. It prowls about in the night for food, like a cat."

It did look very much like a cat,—the Maltese cat and her kittens.

Then Walter showed us the lion. He was tied to a chair-leg. When the lion roared, it sounded like a dog barking.



When we had all sat down, a pair of ponies came prancing into the ring,—Bruno and Bose. Ernest drove them with long lines and a whip.

Then there was a fine trapeze performance by Benton in the swing.

After this we had a beautiful concert, with songs and readings by Alice, Jeanie, and Willie.

It was the best circus I ever went to. It was well worth two pins.

MRS. L. A. B. CURTIS.



WAITING FOR NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

THEY don't seem to call upon me,
Though here I am, ready to see
All who come.

We're dressed up, my dolly and I,
Refreshments, I'm sure, are near by;
I want some.

Mamma said I should be in my nest,
Though I like staying up with the rest;
But, O dear!

They come and sit right down by Sue,
Not thinking of poor little Lu,
Waiting here!

I think I will go to my nest,
And leave you to see all the rest,
Mamma dear.

LOUIE BRINE.



THE BIRDS AND THE WHISTLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a large family of little people living in a pretty house near a factory.

Now this was a very regular family. They rose every morning with the sun and went to bed as soon as it began to grow dark.



They had every day, except Sunday, a steam whistle to tell them when it was time for breakfast, for dinner, and supper. The whistle sounded at seven o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at six o'clock at night. The entire family said it was very kind in the engineer to

look at his watch and blow the whistle for them. It made a good clock for them, and they were much obliged to the man for his kindness. On Sundays the family had only two meals a day, before church and after church, and, of course, there were the bells on the steeples to tell them when it was meeting-time.

This family were neat, and always washed and brushed their clothes before going to the table; and so the man gave one little "toot" on the whistle at half past eleven to tell them it was time

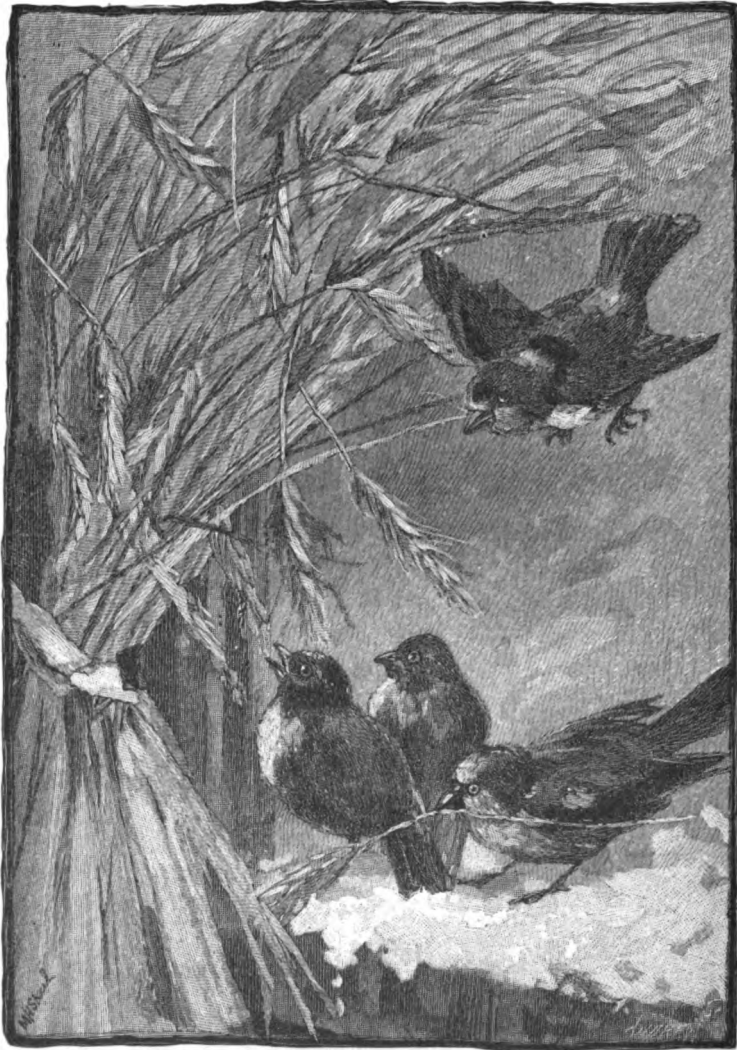


to dress for dinner. At twelve he gave a loud, long whistle, and all the family knew it was dinner-time.

Now it happened that one day two of the family were taken away to another place to live. They were kept in the new house for a few days, and, as you might expect, they became very homesick. At last the door was opened and they went out to take the air. Soon they heard the whistle sound one short note. They knew it was time to dress for dinner, and they started right off to find their way home by the sound. The note stopped before they found their way,

so they sat down to wait. They knew that in half an hour they would hear the long note on the whistle. At twelve it sounded again, and this time they followed the sound till they saw the house, and in a few minutes they came down to dinner with the family just as if nothing had happened.

CHARLES BARNARD.



The Birds' Christmas.



VALENTINE.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 4.

VALENTINE.

LITTLE bird, little bird, I have something to send,
Pray tuck it close under your wing,
For it's light as the down, yet more costly than gold,
A treasure the poets oft sing.

Then fly, little bird, till you see two bright eyes,
The sweetest that ever were known,
And a dear little mouth, all made for a kiss,
Like a sweet wild-rose, half blown.

And her hair, little bird, you will know her by that, —
Like silk on the ripened corn,
When the dancing sunbeams kiss the dews
From the fields in the early morn.

Now fly, little bird, fly away, fly away;
Bear swiftly this treasure, — the sign,
That the dear little girl I'm telling you of
May know she's my Valentine.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



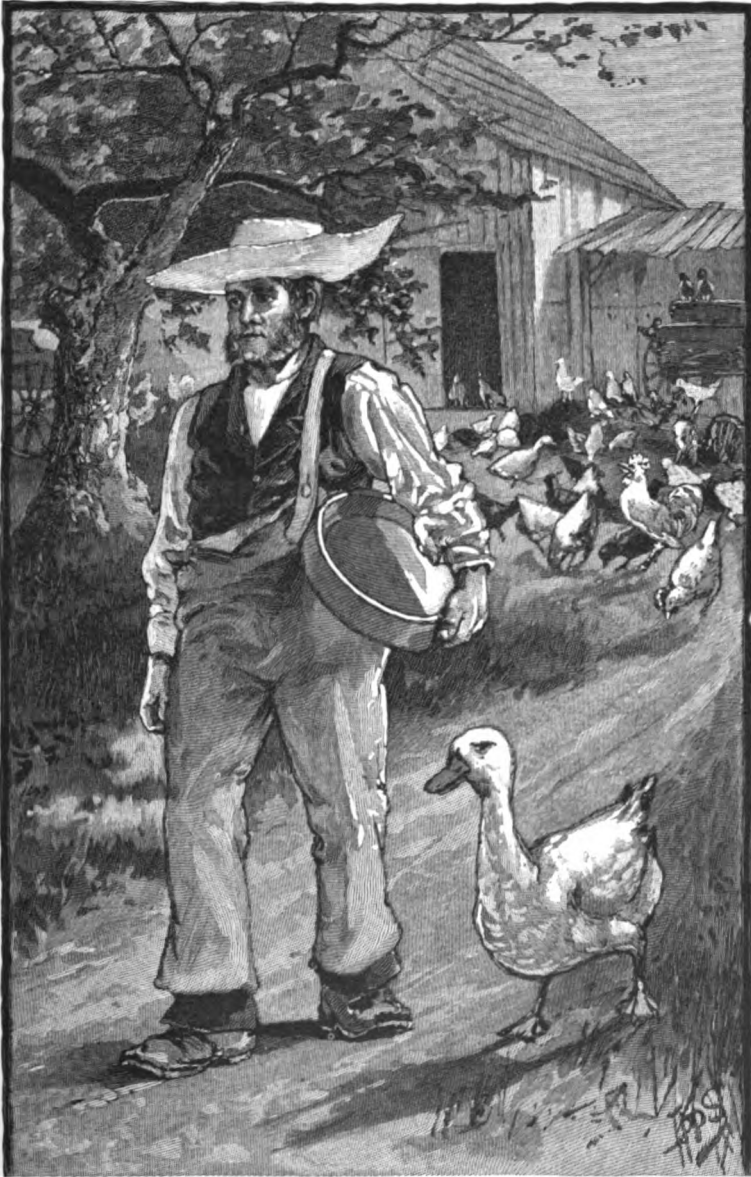
UNCLE BEN'S GOOSE.

UNCLE BEN'S other name was Watkins. He fed the hens and turkeys and geese. He had more than a hundred fowls. When he scattered the corn, it was a sight to see them run and peck and eat.

Among them was a great white goose. She grew to be very fond of Uncle Ben. She ran when the others did, and it was funny to see her, she was so eager to get there first.

When all the other fowls were fed, they went off; but Mistress Goosey stayed. She followed Uncle Ben just like a dog.

When he put the horse to the cart, she stood by. When he went to the spring, Goosey went too. If he stopped, she did; when he went on again, she quit eating the grass and waddled after him. She had no little ones, or it would



have been pretty to see her teach all her family to love old Uncle Ben. Brutes will love those who are kind to them.

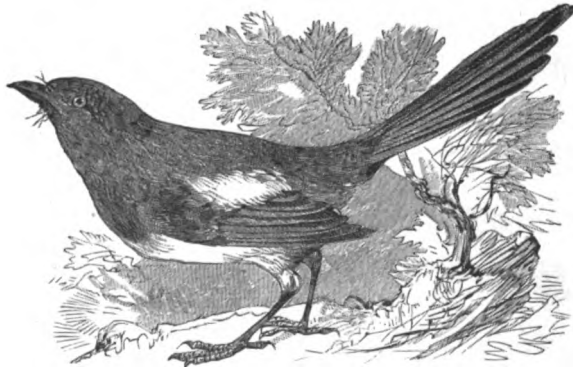
R. W. LOWRIE.

THE MAGPIE.

THE magpie is very watchful and cunning. Its colors are black, white, and blue, and its cry is harsh and unpleasing. Its tail, which is always in motion, is quite long, and its flight is heavy because of the shortness of its wings.

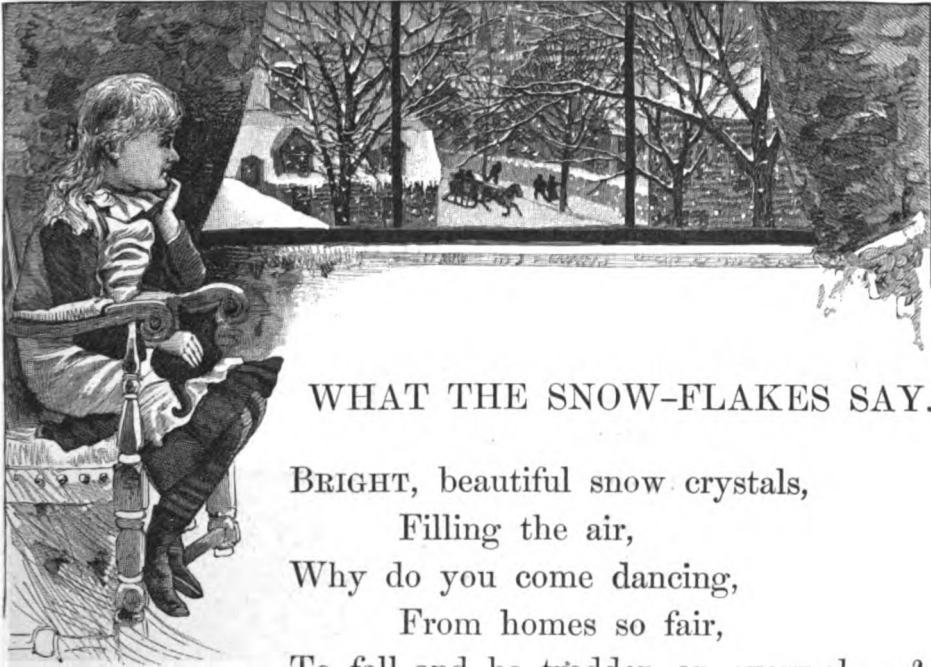
It builds its nest in high trees, towers, and church-steeple. The nest is made of strong twigs and is plastered inside with mud. It lays six or seven eggs, whitish gray in color, mottled and dashed with black.

The magpie is easily tamed, is a good mimic, and can be taught to say a few words; but when tamed it is apt to become too familiar. It is a great thief, and will carry off small articles, especially such as sparkle. Thimbles, ear-rings, silver spoons, bows of ribbon, and pieces of lace have been often found in the nest of the magpie. Children and servants have been charged with taking them, when the magpie was the real thief.



A lady once owned a pet magpie. It would perch upon her shoulders and thrust its bill between her lips, to feed her with ripe cherries, just as she sometimes fed him. But what was her surprise and disgust when one day, instead of a cherry, he dropped a large green fat worm into her mouth.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.



WHAT THE SNOW-FLAKES SAY.

BRIGHT, beautiful snow crystals,
 Filling the air,
 Why do you come dancing,
 From homes so fair,
 To fall and be trodden on everywhere ?

“ We hurry, we scurry down,
 From regions bright,
 To clothe the murky old town,
 And bare hills, bleak and brown,
 In garments white.

“ And when we are trod on and black,
 Our sweet task o’er,
 We joyously hasten back,
 Dance o’er the homeward track,
 More glad than before.”

M. J. T.



ZIP IN TROUBLE.

As Uncle Will was going home one noon, he saw a crowd in the street near his house. There were about fifty boys, and they were standing about something that seemed to please them. Their shouts of glee could be heard a long way off.



Uncle Will walked up to find out what was the matter. What did he see but his tame crane, Zip. He was perched on one foot in the midst of the boys, pecking at them right and left. Not a boy could come within six feet of him without feeling the point of his sharp bill.

The boys thought this was great fun. They never had seen so strange a bird. But poor Zip did not enjoy it. When he saw Uncle Will he ran to him, and tucked his head under his arm. He was glad enough to be taken home.

Zip was very fond of music. When the piano was played, he would stalk into the house, if the door stood open. If the door was closed, he would tap on the window till he was let in. Then he would dance up to the piano, and strike upon the keys with his beak. If the tune was a lively one, he seemed to enjoy it all the more; he would tap faster and faster; his bill would come down, pounce, between the fingers of the



was
"blind-
see him.
too musical.
light to sing in
times he sang in the

struck. His voice was loud, but it was not sweet. He was not Jenny Lind; he was only Zip. The neighbors did not enjoy his songs. They said he waked up the babies. So poor Zip was sent to the country. There he was very sad, and sang a great deal. But there was only one baby to hear him, and that baby was deaf.

player,
but it
never hit
them. It

as good as
man's-buff" to
But Zip grew

He got up at day-
the garden. Some-
night, when the clock

KHAM.



THE DOLL'S MISSION.

Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off;
I really suppose she is dead;
And Dora has swallowed her eyeballs;
And Claire has a crack in her head.

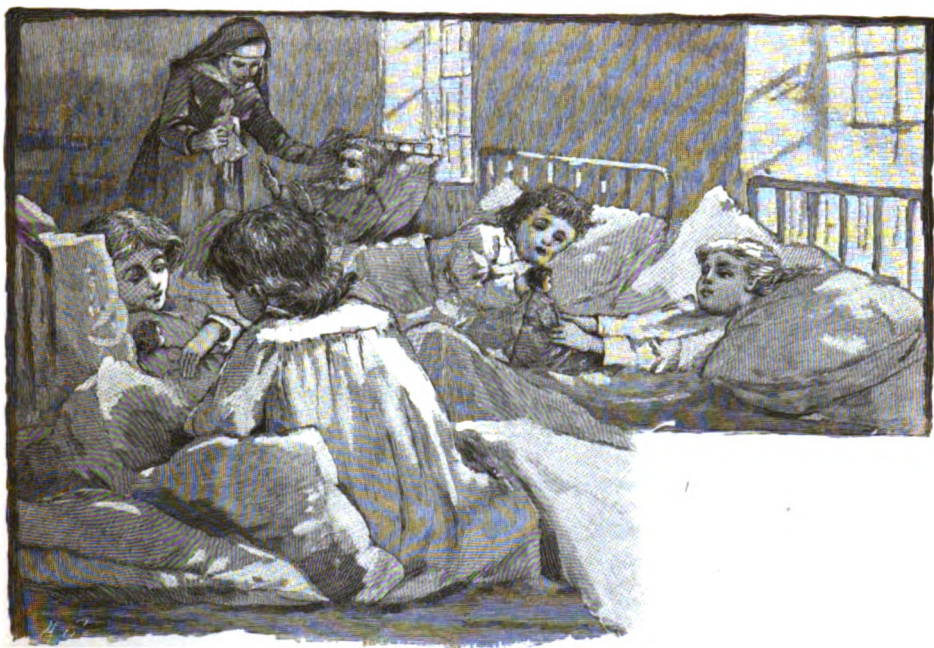
But Eva has gone on a mission,
A regular mission, not fun:
She lives at the hospital yonder,
And wears a gray dress, like a nun.

As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor little sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 't was her duty to go.

I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue;
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

And when I remember the children,
So tired, and lonesome, and sad,
If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



PIGGY'S PLIGHT.

WILLIE went to ride with his mother. As they turned a corner, Kitty, the horse, pricked up her ears and listened.

There were cries, very loud cries, from something behind the fence by the road. In a minute Willie saw a poor little pig held fast in the fence. He had tried to get through, and see the world on the other side. He pushed his head through, but his plump shoulders would n't go.

"Wee, wee, wee!" he cried, as loud as he could. "I'm caught! O, I'm caught! Wee, wee! Come and help me! Won't somebody come?"

He was almost choked. Willie's mamma stopped the horse.

Willie jumped out, and ran to piggy. He tried to get him out, but it was of no use. Piggy was fast. Willie could not pull him through or push him back.

"Go to the house, quick, Willie, and tell somebody," said mamma.

An old man came. He, too, tried to get piggy out; but it was no use. Poor piggy's cries were fainter and fainter. The old man picked up a large stone. He pounded a picket of the fence on one side of



piggy. This crowded it away so that piggy could pull his head back.

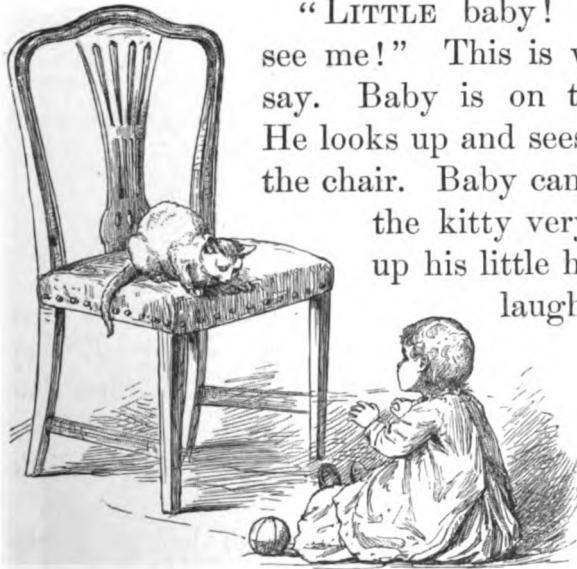
"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" he grunted behind the fence. "Ugh! I'm safe, but, O, dear! how that fence did pinch! I won't try that again! — Ugh!"

The old man came up to Willie, and said heartily, "I'm very much obliged to you. I guess I should have lost him if you had not told me."

"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" grunted piggy behind the fence. "I guess so too!"

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

BABY AND KITTY.



“LITTLE baby! little baby! See me! see me!” This is what the kitty seems to say. Baby is on the floor with his ball. He looks up and sees the kitty. Kitty is in the chair. Baby cannot get her. He wants the kitty very much. See him hold up his little hands. Baby crows and laughs, to make kitty come down. Kitty thinks she will stay in the chair. Baby has soft, fat little hands, but they pull kitty’s fur. Baby does not mean

to hurt kitty. He loves her very much. He does not know it hurts to pull her fur.

By and by kitty sees the ball on the floor. Kitty likes to play with that ball. She can roll it with her paw. She can play ball better than the baby.

Kitty can run very fast.

Can the baby run? O, no; baby cannot run at all. He can sit on the floor, and he can creep.



At last, kitty jumps down. She hits the ball with her paw. The ball rolls very fast. Baby does not like that. He does not want kitty to take the ball away. He wants it for himself. So he

creeps after the ball. See how kitty looks at the baby. She is full of fun to-day.

Creep fast, baby! Creep fast! Run, kitty, run! Who will get the ball? Will the baby get it, or will little kitty get there first?

S. E. SPRAGUE.

NELLIE AND HER PARROT.



HER birthday Nellie White's mamma gave her a beautiful parrot. He could talk very fast. When Nellie saw him for the first time he screeched out, "How d'ye do, dear? How d'ye do?" This pleased the little girl very much.

Nellie was very fond of her pet. She loved to feed him, and to hear him talk. She would not have parted with him for a dozen dollies.

One morning the parrot was missing. The cage had been put out on the lawn, and the door was not shut. Some one was careless, and the bird got away.

He had a fine time among the trees and flowers for a while, but he soon grew weary and went in at an open door of a house.

In the doorway sat Jim, a lame boy. He could not run and play, as other children did. His parents were very poor, and he had not much to make him happy.

You must know, then, how glad Jim was to see the parrot. He kept the bird, which was quite tame, several days. He was so happy while playing with it that he almost forgot his pain.

One evening Jim's father read a notice in the newspaper. It told who had lost the bird, and where to return it.

Now Jim's father was an honest man, and Jim was an honest little boy. They would not keep the bird, though it nearly broke the

boy's heart to part with it. So Jim kissed the parrot good-by, and that very evening the bird was sent back to his little mistress.

Nellie jumped for joy when she saw her pet safe and sound. When she heard the story of the poor lame boy, she began to cry.



"Do not cry, dear," said her papa. "We will go to see the sick child, and I will send a doctor who will try to cure him."

Mr. White kept his word. Jim got well, and now runs as fast as any little boy I know.

Nellie often has a call from Jim, who never forgets to visit the parrot.

As soon as the bird sees his old friend Jim, he calls out at the top of his voice, "How d'ye do, dear? How d'ye do?"

LOUISE L. BELL



WHO FEEDS THE SPARROWS?

LITTLE brown sparrows upon the tree,
Sweetly chirping in your glee,
Where will you get your breakfast, this morn?
"Tu-wee! tu-wee!
Tu-wee! tu-wee!"

Frozen the meadows, this wintry day,
Not a worm nor a bug do I see.
Where will you get your dinner, at noon?
"Tu-wee! tu-wee!
Tu-wee! tu-wee!"

Not a crumb anywhere, nor a leaf;
Stripped of fruit is every tree.
Where will you get your supper, at night?
"Tu-wee! tu-wee!
Tu-wee! tu-wee!"

Then with a rush, with a whirl of wings,
Every breast from worry free,
Rising they soar, and each one doth sing,
"My Heavenly Father,
He feedeth me!"

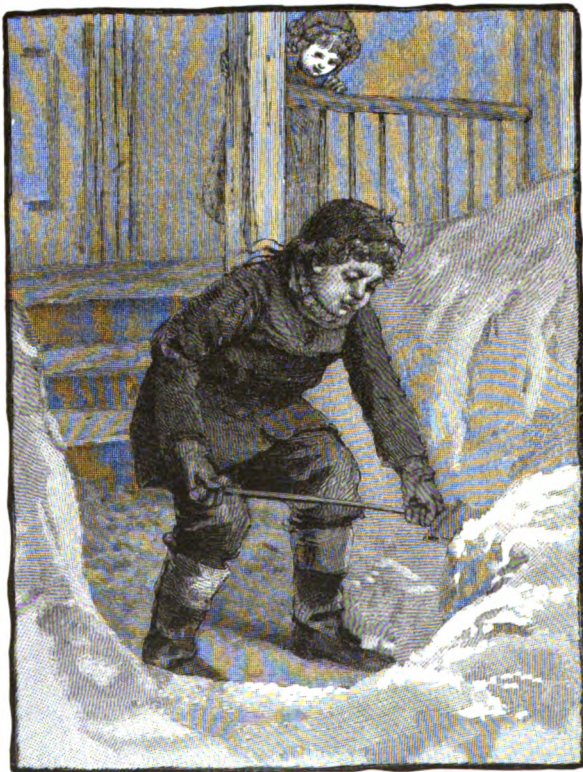
REV. EDWARD A. RAND.



Who feeds the Sparrows ?

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

WHEN Charlie woke up one morning and looked from the window, he saw that the ground was deeply covered with snow. The



wind had blown it in great drifts against the fence and the trees. Charlie's little sister Rosey said it looked like hills and valleys. On the side of the house nearest the kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how black Aunt Patsey could get through it to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path cleared through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself, if I had time. But I must be at my office early this morning." Then

he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it, my son?"

"I, papa! Why, it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"

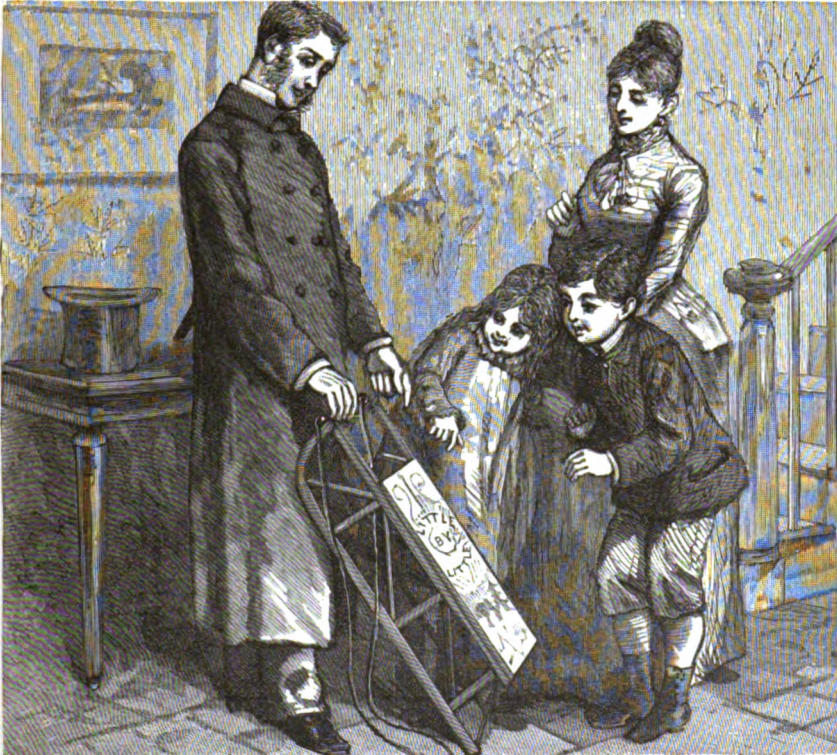
"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try; and if I find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner, you shall have the sled you wished for."

So Charlie got his wooden snow-shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it, mamma," he said. "A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow to be cleared away!"

"Little by little, Charlie," said his mamma. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful, it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying."



Charlie soon had a space cleared from the snow, and as he worked on the path grew longer. By and by it reached quite up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street between snow-white walls.

When papa came home to dinner, he was pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he gave Charlie a fine blue sled, and on it was painted its name, in yellow letters, "*Little by Little.*"

The boys all wanted to know how it came to have such a name. And when they learned about it, I think it was a lesson to them as well as to Charlie.

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.



THE FROG AFLOAT.

O, a double life I lead ;
 And it's truly pleasure fine
 To go sailing up and down
 Like a sailor on the brine.

Though my boat is but a leaf,
 And a barley-straw my oar,
 I am never filled with fear
 As I push away from shore.

O, my fingers I can snap
 At a shipwreck ; for, you see,
 I am quite at home below,
 And it's all the same to me !

PALMER COX.

KITTY'S FRIEND TOAD.

A GREAT fat toad and Prim, my white kitten, are very good friends. He stays in the barn shed, where her milk-saucer is kept.

When the cows are milked, Prim always expects her saucer will be filled. If Fred forgets to give her any, she cries, "Mee-ow!" Then he remembers and gives her some milk.

Kit's friend, the toad, gets into her saucer and sits, and she does n't mind it at all. She laps what milk she wants, and leaves the rest for him.

One day, when she went to eat her dinner, the toad put his foot



up on her face lovingly, as you would pat and smooth your dear mamma's face.

Sometimes I bring the saucer and Toady into the parlor to show my visitors. He likes it, and winks his bright eyes at them.

He never tried to get out but once. Then he swung his long legs over the side of the dish, and was just going to jump, when I put my hand on him.

The ladies all screamed and ran. Then they all laughed.

MRS. J. A. MELVIN.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

ONE rainy day Tommie was standing by the window watching the great drops roll down the window-panes. He did n't like rainy days.

All at once he heard a great noise in the fireplace. Such a chattering! The screen was taken down, and there were four poor little



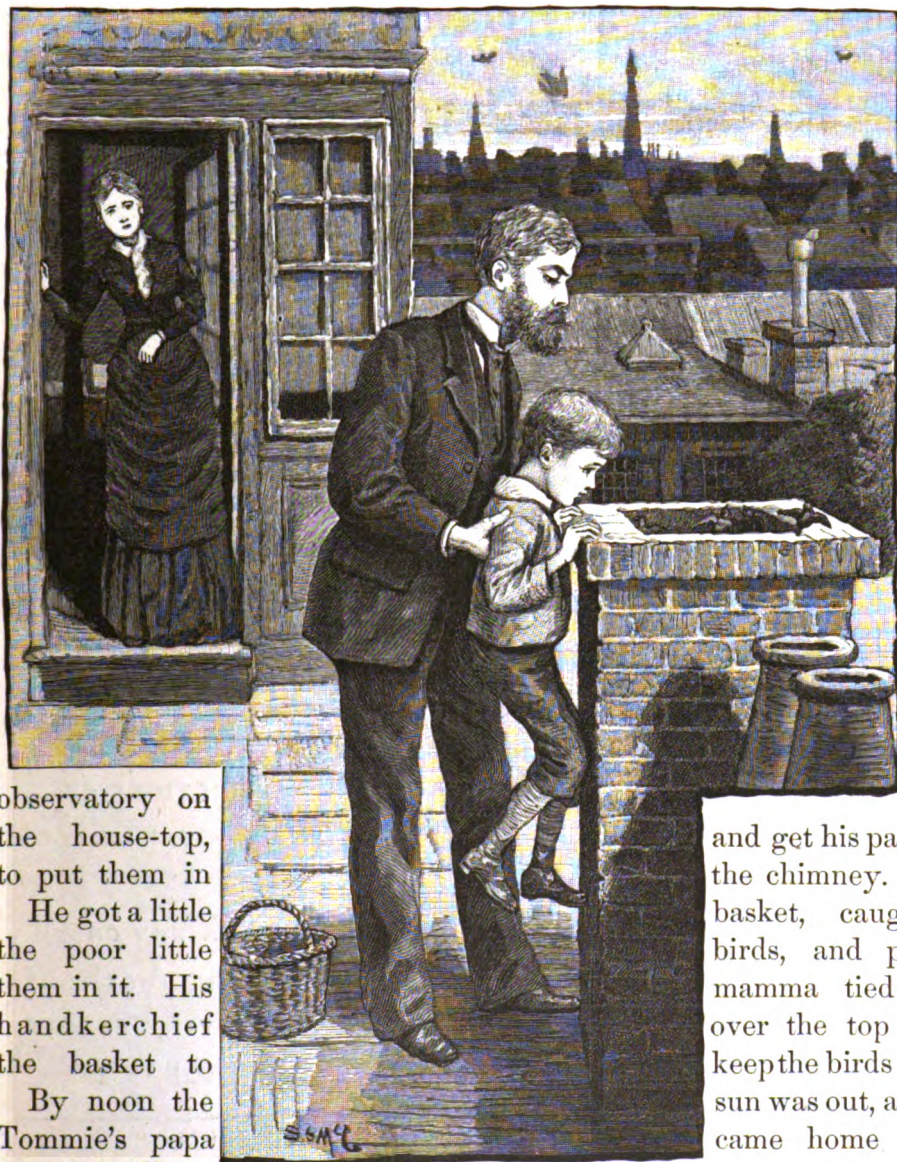
swallows clinging to the sides of the chimney. Tommie called them "chimney-sweeps," and tried to catch one. It

clung so fast to the chimney sides that he could scarcely pull it off.

There was no nest to be seen. Tommie and his mamma thought the poor little sweeps must have been frightened by the storm.

Tommie wondered what he could do with them. They could not go up the chimney, and the old birds would never come down. If he put them in the yard the cat would catch them.

Then Tommie told his mamma that he could carry them to the



observatory on the house-top, to put them in

He got a little the poor little them in it. His handkerchief the basket to

By noon the Tommie's papa dinner. They

servatory, Tommie carrying the basket of "chimney-sweeps."

and get his papa the chimney.

basket, caught birds, and put mamma tied a over the top of keep the birds in. sun was out, and came home to went to the ob-

The little boy held the basket while his papa put the birds in the chimney-top, one at a time. They clung to the bricks and began to cry again.

Tommie was held up to see the little birds, and then they went down stairs, so that the old birds might take care of their little ones and not be frightened.

After Tommie had gone, the mamma and papa birds came up and showed the little ones how to get to their nest again.

AUNT NELL.





MONKEY MOONSHINE.

LITTLE monkey moonshine,
When the stars are bright,
Swinging on the cornstalks
In the dead of night;

Dancing o'er the meadows,
Floating down the stream,
Peeping through the windows
To make the children dream;

Falling through the tree-tops,
Tumbling o'er the lawn,
Chasing bats and owlets
Till the break of morn.

Then little monkey moonshine
With the morning star
Rides away to cloudland
In a silver car.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



BENNY AND BUNNY.

BENNY RICE was playing with Bunny, his tame white rabbit. Uncle Moses had fallen asleep reading his paper. All at once Benny cried, "Uncle Moses! Uncle Moses! What makes Bunny's ears so long?" Uncle Moses waked up and rubbed his eyes, when he heard his pet nephew call him. "Ears so long?" he said, as his spectacles fell from his nose, — "ears so long? Well, I will tell you. Once on a time," said Uncle Moses, "the rabbit was hopping about in a field. It was a pop-corn field, Benny, where he hopped. All at once he heard some folks talking. It was the red squirrel telling his sister where he had found some sweet acorns. Bunny was behind a wall. He lifted up his head. He did not quite hear, so he listened harder, and then his ears began to grow. They grew, and they grew, and they grew. Pretty soon they grew so long that they stuck up over the wall. Then the red squirrel and his sister saw Bunny's ears, and away they ran. "Now," said Uncle Moses, smiling, "I think our little boy Ben's ears are growing like Bunny's. I saw him the other day hiding behind a door. He was trying to hear what his mother was saying to Aunt Jane."

Benny felt of his ears very quickly. He was ashamed to think that Uncle Moses had caught him in his slyness.

"Do you see how they have grown?" asked Uncle Moses.

"Well," said Benny, with a rosy face, "I guess they have — the least mite."

"Come here, then," replied Uncle Moses, "and let me trim them."

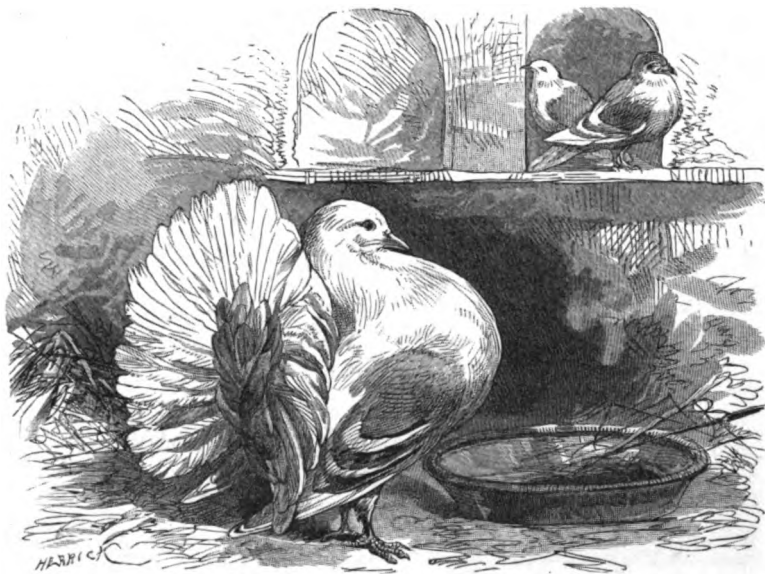
So Benny climbed up on his uncle's knee, and Uncle Moses pinched his ears gently.



"Now, my pet, we have cut them off," he said, "and Benny will not hide behind doors any more, and hark, will he?"

Little boy Ben stroked Bunny's ears and laughed. "You will never catch me doing so again, Uncle Moses," he said.

PENN ANDINCK.



TOMMY'S PIGEONS.

TOMMY's little fantailed pigeon had two little ones, when one day she disappeared. He never believed that she left them of her own will. Perhaps she had gone on an errand. Perhaps she had flown into the thick woods and lost her way ; but a bird always knew the road home.

Had somebody shot the pretty mother ? Had the cat waylaid her ? Had a water-rat carried her off to his nest ? And what would the little ones do without her ? Would they starve for want of her care, or perish for lack of her warm brooding wing ?

Tommy was thinking of bringing them in-doors. He would feed them till they grew big enough to work for their own bread and butter. But he found that the father pigeon had taken charge of them. He was bringing food to them in his bill, and giving himself up to the task of bringing them up as respectable pigeons.

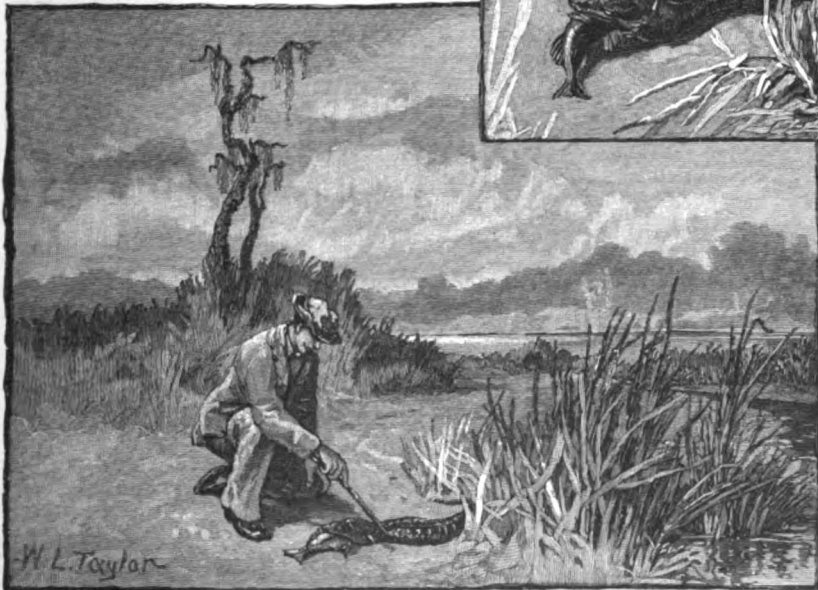
MARY N. PRESCOTT.

UNCLE DAVID'S SNAKE-STORY.

Do you want to hear a real snake-story? I saw this myself, and did not read it in the newspapers.

A large water-snake was coiled up, half in, half out of the water, watching the fish darting about and around it. It was a large striped snake, called a water moccasin. This kind of snake sometimes strikes its fangs into dogs that attack it.

I once had a little terrier, which used to fly at snakes of every kind



with fury, and shake them to pieces. But one day she came home with her head swollen as large as two heads. She drooped and died after a few days of sickness.

But I am forgetting my story. While the fish were playing

around their dangerous foe, all at once the poisonous fangs were darted out, and a large catfish was stopped in his sport. The snake had him fast, and stretched itself out to swallow its prey. He was, however, too greedy, for he began to swallow the head of the fish whilst it was still fluttering, and not quite dead. One of the strong, sharp fins pierced like a needle through the neck of the reptile, and he could not get the fish an inch further down his throat. There they lay when I found them, stretched out on the sand among the rushes by the swamp, both quite dead. The greater part of the fish was out of the snake's mouth, but the head was inside, and one fin sticking through the scaly neck of the water-snake. You may see in the picture how they look, lying dead together, the reptile and its prey.

M. T. HUNTER.



BOY OR PUG.

PUG is a dog ; you all know that.
 He plays with baby and worries the
 cat ;
 He sleeps in a basket lined with silk,
 And sometimes sips a little new milk ;
 "He is very dainty," so they say,
 And his whims are humored every
 way.



Now Boy is a boy, and full of fun ;
 He wants to play when school is done ;
 He has his marbles, and top, and ball,
 And sometimes runs in the lower hall.
 He wants to eat when hungry. They say,
 "He must not be humored in any such way."

Now, babies and boys, children all,
 Come hither and listen. Pray, what would befall
 This old world of ours, if, some fine day,
 A fairy should whisk you all away,
 And leave in your places, cosy and snug,
 A queer little, stupid, frowzy Pug ?

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

Little Miss Sonnet.

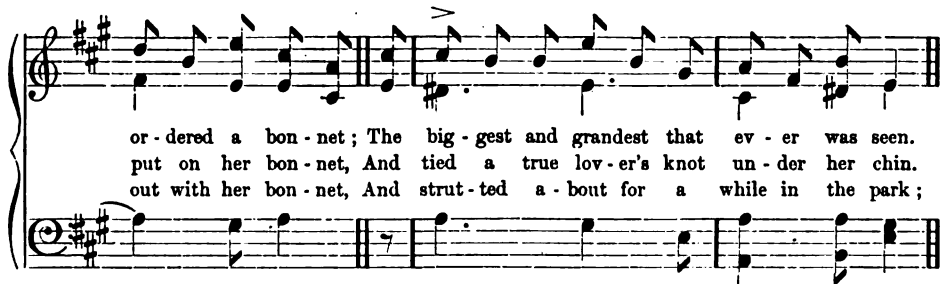
Words by ALBERT H. HARDY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

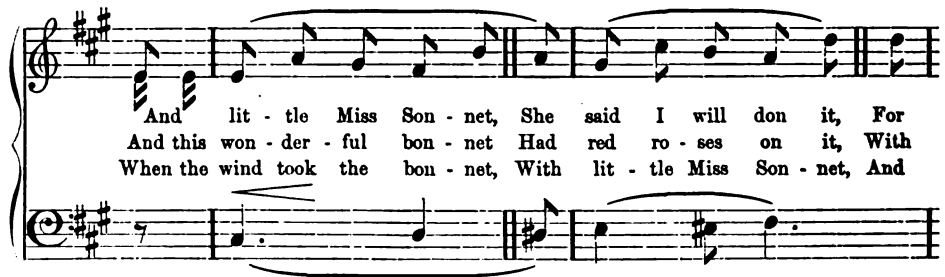
Voice
and
Piano.

Grazioso.

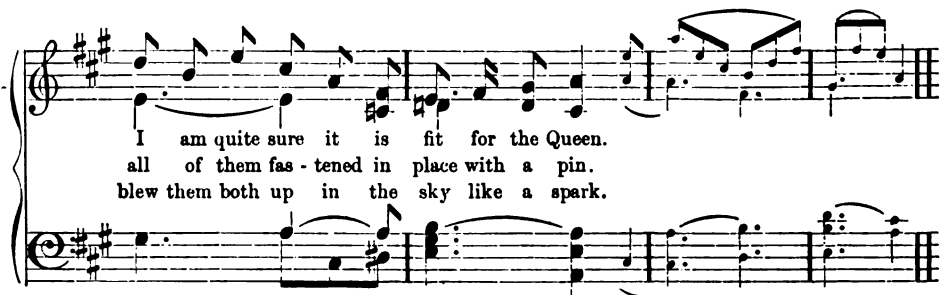
1. Prim lit - tle Miss Son - net Once
2. Then lit - tle Miss Son - net, She
3. So lit - tle Miss Son - net Went



or - dered a bon - net ; The big - gest and grandest that ev - er was seen.
put on her bon - net, And tied a true lov - er's knot un - der her chin.
out with her bon - net, And strut - ted a - bout for a while in the park ;



And lit - tle Miss Son - net, She said I will don it, For
And this won - der - ful bon - net Had red ro - ses on it, With
When the wind took the bon - net, With lit - tle Miss Son - net, And



I am quite sure it is fit for the Queen.
all of them fas - tened in place with a pin.
blew them both up in the sky like a spark.



O, HOW IT RAINS!



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 6.

O, HOW IT RAINS!

THE wind it is roaring,
The rain it is pouring,
And Sissy and I have been out for a walk ;
But is n't it lucky,
We both are so plucky,
The rain cannot scare us from laughter and talk ?

I am her big brother
(She has n't another),
And she's all the sister that ever I had.
No girl could be nearer,
Or sweeter, or dearer :
She's my little lassie, I'm her little lad.

It was in December
(We both can remember)
I drew her about o'er the snow on my sled.
But all fun won't be going,
For though it's not snowing,
There's rain to be kept from my wee Sissy's head.

MRS. MARY D. BRINE.



SLYBOOTS.

"WHAT becomes of the crackers?" said auntie.

Slyboots, the great white cat, jumped up in a chair and looked out of the window. He knew where they went, but he would n't tell. Slyboots liked crackers. He had found out where they were kept. They were in a large tin box or canister. Slyboots would raise the hasp with his paw. Then he would hold up the lid with his head. He would reach down with his long, slender white paw, and put his claws into a cracker.

But he was not satisfied with one for himself. Another white cat lived in the same house. Slyboots would pull out a cracker and give it to the other cat. Then he would get one for himself, and the two would sit down to lunch.

This is a true story. Auntie caught them at it, and saw just the way it was done.

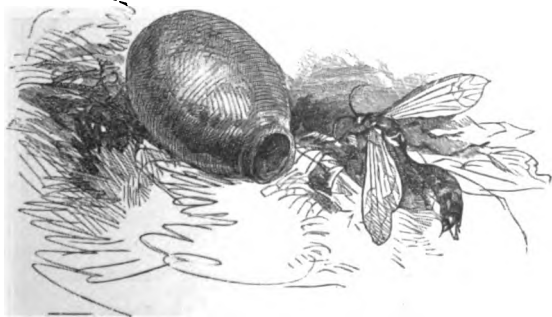
MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

THE WASP.

I DARE say you think that the wasp is an ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. She is apt to do this when she is meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.



I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the open window allowed her to pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at one end. In order to set her mind at rest, I let her finish her cradle and nursery. Daily it grew bigger, till it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.



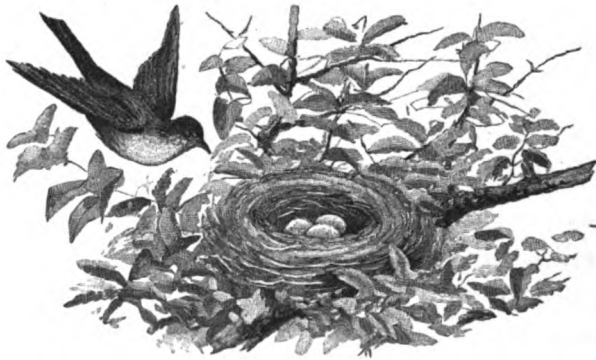
When her back was turned I broke into her mud cabin, like a burglar. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton-wool. Each was wrapped in a brown gauzy blanket, and they were, in reality, the wasp's babies, — their lar-

væ. The wasp is a worm before she gets her wings and sting. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders which the

wise mother-wasp had stunned with her sting and sealed up with her babies in their snug quarters. When they woke up hungry they would find plenty of food in the cupboard.

This little worker was one of the wasps that live alone; but there are others who live together in little tenement houses of their own. They not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and chambers from shreds of wood, as we make rags into paper.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



THE NEST STEALER.

BUMBLE-BEE, or Humble-Bee,

What is this you say to me?

"Rumble-dumble! Let me tumble

All your rose-leaves; never grumble;

House and honey should be free!"

Humble-bumble-grumble-Bee,

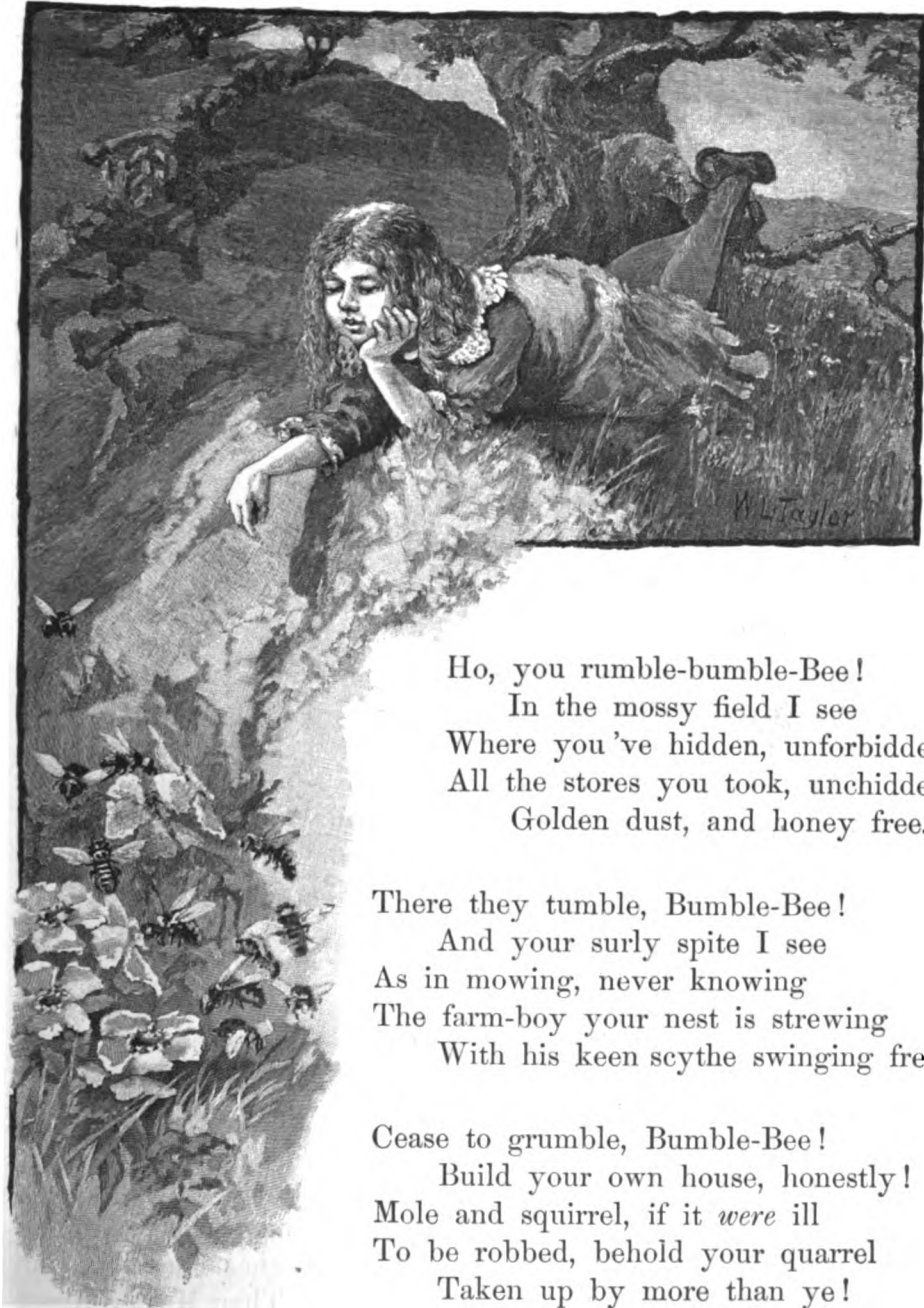
Take your fill, and let me see

Where your funny jars of honey,

And the house you stole from bunny,*

And its baby-cells may be.

* Squirrel.



Ho, you rumble-bumble-Bee!
 In the mossy field I see
 Where you've hidden, unforbidden,
 All the stores you took, unchidden,
 Golden dust, and honey free.

There they tumble, Bumble-Bee!
 And your surly spite I see
 As in mowing, never knowing
 The farm-boy your nest is strewing
 With his keen scythe swinging free.

Cease to grumble, Bumble-Bee!
 Build your own house, honestly!
 Mole and squirrel, if it *were* ill
 To be robbed, behold your quarrel
 Taken up by more than ye!

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

ROVER AND THE CATS.

ROVER was a large black Newfoundland dog. He weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. But he knew more than he weighed. When he wanted to come into the house he would ring the front-



door bell. The knob pulled down, so that he could press on it with his paw. How many times black Sally brushed her hair in a hurry and ran to the door! There she would find Rover, who said "Bow-wow" very politely. It is a pity, but Sally was not always as polite as Rover. Sometimes she said cross words to him.

One day Thomas, the gardener, shot a woodchuck* on the hill back of the house. He brought it down to the garden, where the four children were playing with Rover. The little ones flocked about him, greatly pleased to see the strange animal. Then Master Minot spoke up, and said he thought there ought to be a grave for the

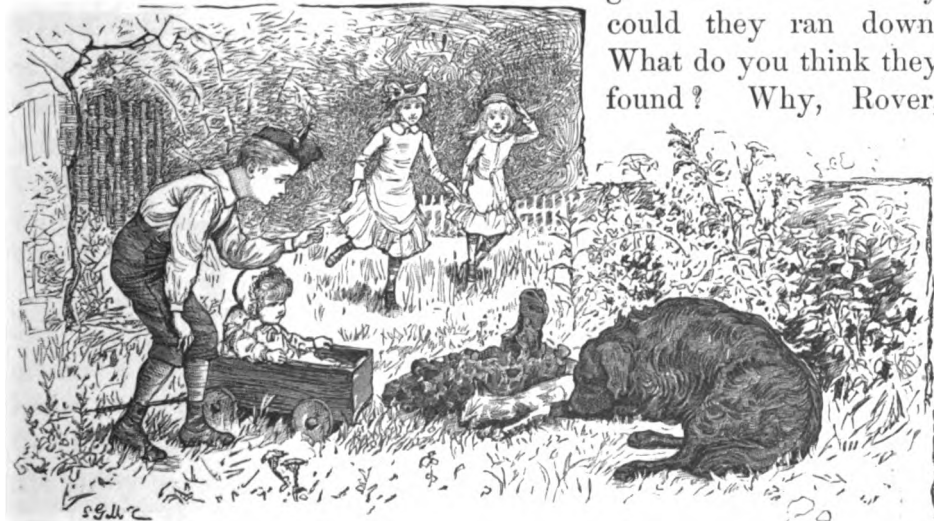
* A small burrowing animal, a pest to farmers in America.

woodchuck. He would be captain, he said, and they would all march to the grave and bury the animal.

And so they did. Thomas dug the grave near where the beans grew. The woodchuck was put in an old raisin-box. Minot was captain, but then he drew the woodchuck in his little cart. He also played a tune on his tin whistle. Thomas went first, and then the children. Rover marched behind. The raisin-box was put in the hole near the beans and covered up. An old shoe was set up as a tombstone. Then the children all scampered back to where they had been playing "I spy."

But Rover sat by the grave a long time. After dinner he went there again. Two or three times in the afternoon Thomas found him there. At supper time he was nowhere to be seen. "Dear old Rover," Captain Minot said, "has he run away?"

To bed they all went, but there was no Rover to watch over them. The first thing in the morning the children heard him barking in the garden. As soon as they could they ran down. What do you think they found? Why, Rover,



with a dear little pussy cat which he had killed. He had brought it to the place where the woodchuck lay the day before. Captain Minot scolded Rover, you may be sure, the cruel dog that he was! And then they buried poor kitty. But that night Rover was gone again, and in the morning he brought another dead pussy. And

so he did for three or four nights. Then he stopped, for there were no more cats near by.

You see, poor Rover loved to march after Captain Minot. He knew no better way to make Captain Minot march than to bring home something to bury. This was very bright of Rover; but it was cruel, and a very bad example for other dogs.

C. BELL.



HOW THE TEAKETTLE WENT TO PARIS.

THE children had been playing house out in the back shed. Joe and Susie were Mr. and Mrs. Primrose, Nellie was Aunt Daisy, and Pink and Ducky were the little Primroses.

Susie had a real cooking-stove, and a teakettle. She saved all the burnt matches for firewood. They had hot water and sugar for tea. Toasted crackers did duty for beefsteak, hot rolls, and potatoes. The very brown ones were chocolate cake. They had a merry feast until Mrs. Primrose's health failed. Then Mr. Primrose thought they had better take a trip to Paris.

There was a brook at the bottom of the garden, with two boards across it for the children to walk over. On the other side was Paris. Mrs. Primrose said they ought to take the furniture, but she left it all behind except the teakettle. She was sure to want some tea on the voyage.

Ducky had fallen asleep, and they concluded to leave him at home. He was only three years old, and could not enjoy the sights. Joe put him in the hammock, and the rest started on their journey. Aunt Daisy was to take care

of Pink, who was four years old, and as playful as a kitten.

The family reached the other side in safety, except poor Mrs.



Primrose and her teakettle. When she was about half way across, Ponto, the great house-dog, came rushing down the hill to go with them. He struck against Mrs. Primrose, and over she went into the brook; but her beloved teakettle flew over to the other side of the stream.

Just then there was a dreadful clap of thunder. It frightened the children so, that they ran up to the house as fast as they could. Susie did not remember until the next day what became of the teakettle, but it had reached Paris in safety.

ANNIE D. BELL.



THE CAPTIVE BUMBLE-BEE.

In a milk-white prison, with only one
Round window opening to the sun,
Raving and raging in vain despair
Like a wounded lion in his lair,
I have a captive. He can't get out,
For I hold the door with my fingers stout.

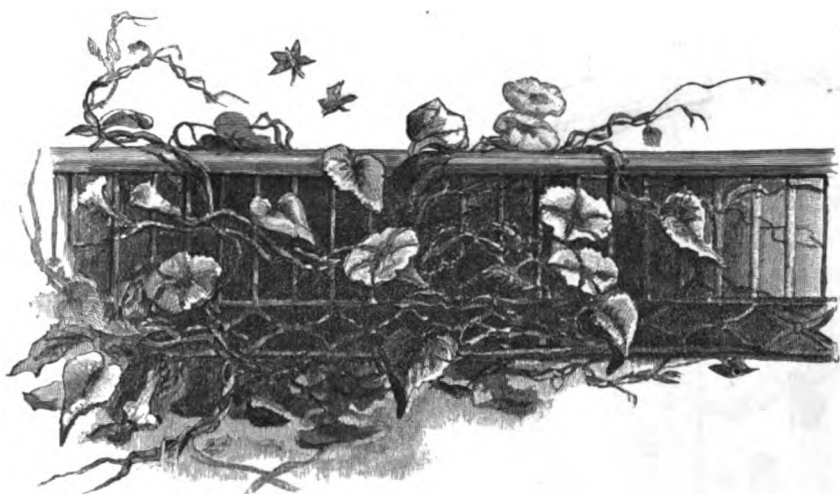
"But how can you hold this captive wild,
You, who are only a little child?"
Ay, that's the riddle, — how can I, say?
And I had another yesterday.
You'll never guess, — I'll have to tell;
You don't read riddles very well.



By the garden-walk I chanced to see
In a foxglove flower a bumble-bee ;
And when he was fairly sipping the honey,
I fastened him into this prison funny.
It's long and hollow and flat, you see, —
The very jail for a bumble-bee !

Yes, it is a pity to shut him up, .
Though his jail is a lovely foxglove cup !
So I'll toss the flower that I picked, away,
And I won't catch another bee to-day ;
For he beats so fiercely his prison-wall,
I know that he does n't like it at all !

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.



THE HEN THAT BROODED KITTENS.

"COME with mamma, Willie, and we will hunt for eggs."

We went out to the barn. Willie knew how to find the clean white eggs. I carried the basket, and the little boy hunted. Up and down the barn he trotted, and tumbled into the sweet-smelling hay. He found eggs by dozens.

"Come, Willie! I think there are no more."

"Yes, there are, mamma, for old Blackie is on her nest."

"Never mind, dear. Don't drive her off." I had spoken too late, for "Shoo," said Willie, and away flew Blackie.

"O mamma, mamma! look, look!"

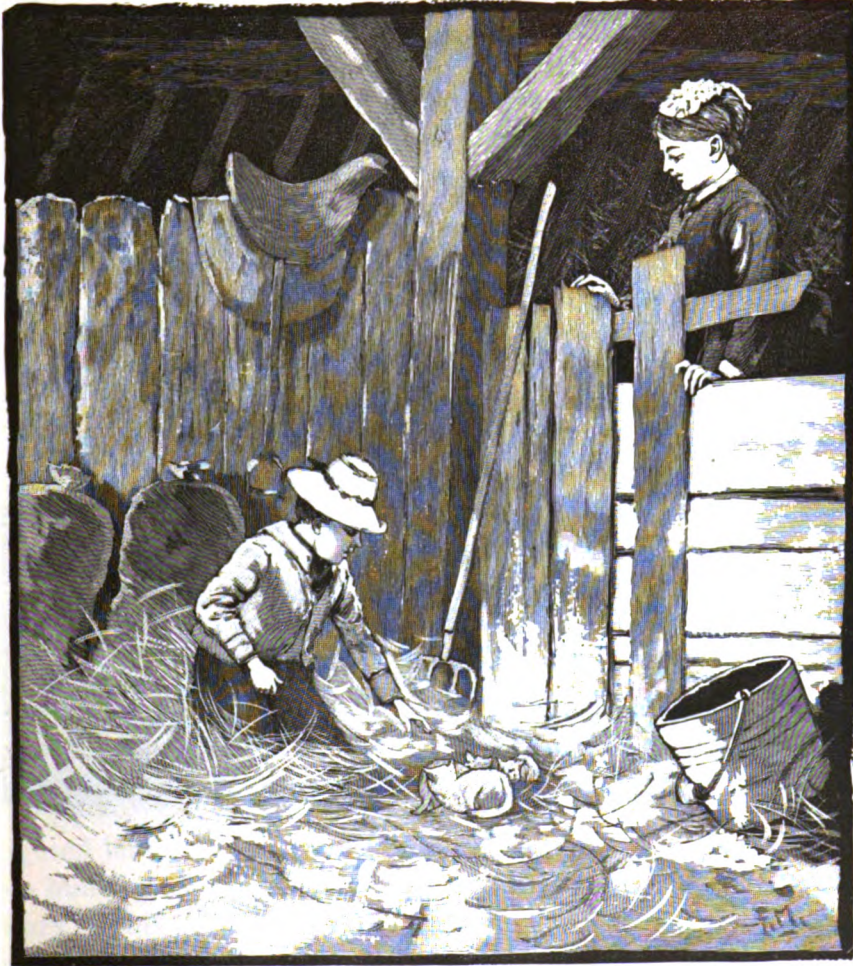
He was bending over the nest, and beckoning to me with one hand. I jumped down into the bin and peeped over his shoulder. There, in old Blackie's nest, were three little kittens that had not "lost their mittens."

Willie was wild with joy, and every day he came to visit them. He always found old Blackie brooding them, while the kittens purred contentedly under her warm feathers.

The old mother cat enjoyed the strange sight as she nestled in the hay near by.

When the kittens' eyes were open they began to wander about at their own sweet will. Then Blackie was in trouble. In vain she clucked and scratched on the barn floor. The strange little nurslings would not come to her.

At last Blackie went away by herself. In a few weeks we saw



her proudly marching along with six little downy chickens running after her.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen.

"Twee, twee!" said the chickens; and Blackie was contented.

CHRISTINE GOLDBERMAN.



ABOUT A QUEER MAN.

MANY hundreds of years ago lived a very strange man whose name was Diogenes. His home was in the city of Athens, in Greece. The people of Athens were very polite; but this strange man took pride in being very impolite. He made himself very disagreeable.

People stared at him and laughed at him. This was just what pleased Diogenes. Many people called him a great man. This pleased him more yet. He was so odd, and behaved so strangely, that after a while a good many tried to imitate him and to act as strangely as he did. This pleased him, perhaps, most of all.

Sometimes Diogenes slept in the sand, and sometimes on the verandas of houses or in doorways. Sometimes he used to take a tub around with him. When night came he would curl himself up like a kitten and go to sleep in the tub.

One bright sunny day, when the city was full of people, he took



a lighted lantern and walked down the street. He looked as if he were hunting for something. "What are you looking for, with your lantern in this bright daylight?" the people asked. "I am looking for an honest man," growled Diogenes.

At this time there lived a great warrior and emperor who had made himself more famous than any one else in the world. Great crowds followed him, and threw up their hats, and cheered. His name was Alexander. Perhaps he was really the greatest man in the world. So he was called Alexander the Great.

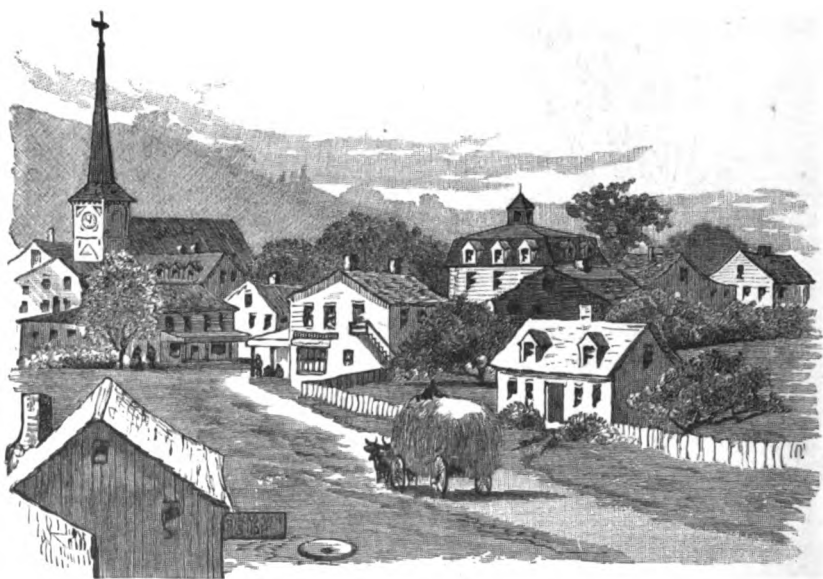
One day Alexander marched by where Diogenes sat sunning himself in the sand. The people were cheering as usual and making a great noise. But Diogenes sat quite still, caring nothing about the emperor. When Alexander passed before Diogenes he noticed this. He wondered why this poorly clothed man paid him no attention.

Then he turned to Diogenes with a frown, and said in a very haughty manner, "Do you know that I am Alexander?"

Everybody thought that Diogenes would turn pale and be very much confused. But he only looked up and answered with as much pride as if he were an emperor himself, "Do you know that I am Diogenes?"

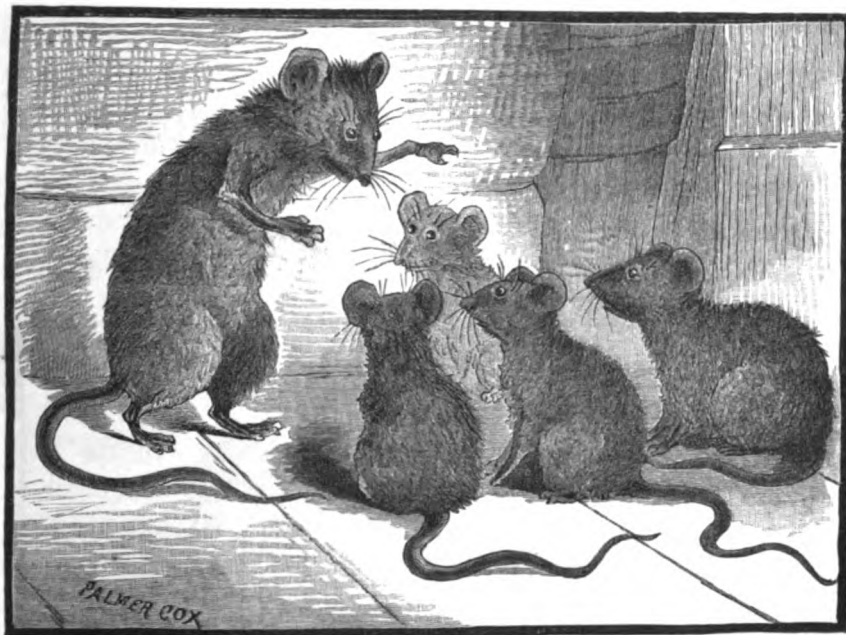
Perhaps we may all admire his independence as much as Alexander is said to have done. Diogenes always lived this queer sort of a life. He was an old, old man when he died.

CHARLES T. JEROME



TRADE.

IN the village sell your hay;
Then for food and clothing pay.



THE EVENING LESSON.

LET me show you, babies dear,
How to act when Puss is near.
In this manner run to hide:
Dodge around and jump aside;
Don't be slacking in your pace,
Thinking she'll give up the chase.
You may scamper as you will,
She'll be close behind you still.
When she tries to use her claws,
Then be lively, never pause;
Though you leave your ears behind,
Squeeze ahead and never mind.

Now, suppose the cat were here,
Show me how you'd disappear.
Are you ready? One, two, three!
Good enough! she'll hungry be
Ere she catches you or me.

PALMER COX.

THE BOYS THAT HELPED MOVE.

"O Tom! Mrs. Selden is moving into her new house; let us help carry things for her."

Tom and his little brother Ned ran to Mrs. Selden's door and



asked to carry some of her things. Lizzie Selden had a sugar-dish. She held it tightly for fear she should let it fall on the pavement.

Mrs. Selden was just coming to the door with something in her hands. It was a picture in a frame, with glass over it, and a cord by which it had been hung on the wall.

"You must be very careful with this," said Mrs. Selden. She threw the strong red cord over Tom's neck, and told him to hold the picture with both hands.

"Here is another for you, Ned, but I am afraid it is too heavy."

Ned was a very little fellow indeed, but he pressed his hat firmly on his curls, as if to show how much he was in earnest, and held out his hands.

"Please try me, I will carry it safe." And Mrs. Selden hung the other picture over his shoulders. Away they went, but Lizzie was far ahead. Tom and Ned had to hurry to overtake her.

Just as they were crossing the street poor little Ned's foot slipped, and down he fell. He hurt himself a little, but he did not mind that. His picture had fallen too, and there was a long crack just across the glass.



The other children had run back to pick him up. "What will Mrs. Selden say?" he asked. "She won't let me carry any more things."

"Never mind," said Tom, bravely, "you must tell the truth." Lizzie said her mother would be sorry, but it could not be helped. Ned looked very doleful. Just then a gentleman passed, and asked what was the matter.

"O, look," said little Ned, "I have cracked this picture, and Mrs. Selden won't trust me any more. Won't you put a tack in it and mend it for me?"

"I can't mend the glass," said the gentleman, kindly, "but I will take you to a place where you can get another." And he took Ned's hand in his.

The children watched them as they went into a large house across the street. They soon saw little Ned coming to them with a bright face.

"I have got a new glass, but must tell Mrs. Selden, all the same, that I broke the other. Mr. Bruce says I must. I hope she will trust me again."

Mrs. Selden did trust him, and said he was a truthful little boy, besides.

PINK HUNTER.



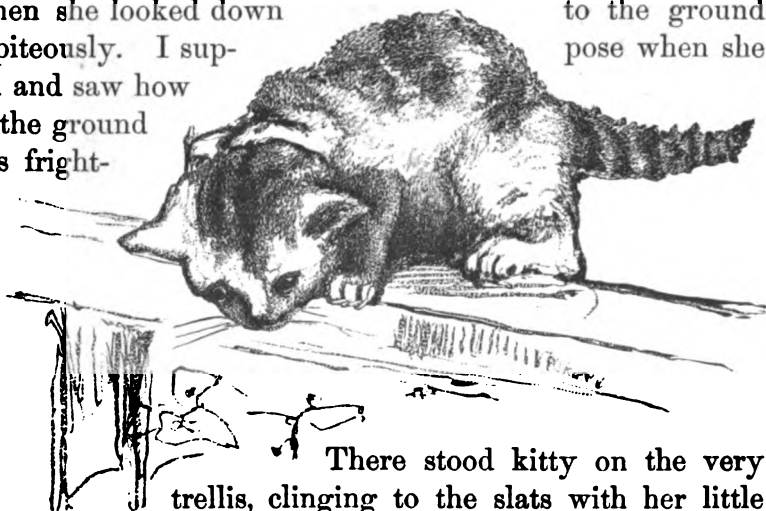


KITTY'S BASKET RIDE.

ONCE I had a little black and white kitten. She was very cunning and playful, but not very wise.

On one side of our house was a high grape trellis. One morning kitty went out and began to climb this trellis. She put one little paw before the other, and went bravely up, up, up, till she reached the top. Then she looked down to the ground and mewed piteously. I supposed she was frightened and dizzy.

When I heard her cry, I ran out to see what was the matter. The top of the trellis was so high that I was so frightened. "Mew! mew!" she cried.



There stood kitty on the very trellis, clinging to the slats with her little fur stood up all over her back and tail, she



I saw how badly she felt and how afraid she was of falling. I tried to think of some way to help her. I got a basket and tied the handle to a long pole. Then I took hold of the pole and held the basket up as high as I could reach. Then I called, "Kitty, Kitty," and with a spring, down she came into the basket.

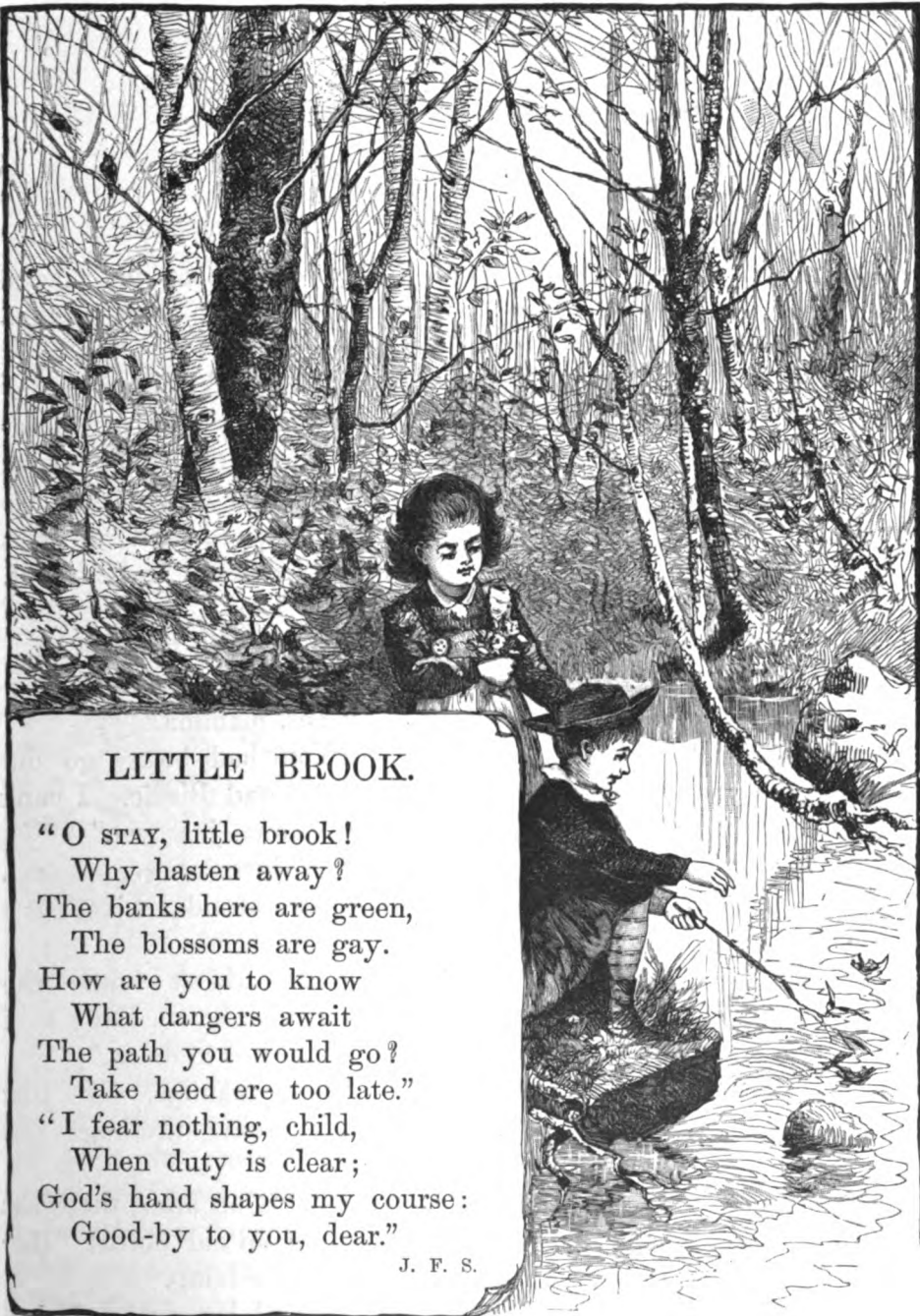
I took her down and into the house. She seemed so glad to be safely on the ground once more that I thought she would never do that foolish thing again.

But every morning this stupid little kitten would climb the trellis just the same, and have to be taken down in the basket. I suppose she thought it fun to climb up, and rather enjoyed the ride down in the basket.

FANNIE C. DOWSE.

TIME.

SIXTY seconds make a minute;
Use them well, you will win it.
SIXTY minutes make an hour;
Use them well while in your power.



LITTLE BROOK.

"O STAY, little brook!
Why hasten away?
The banks here are green,
The blossoms are gay.
How are you to know
What dangers await
The path you would go?
Take heed ere too late."
"I fear nothing, child,
When duty is clear;
God's hand shapes my course:
Good-by to you, dear."

J. F. S.

BABY'S LAMP.

MAMMA was up stairs. Papa and Birdie were out on the piazza. But where was Baby? Her real name was Louie, but mamma called her Baby.

She was not in the house, and it was growing dark. Mamma listened. Very soon she heard her little feet coming pit-a-pat, pit-a-

pat, across the room below. At the foot of the staircase they stopped and all was still. Mamma called out, "Baby?"

"What is it, mamma?"

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You had better go out to papa and Birdie. I can't come down just yet."

"I'll just sit here, mamma. I'm not afraid. I've got a light."

"You didn't touch the matches, did you, Baby? I told you not to do so."

"No, mamma. I just caught some fire-bugs out there."

And sure enough, when mamma came down soon after, there sat Baby on the lowest step with some fire-bugs in an old bottle. Her curly head shone like gold in the light of the little lamp.

Papa came in and said, "We will light a real lamp now, Baby. Maybe we had better let the pretty bugs go."



"O no, papa, don't let them go. I had such a hard time to catch them."

So papa said no more about the matter; but that night, after Baby was all ready for bed, and mamma was reading a little Bible story to her, something funny happened to Baby's lamp. Each bright little spark spread its brown wings out in the garden and flew away, nobody knows where. Sometimes I think papa knew something about it; but papa never told, and Baby forgot to ask him. The old bottle was found lying among the rose-bushes near the window. But the pretty sparks were gone, and after that the wisest man in all the world could not have found Baby's lamp.

AUNT MAY.

FANNY'S CUCKOO CLOCK.



FANNY MAY was six years old. On her birthday she opened her eyes very early in the morning; and what do you think she saw? Right opposite her bed was the prettiest clock she ever saw, — a real, English, cuckoo clock! The cuckoo, you know, is an English bird. It does n't sing, but it says, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," just as plain as you can say it.

Fanny's clock is called a "cuckoo" clock because, when it strikes the hours, it says "Cuckoo!" At one o'clock it calls "Cuckoo" once, at two o'clock twice, and so on. At twelve o'clock a little door on the top of the clock flies open, and out pops the cuckoo himself. He bows his head politely and "cuckooes" twelve times. Every time he says "Cuckoo" he opens his mouth and flaps his wings. Then he hops back into his little parlor and shuts the door behind him.

This was a real pretty birthday present that Fanny's father gave her. It was a useful one, too. Fanny was a very wide-awake little

girl when she was awake. But sometimes it was dreadful hard work to get her eyes open in the morning. They would shut down again so quick, she said. But she made up her mind, as this was her sixth birthday, that when her little clock "cuckooed" six times, she would get right up, whether her eyes were open or shut. When little girls, or boys



either, make up their mind to do anything, and are in real earnest, they are pretty sure to succeed.

After two or three mornings Fanny found it easy enough. She said her eyes "opened of themselves" when her little cuckoo called her at six o'clock.

And so her cuckoo clock has made Fanny an early riser.

B. P.



THE KATYDIDS.

O LITTLE noisy Katydids,
 Each tree within the glen
 A village is, all peopled by
 You small green-coated men.

And very plainly you can talk
 In tones both grave and gay ;
 But, "Katy did n't, Katy did,"
 Is all you ever say.

I very much would like to know
 What did poor Katy do,
 That you should quarrel with your friends
 About it all night through.

But though I listen every night,
 And question all I may,
 Yet, "Katy did n't, Katy did,"
 Is all you ever say.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

BETTY AND BRINDLE.

BETTY was a nice little girl about six years old. She lived in the country on a pleasant farm. She went out to the barn every day and helped her brother scatter corn to the hens and turkeys. She liked to give handfuls of hay to the horses when her father was



close by her, but she did not dare to go near them when she was alone.

One day Betty was in the orchard picking up apples. Below the orchard there was a field where the cows were feeding. One of the cows was named Brindle. She stood with her head over the fence as if she wanted something to eat. Betty saw her, and she thought, "Poor old Brindle is tired of grass; she wants me to bring her some of my apples."

So she filled her apron with sweet apples and went up to the fence. Brindle took the apples from her hand and seemed to think they were very good. The fence was low and broken where she was standing, and she pushed against it hard because she was so glad to get the apples. She wanted more and more, and pushed against the fence till it was almost thrown down.

When Betty saw the fence falling she felt frightened a little, and

stepped away. Brindle had not got apples enough, so she jumped right over the fence and came towards Betty. Then Betty was frightened a good deal, and she started to run as fast as she could.

When Brindle saw her going off she began to run after her. She did not wish to hurt or frighten Betty, she only wanted to get what she carried in her apron.

Betty was very much afraid, so she ran faster and faster. By and



by she let go of her apron and the apples rolled down to the ground. Then Brindle stopped and went to eating them. She was quite satisfied now, and did not go any farther.

So Betty got away and was not harmed at all. She found her father and told him about it, and he drove Brindle back to her pasture. Then he put up the fence so that she could not get out again.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

How the Wind Blows.

Words by M. E. N. H.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Grazioso.

Voice
and
Piano.

p legato.

1. High and low the spring winds blow! They
2. High and low the summer winds blow! They
3. High and low the autumn winds blow! They
4. High and low the winter winds blow! They

take the kites that the boys have made, And car - ry them off high in - to the air; They
dance and play with the garden flowers, And bend down the grass and ripe yellow grain; They
drive the bees and the blossoms away, And whirl all the dry leaves over the ground; They
fill the hollows with drifts of snow, And sweep on the hills a pathway clear; They

snatch the lit - tle girls' hats a - way; And toss and tangle their flow - ing hair.
rock the bird in her hang - ing nest, And dash the rain on the win - dow pane.
shake the branches of all the trees, And scat - ter ap - ples and nuts around.
hur - ry chil - dren a - long to school, And whis - tle songs for the happy New Year.

p High and low the winds do blow, the winds do blow *ppp*





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 7.

THE MOON IS A LADY.

THE moon, the moon, the silver moon!

The moon is a lady fair;
She has a great, round, smiling face,
And long, bright, shining hair.

I think way up amid the clouds
She lives in a palace bright;
She keeps the curtains drawn all day
And opens them by night.

Awhile she at her casement sits,
And spins with her fingers spry
A long white veil of moonbeams bright
To float upon the sky.

And then behind her flying steeds
She rides in her golden car
O'er daisy fields where every flower
Is just a twinkling star.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

FRED'S OTHER COUNTRY.



FRED came up the steps and on the porch towards his mother, trailing his sun-bonnet by one string.

One foot dragged after the other, his face was overcast, and altogether he was about as melancholy a little boy as you ever saw.

"In my other country there was an angel always going round with a wheelbarrow filled with cakes and apples and other good things for hungry boys to eat," he sobbed forth.

"O my poor little man, how sad it is! Let mother look if there is not something of that very kind here."

And she put aside her basket with the little aprons and bright stockings. Back from the kitchen she came, bringing upon his own plate a slice of lovely fresh-baked brown-bread spread with butter which Betty had just taken from the churn. In his mug there was some of the buttermilk, with the cunning little yellow balls of butter bobbing and dancing merrily about.

How Fred kissed his mother then!

This was his favorite lunch; but he did n't speak until he put the empty mug, upsidedown, over that part of the picture plate where the greedy brown donkey was forever eating the green grass.

Then he said, "I think your little man must be all through; he feels very strong now."

And Carlo thumped his big tail on the floor, for he, too, had enjoyed the feast. Fred always shared with him, as he was the only playmate the little boy had.

"In my other country there were lots and bushels of little boys and girls to play with, mother."

"But was there a dog like Carlo there, little man?"

"No, there was no dog like dear Carlo, nor any beautiful blue

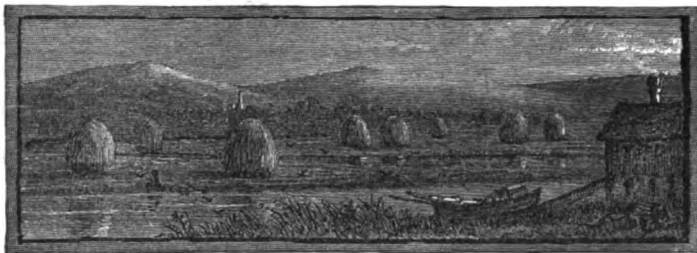
sun-bonnet." And Carlo had to sit up and wear the precious bonnet for a long, long time.

But the day was so warm,
and the great bum-
ble-bees sang such
a good lullaby,
that it was not



long before the little head with its golden curls was resting on the dog's back, and the little man and Carlo were both wandering in that "other country," where Fred said he lived before his mother found him.

EMILY CAMPBELL.



DANDELIONS.

“I THINK,” said Mother Golden-Head,
To all her children dear, —
“I think we’d better be astir,
And see how things appear.”

Then forth she led them one by one,
Through fields and meadows sweet;
A gayer troupe of Golden-Heads
’Tis rare for one to meet.

“Good-morning, Mistress Golden-Head,”
Said modest Daisy-White;
“It seems to me I never saw
You look so fresh and bright.

“Pray tell me where you’ve been to find
Such lovely shining hair;
There’s nothing in these parts, I know,
That can at all compare.”



“I think I’ve only been asleep,
Yes, fast asleep,” she said;
“And while I slept the fairies poured
Gold-dust upon my head.”

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S HOME.

ONE evening last summer a tramp, who had travelled many miles, lay down on the leaves in a pleasant wood. Before he went to sleep he pulled off one shoe, for it had chafed his foot till it was very sore.

In the morning he rose, and prepared to go on to beg his morning meal. When he tried to put his shoe on, it hurt his foot so badly that he groaned aloud. He gave up trying to wear it, and threw it into the bushes.

The shoe caught in the fork of a young maple-tree, and hung fast by the heel, with the toe downward. The tramp limped away on his journey and went I know where.

For many days eyed little bird shoe. She thought a fine place to in. So she and fine twigs and their bills. They

ney,
don't

Be-
a bright-
spied the
it would be
build a home
her mate brought
straw and leaves in
placed them in the shoe in pretty nest-shape, and lined their new house with soft hair and wool.

Beth and her papa were out searching for wood-flowers one day. The shadow of the shoe fell on the moss beneath the little maple.



Looking up, Beth saw the nest. Her papa bent the maple down, and Beth looked in. She saw five cunning little blue eggs lying cosily against the gray lining.

Beth is a tiny girl, just past being rocked to sleep in mamma's lap. She laughed aloud, and clapped her fat little hands for joy, when she saw this dainty sight.

I think there were some little birdies in that shoe before long, don't you?

G. FORD.



LITTLE FIDGET.

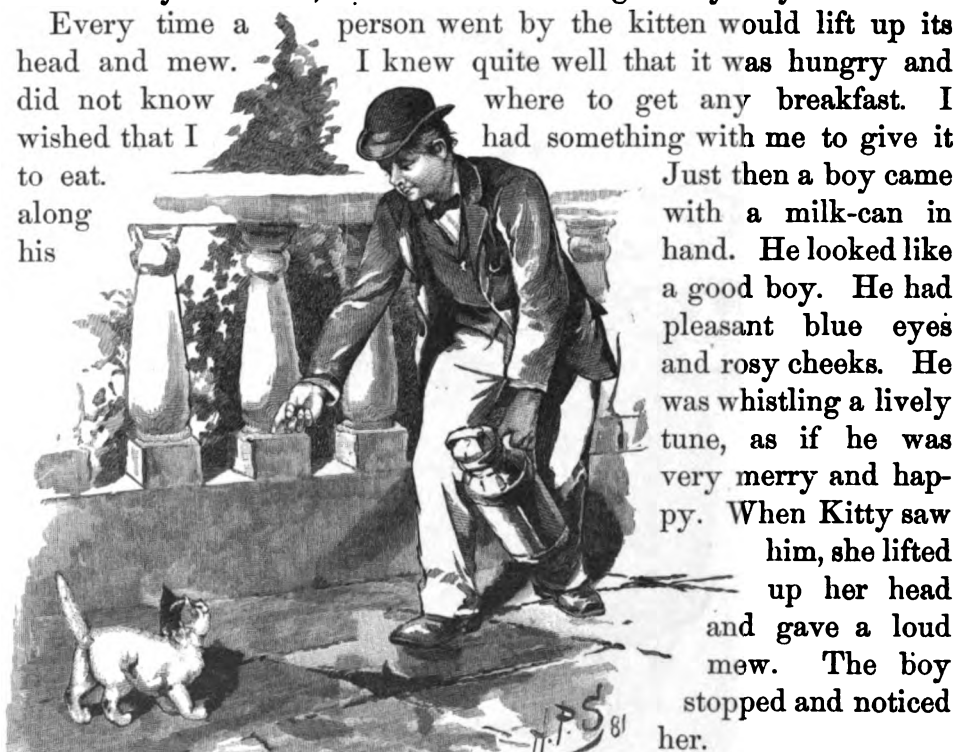
My restless little boy,
You can't sit still a minute;
Your mug is upsidedown,
And not a drop is in it.

LOUIE BRINE.

THE GOOD LITTLE MILKMAN.

ONE morning last week I was walking along the street, and I saw a kitten on the pavement. It was white, with black spots on its head and neck. It sat as close to the fence as it could get, and looked very lonesome, as if it did not belong to anybody.

Every time a person went by the kitten would lift up its head and mew. I knew quite well that it was hungry and did not know where to get any breakfast. I wished that I had something with me to give it to eat.



Just then a boy came with a milk-can in hand. He looked like a good boy. He had pleasant blue eyes and rosy cheeks. He was whistling a lively tune, as if he was very merry and happy. When Kitty saw him, she lifted up her head and gave a loud mew. The boy stopped and noticed her.

"Poor Kitty!" said he; "I believe you are hungry, and are asking me to feed you. I wish I had a dish, and I would give you some milk."

He looked all around. By and by he saw a little hollow place in one of the stones of the pavement. Then he said, "Come here, Kitty; I have found a basin for you."

He poured some milk out of his can into the hollow, and Kitty ran and lapped it up as fast as she could.

Then he poured in some more, till Kitty had eaten all she wanted. When he had done this, he said, "Good-morning, Kitty," and he went on his way whistling.

Was n't he a good boy? I watched him till he was out of sight, because I was so glad that I had seen him. It is so pleasant to meet people that are kind and thoughtful, whether they are old or young.

I was very glad for Kitty, too. When I left her she was washing her face and stretching herself in the warm sunshine. She seemed to feel so comfortable now that she had eaten a nice breakfast. It was a real pleasure to look at her.

I hope Kitty will find such a good friend as this little milkman every day.

HATTIE WAY.





HOW BABY GOES.

How does our baby get over the floor?
 Baby is twelve moons old, and more;
 Plump and rosy, sturdily goes he,
 Now upon two limbs, now upon four;
 Now on his knees, and now on his nose, he
 Tumbles along from door to door!

Bless the dear heart of him!

Yes, I can get him up,

I can help set him up,

I, with my five good years the start of him!
 Shaking his curls, that are just like a girl's,
 He says, "No, no; I can; I go!"
 And away he starts with a merry crow.

"Never give up!" is the tune that he goes to.
 "Try again, Baby!" he thinks, when, it may be,
 Over he rolls from the standing he rose to,
 Plump on the floor; but just as happy, —

A brave little chap, he
 Clings to the carpet with fingers and toes too,
 Bound for the place that he first set his nose to!
 Jumping, and stumping, and dumping, and bumping,
 Falling, and sprawling, and crawling, — not bawling,
 Waddling, and toddling, and staying, and swaying,
 Starting, and darting, and slacking, and backing,

Contriving, and diving, and driving,
And tripping, and slipping, and tipping,
Heeling, and wheeling, and reeling,
Spreading, and treading, and working, and jerking,
And hopping, and stopping, and dropping,



And tumbling, and fumbling,
And yet never grumbling,
Along more and more, on two, three, or four,
Till he reaches the place that he went to explore, —
And this way the baby gets over the floor !

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.



SEEING FOR GRANDMA.

GRANDMA FARN is getting old, and has a disease of the eye. She will be seventy at her next birthday. She cannot see to read or to sew as well as she used to. But she has a number of grandchildren.

She calls them her eyes. She says that they must do her seeing for her; and they do, for they are good boys and girls, and love her very much.

The boys are larger and older, and they read aloud in the evening by the light of the lamp. The girls are younger, and cannot read yet; though Lucy, the eldest of the four girls, is now going to school.

The girls have found out a nice way for seeing for grandma. They take a spool of cotton and a paper of large needles. They thread every needle and leave it hanging on the spool. This saves their grandmother's eyes. All she then has to do is to put away the needle when she has used all the cotton. Then she takes another, and another, till the whole twenty-four are used.

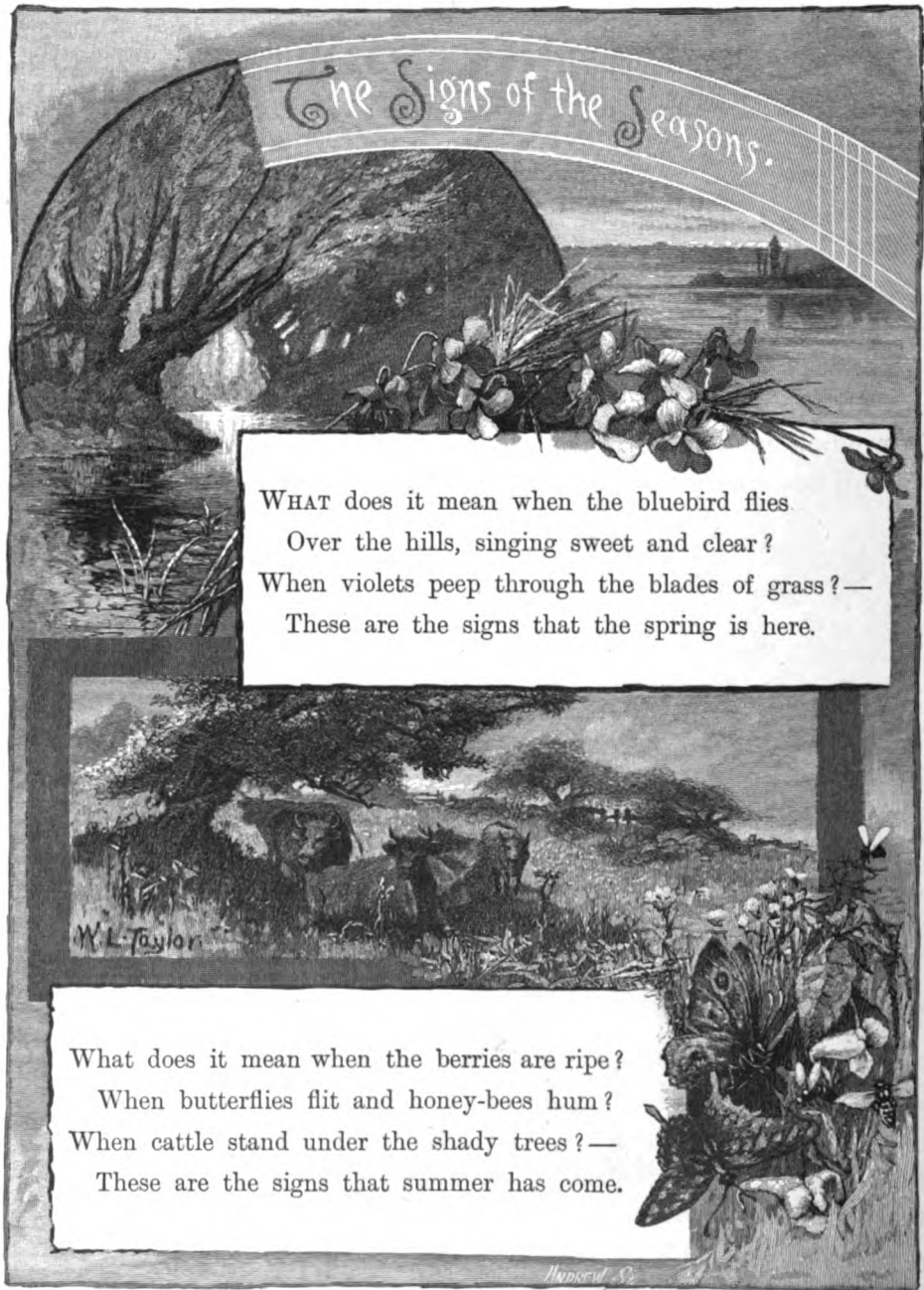
Then the girls thread the twenty-four again. In this way they "see for grandma."

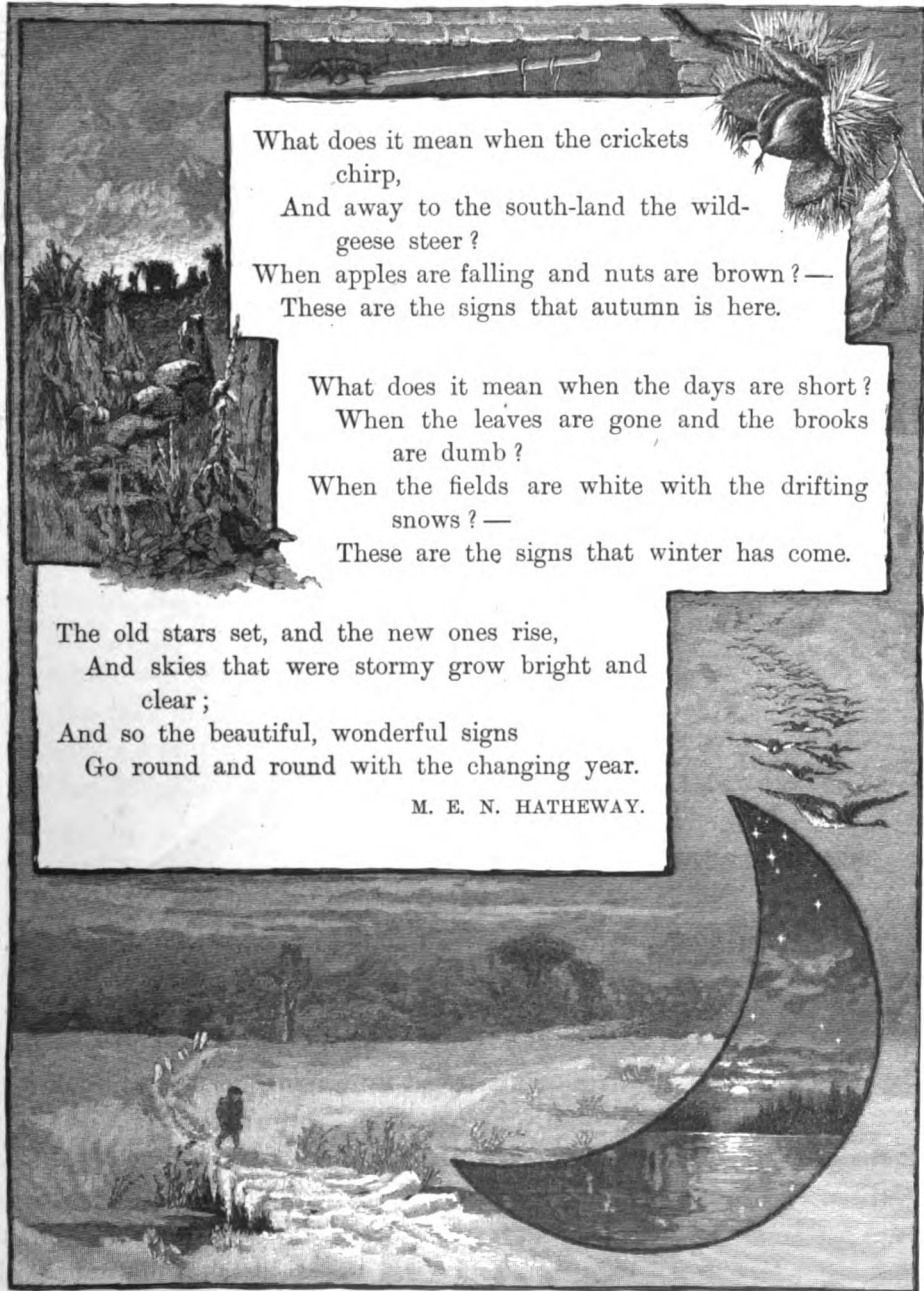
Grandma makes clothing for the poor. She can see enough to sew, but not enough, even with glasses, to thread her needle.

R. W. LOWRIE.



"My Dollie likes butter."





What does it mean when the crickets
 chirp,
 And away to the south-land the wild-
 geese steer?
 When apples are falling and nuts are brown?—
 These are the signs that autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short?
 When the leaves are gone and the brooks
 are dumb?
 When the fields are white with the drifting
 snows?—
 These are the signs that winter has come.

The old stars set, and the new ones rise,
 And skies that were stormy grow bright and
 clear;
 And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
 Go round and round with the changing year.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

TRIP.

TRIP was the tiniest little bird Polly had ever seen, and the prettiest. He had a very long, very narrow black bill. His back and breast were covered with lovely green and red feathers. Polly longed to hold him in her hand, but he was very wild. Aunt Nellie said she must be very careful not to frighten him.

Aunt Nellie found him under a bush near the house. He was lying quite still, with his bill partly open, his little legs curled up, and his wings spread out.

He was so small that she hardly noticed him at first. When she



saw that it was a little bird, she picked him up and carried him home. I think he had not been hurt, for Aunt Nellie's warm hand soon made him feel better. His heart began to beat, but very faintly. Polly was wild with delight when she saw him, although she did her best to be quiet. She helped Aunt Nellie mix up some sugar and water in a small butter-plate. They put a little on his open bill, and waited, but his eyes remained closed. Then Aunt Nellie held

him in the sun and tried him again. This time they saw him swallow; and in a few moments his long forked tongue was flying in and out of the little dish. Before Aunt Nellie and Polly were quite sure that he was well, "whiz" he went out of the warm, kind hand. He flew around the room a few times, and then sat on the top of the window. He looked down on his new friends with little black, beady eyes, that seemed to say, "You can't catch me again!"

Polly, full of delight, went out and picked a handful of honeysuckle. Aunt Nellie put it on the window-sill in her prettiest vase. Trip obstinately refused to go near it, but kept as close to the ceiling as he possibly could. He flew about nearly all the time, making his wings "whiz" so fast that Polly could not see them, and piping a queer, sad little note as he flew. Once he struck on the gas-fixture and fell to the floor. Aunt Nellie picked him up, fed him with sugar and water, and put him among the honeysuckle. Polly watched him, hardly daring to breathe. But he only stayed there a moment, for he liked his old place on the window better.

Finally, Aunt Nellie thought best to let him go. She opened the window wide, and he whizzed out. He was so glad to get back into the free air and sunshine that he never saw the tears that stood in Polly's eyes.

What kind of a bird was Trip?

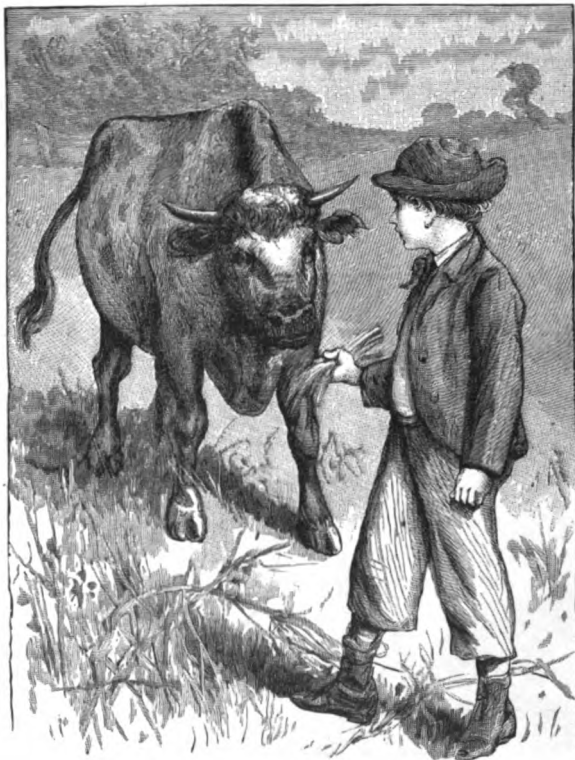
CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



A DANGEROUS FRIEND.

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE there was a little boy named Charley, who was not afraid of anything. He would pick up frogs or bugs, or walk up to a dog or goat and pat him just as if he was an old friend. But he was a good boy, and never hurt any creature. He drove the cows home



every evening. Charley loved the cows that gave him such good milk, and he used to talk to them as he drove them along.

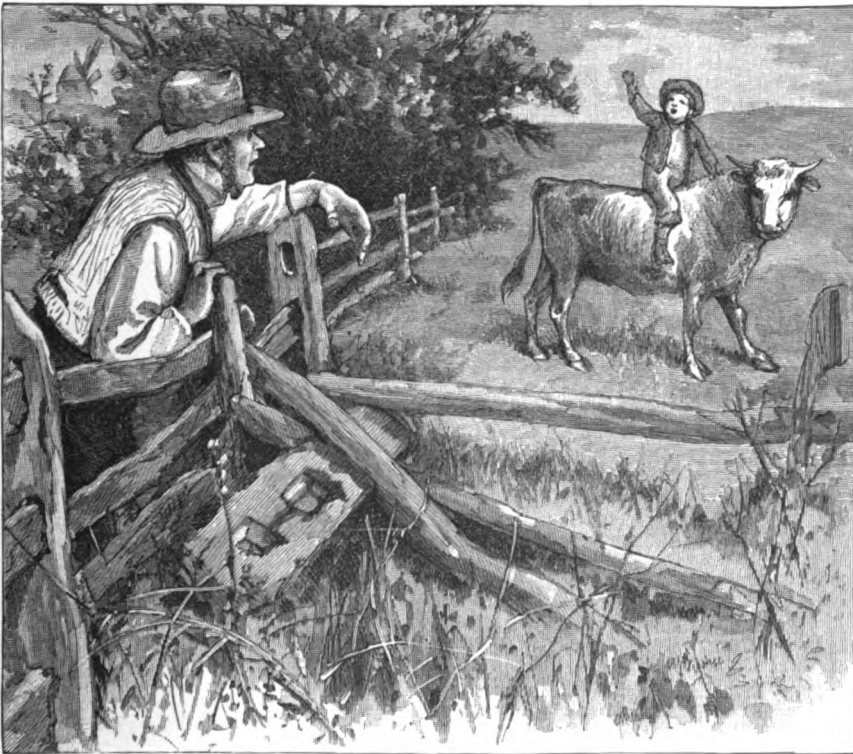
One day Charley thought he would cut across a lot that was fenced in. He had only walked a little way when he saw a big bull trotting towards him. Do you think Charley was frightened? Not a bit. He knew it was of no use to run. As quick as he could, he pulled up a handful of grass and held it out to the bull.

The bull was feeling very ugly, for the men who put him in the field had beaten him, and choked him with the rope around his neck. But when he saw Charley standing there so bravely, he knew the little boy did not want to hurt him. He stopped, looked at Charley a moment, and then quietly ate the grass from his hand.

Charley pulled some more grass and gave him, and then some more, and more, until the bull had enough. Charley walked away, with the bull following him to the fence.

The next evening he pulled some turnips and carried them to the bull. He liked them very much. Every day after that Charley carried something good to his big friend.

But one day Charley's father passed by the field. He was terribly frightened to see his little boy on the bull's back, riding around the lot. He shouted to him, but turned pale when he saw Charley take hold of the horns and let himself down over the bull's head. He expected to see the animal toss the little fellow in the air; but he only rubbed his black nose against Charley and let him run to his papa.



The next day the bull was taken away, for Charley's papa did not want him to have such a dangerous friend.

I do not believe the bull would ever have hurt the kind little boy; do you?

C. H. B.

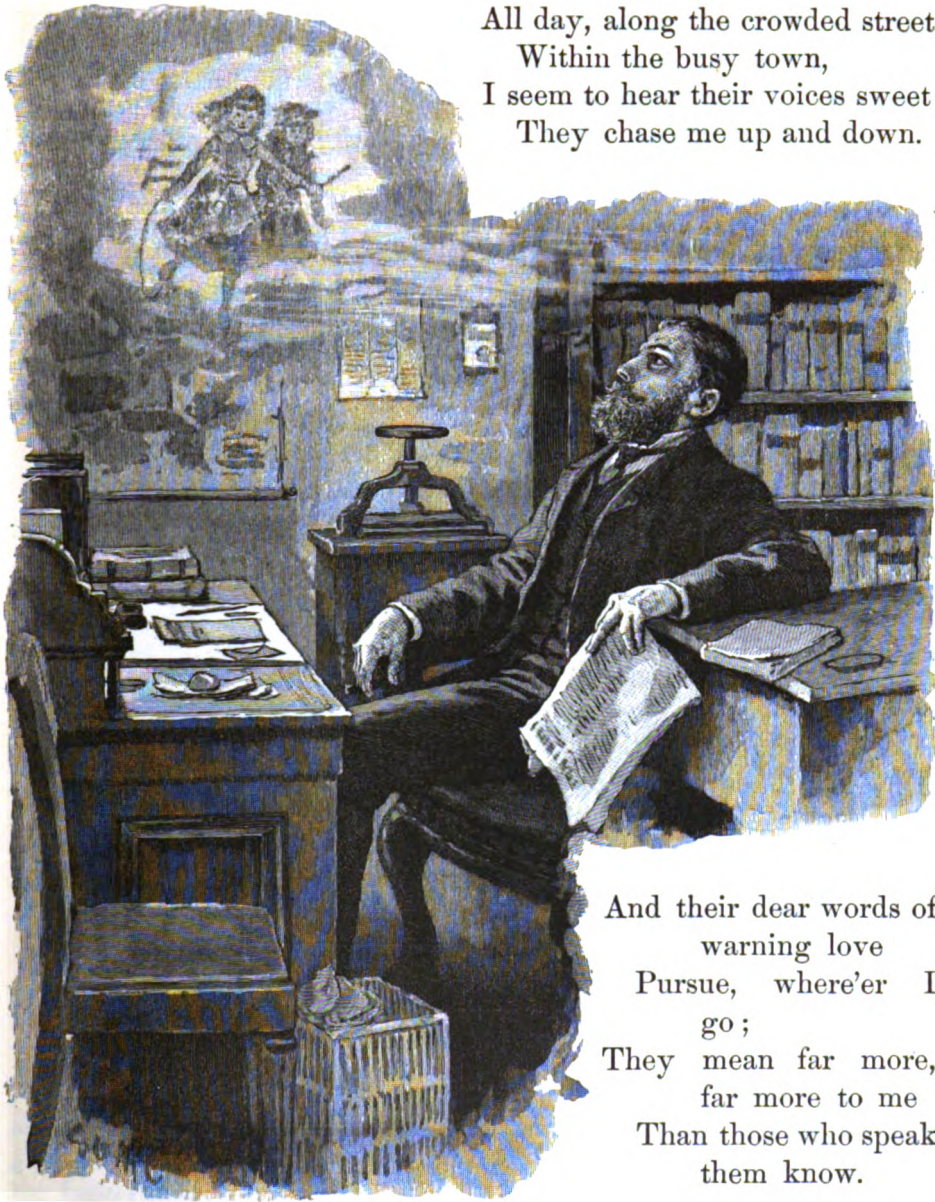


BE GOOD, PAPA.

Two voices cry, "Be good, papa,
Don't work too hard to-day!"
And I turn to see the waving hands
Of my little Beth and Faye.

Two girls of bright and sunny hair,
Of deep and thoughtful eyes;
And in their voices, touched with love,
What tender magic lies!

All day, along the crowded street,
Within the busy town,
I seem to hear their voices sweet ;
They chase me up and down.



And their dear words of
warning love
Pursue, where'er I
go ;
They mean far more,
far more to me
Than those who speak
them know.

Have I no helping hand to reach
Out to my brother's need ?
Do I seek my gain by others' loss ?
Am I led to some wrong deed ?

Do temptations press, within, without?
Do wrong impulses urge?
Of some dishonorable act
Stand I upon the verge?

Then comes that message, soft and clear,
From the dear home, miles away.
"Be good, papa! be good, papa!"
The childish voices say.

There rise before my faltering eyes
My little Beth and Faye.
I feel I dare not do the wrong;
I dare not go astray.

FRANK FOXCROFT.



THE SNOW FAMILY.

It was a very small family, — only three; Mr. Snow, Mrs. Snow, and the baby. Mr. Snow did not look like other men. Mamma Snow did not look like your mamma. And their baby was such a funny one!

Where do you think I saw this strange family? It was in our school-yard, last winter. There had been a long snow-storm. Great piles of soft white snow were in the yard. Boys like to play in the snow. They are not afraid of the cold.

Well, my boys made a great snow-man. This they called Mr. Snow. Then they made a lady out of the snow. They called her Mrs. Snow. They said she was Mr. Snow's wife. At last they made a baby out of the snow. The baby stood beside Papa and Mamma Snow.

Then they called me out to see this family. I told them Mr. Snow was very pale for such a large man. One boy said, "Yes;



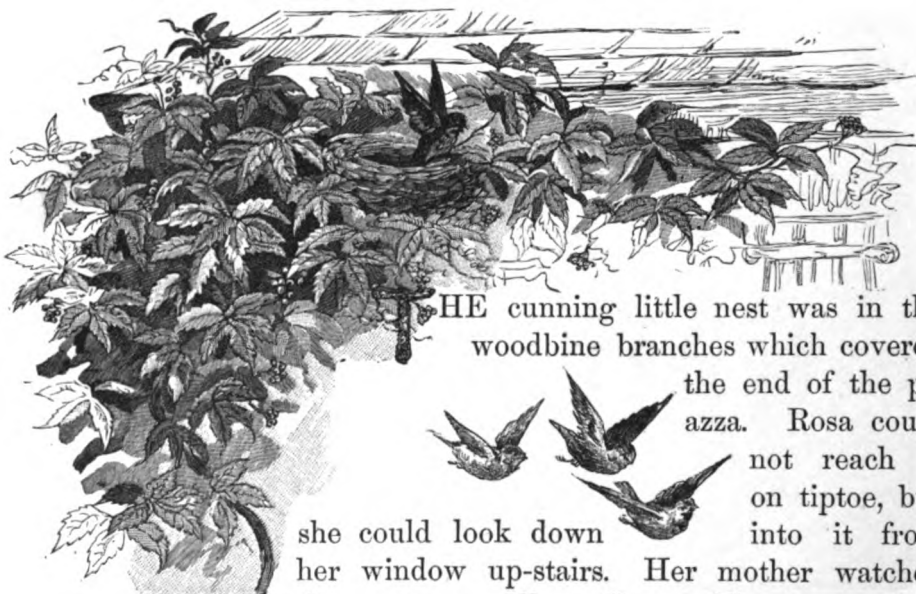
it is a very pale family. We think they are not very well." Another boy said he was sure they would not live long.

Every day I asked my boys about Mr. Snow and his wife and baby. But one morning every one of the Snow family was gone. Where was Mr. Snow? Where was Mrs. Snow? And where was the funny little baby? They had lived in our yard just one week. No one knew where they had gone. No one but the south wind and the sun, and they would not tell.

S. E. SPRAGUE.

THE FOURTH BIRD IN THE NEST.

A TRUE STORY.



THE cunning little nest was in the woodbine branches which covered the end of the piazza. Rosa could not reach it on tiptoe, but she could look down into it from her window up-stairs. Her mother watched the nest as well as Rosa. There were four eggs in the nest. After a while there were four little birds. They chattered and chirped, and at last one, two, three little birds hopped out and flew away. Rosa thought they had all gone. So she did not watch the nest any more. No doubt if she had she could have heard faint little chirpings after the father and mother and the three little new birds had gone. And how do you think Rosa's mother found this out? One day, long after the birds had gone, the wind blew, and it rained and rained. Then the sun came out, and Rosa went out to see a rainbow. Right at her feet she saw the empty nest. Alas, it was not quite empty. Down in

the soft round bed she spied the body of the fourth little bird. Just its form, — no little feathers, — and its bill open.

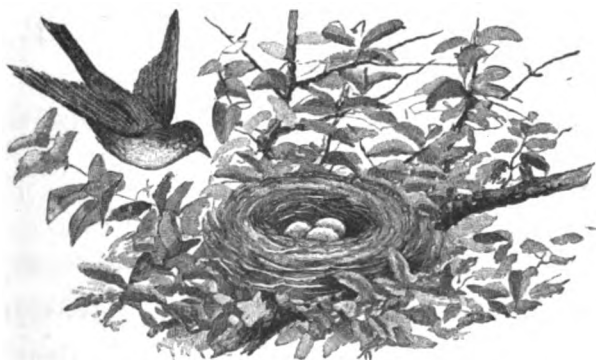
Something hung down from the nest. It was not one of the hairs, and not a fibre of moss. It was a long white thread, and at the end a needle was still hanging.

"O mother," said Rosa, "do birds sew their nests? Here is a needle and thread!"

Her mother took the nest in her hand. She saw that the thread was woven in among the straws, and then a little loop was caught around the bird's leg. This had kept it a prisoner when all the rest flew away. "Birds do not sew," she said, so slowly and sadly that Rosa's eyes filled with tears. She knew her mother was hardly thinking of what she said. Then Rosa brightened up. "Perhaps it died very soon," she said; "for, you know, 'not a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice,' and I guess he noticed this." Rosa's mother kissed her little girl, and they put the nest away, with the little dead bird in it, and left the needle and thread just as it was when they found it.

"It may be the bird's tombstone," said Rosa; "and I hope another bird will never try to make a nest with a needle and thread."

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.





THE FROG AND THE RAT.

A FROG and a rat were out travelling one day.

"Kind sir," said the rat, "will you tell me, I pray,
Why are all the people so civil to you,
But glare upon me as though death were my due?"

"My friend," said the frog, "now the reason lies here;
The water is cheap, but the grain it is dear.
If you lived on water, on mud, and such stuff,
The people to you would be civil enough."

A QUEER NEST.

You know the pretty story of the baby mice in the robin's nest. You would never guess where another mouse went to housekeeping. But it is true.

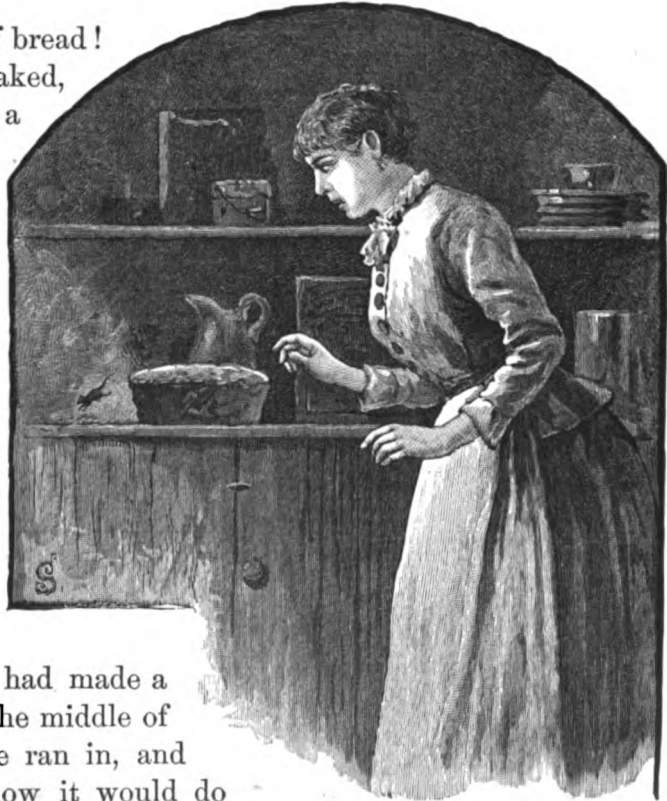
It was in a loaf of bread!

The loaf, newly baked, was set away on a shelf. Mrs. Mouse came along. She was out house-hunting. She smelled the bread. She looked it over with her bright black eyes. She nibbled a little with her sharp white teeth. She liked it. She chose the soft part.

She kept eating and eating till she had made a large hole right in the middle of the loaf. Then she ran in, and lay down, to see how it would do for a bed. She liked it. It was soft and warm. She concluded to stay.

Aunt Katy did not come for the bread that day. She wanted to use the old bread first. When she did come, the loaf looked all right. She went to take it up, to cut some for supper.

"Quee, quee, quee!" came from the loaf.



Out ran Mrs. Mouse! How auntie jumped! Mrs. Mouse scampered along the shelf, and ran down into a hole.

Auntie looked into the loaf, and there she found eight baby mice. They were tiny pink things, not more than an inch long.

"We, we, we," they kept crying.

"Yes, I know it's you," said auntie. "Poor little things, I pity you. But I don't want mice to keep house in my pantry."

She let them stay, though, till Mother Mouse came back. Then she threw a towel over the loaf, and carried them all off, family and house, down the lane to the meadow.

The next night she covered her pans and dishes, and put pussy in the pantry to sleep.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

YOUNG COO-CA-DOO BROWN.

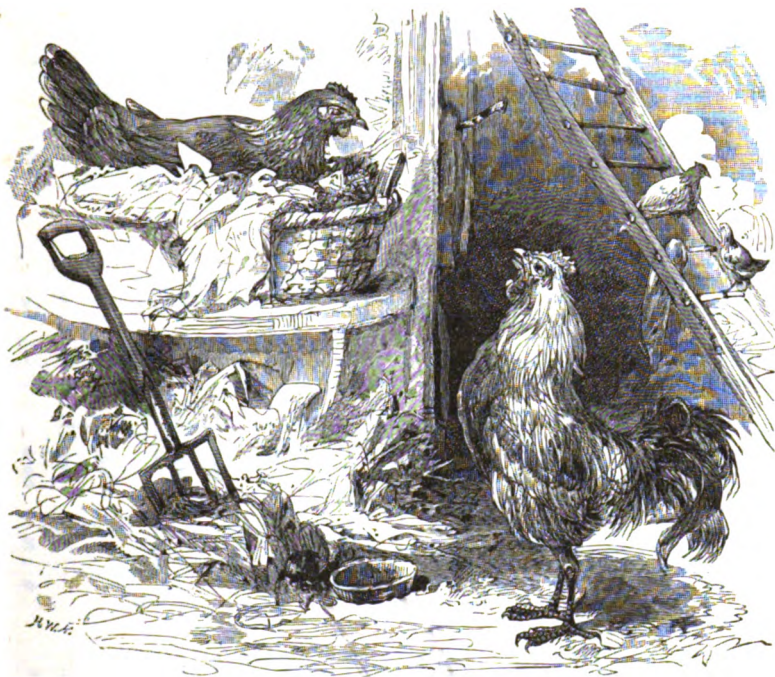
"FIE! fiddle-dee! fudge! Indeed, I'll not budge,
Though winds beat me both black and blue,
Till you, Mistress Brown, shall please to come down
To breakfast," said young Coo-ca-doo.

"You've sat on that hay three weeks to a day;
And really I cannot conceive
How one once so true and wise, ma'am, as you,
Could practise, so soon, to deceive.

"I would not complain, but, time and again,
You've said you were all but quite through
With cramping your legs on those stupid eggs:
You've wronged me!" screamed young Coo-ca-doo.

"Be quiet, for once, and don't act the dunce!"
Quoth madam, slow turning about;
"I'm more than half sure they're trying the door,
And soon will come scrambling out."

“Bah! fie on such stuff! I’ve heard quite enough;
 I tell you no chick can break through
 The hard, stony shell, — I know it right well:
 You’re crazy!” cried young Coo-ca-doo.



“P-e-e-p!” “Well, I declare! My dear, have a care!
 Pray, settle more cautiously down.
 There! now lift your wings from off the poor things;
 You’ll crush them!” said Coo-ca-doo Brown.

Quoth madam, “Dear sir, I really prefer
 To manage this little side-play
 Without the advice of one grown so wise;
 Permit me to wish you good-day.”

JENNY JOY.

Lady-Bird.

Words by GEORGE BENNETT.

Gracefully.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly away home ! Your house is on fire and your children at home ; For the
2. Lady-bird, lady-bird, flying from home, You've saved your dear children and now you can roam ; You can
3. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly away home, Ere sunlight shall fade from the sky's purple doine ; You have

The first system of the musical score for 'Lady-Bird'. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is marked with accents and slurs. Below the vocal line are two piano accompaniment staves, one in treble and one in bass clef, both with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part consists of chords and single notes.

cres. *f*
glow-worm went past with his lamp in the night, And has set all the thatch of your dwelling alight. You must
seek the green lane with its white-blossomed hedge, Or may rove by the brook with its fringe of gray sedge ; You can
roamed far away over orchards and fields, And have tasted the sweets that the hawthorn flower yields ; Now all

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a crescendo marking (*cres.*) and a forte marking (*f*). The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

hasten a - way to your home in the wood, And perhaps you may yet save a few of your brood.
sip the clear drop in the heart of the rose Or the dew in the kingcup that on the bank grows.
weary the best of your gay-spotted wings As you fly to your home while the last thristle sings.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a decrescendo marking. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of the musical score, showing the final part of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a final chord.



NURSERY SONG.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 7.

NURSERY SONG.

Toss a brown baby up over the tree!
Up he goes! Up he goes!
Up where the wind whistles loud in its glee;
Up where the robin shrieks gayly to see;
Where the sweet apple grows,
Up he goes! Up he goes!
Dance with the thistle-down; buzz with the bee!

Roll a brown baby down deep in the flowers,
Down he goes! Down he goes!
Down where the butterflies flash in their bowers;
Down where the rose petals pelt him in showers;
Where the soft pansy grows,
Down he goes! Down he goes!
Honey-bee food is this baby of ours.

KHAM.

THE WHITE BOWL.

A STORY FOR CRY-BABIES.

LITTLE Ned's brother Tom called him a cry-baby, because his eyes were always full of tears. His mother said that Ned had little buckets just back of his eyes that were always in a hurry to tip over if he hurt his toe or his finger, or did not have everything to suit him.

One day Ned's sister where Ned was playing, her hand. Ned asked her put in it. She told him of salt water.

drop all his

Ned asked

do with a

Ann said she

little fish and

around in

Just then

Fido ran into

began to eat

Ned had left

When Ned

the cake he be-

tears ran down his

on the floor.

"O," said Ann, "we must they will help to fill the bowl." And she held the bowl right under Ned's eyes.

"Now, Ned," she said, "cry real hard. I want to get the bowl full to-day if I can, so that I may buy the little fish to-morrow morning when I go to market."



Ann came into the room with a big white bowl in what she was going to she wanted to get it full

When he cried he must tears into that bowl.

her what she would bowl full of tears. would catch a let him swim it.

Ned's little dog the room and a sugar cake on a chair. saw Fido eating gan to cry. The cheeks and fell

not waste these tears;

But Ned could not cry any more. The tears would not come. Ann said she would have to wait until the next time Ned cried. So she put the bowl on a table near by, that it might be ready for the tears as soon as they started again. But not a drop of salt water out of Ned's little tear-buckets ever fell into the bowl. As soon as it was put under his eyes Ned always stopped crying. The little fish was never bought. Ann said he could not live in the bowl without any salt water to swim in.

But Ned was cured of crying. Tom could not call him a cry-baby any more. When Ned heard of other little boys who cried very often, he always told their mothers about his sister Ann's big white bowl, and the funny way he had been cured of being a cry-baby.

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.





SUCH a little woman,
Gravely shelling beans, —
Kitty looks as she would say,
“Tell me what it means!”

Busy little fingers,
Eyes of sweetest blue; —
“Don’t you bother, kitty,
I have work to do.

“You may sit and watch me
While I’m shelling beans;
I am helping mother, —
That is what it means.”

LUCY R. FLEMING.

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP."



ONE day last summer, down in Texas, there was a fearful storm. It was a wind-storm. The wind was so strong that it carried roofs of houses, and such things, a great way.

When it was over, some men set out to follow the track of the storm. One of them told this true story. They thought they might find things that the wind had dropped; and they

might find some one hurt and in need of help.

It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look heard the cry



about and listen. They again; and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree.

"It is a panther!" said one. "Stand off! I will shoot!"

"No; stop!" said another; "it is not a panther. I will climb up and see what it is."

Up he went; and what do you think he found, lodged in the tree?

A cradle with a dear little baby in it! The fearful wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle and all. The cradle was caught by a branch of the high tree.

Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down.

There was the dear baby, all safe and sound, in its cradle nest. No one knew where the baby's friends were, or where its home had been. The men carried it to their home, and a kind woman took care of it.

Are you not glad that the poor little baby was saved in the tree? If the cradle had fallen to the ground, you know, the little one might have been killed. Was it not a good thing that the men heard the baby cry?

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

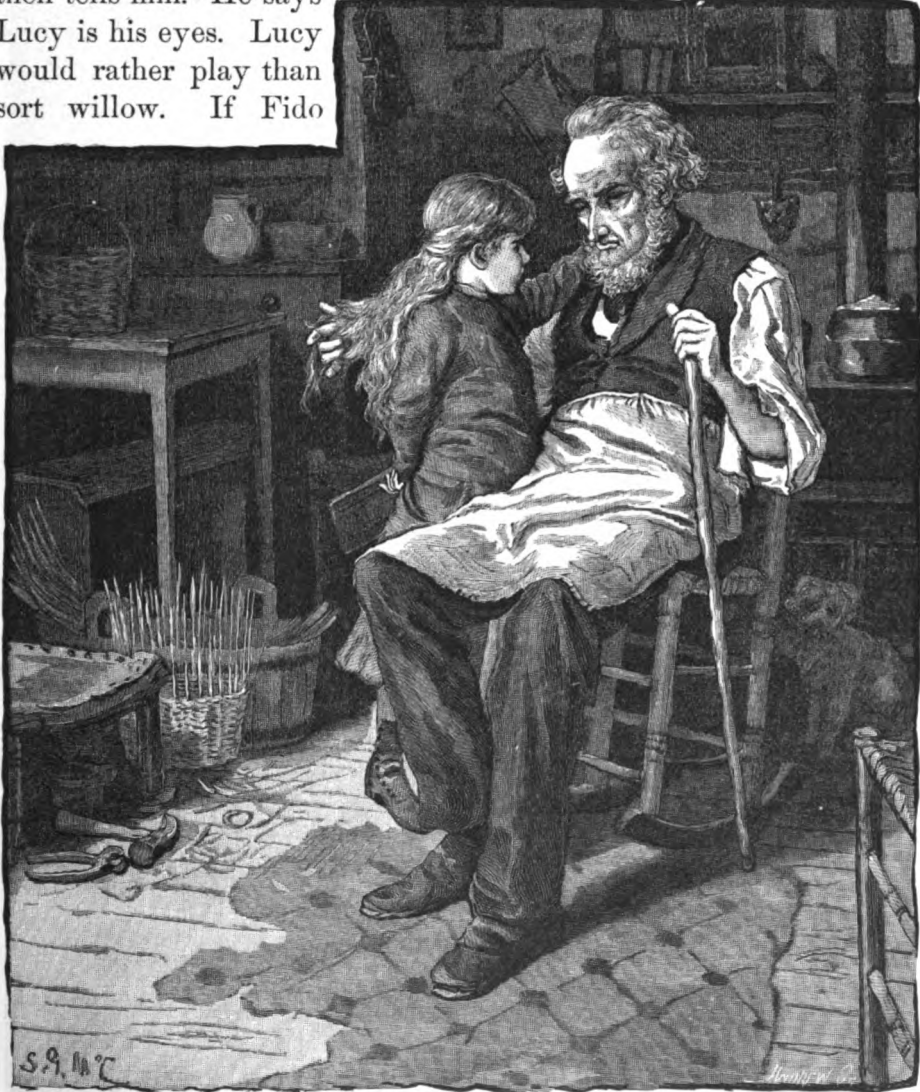


THE BLIND BASKET-MAKER.

HENRY, the basket-maker, is sitting at the door of his house. He is now nearly sixty years of age. With Fido his dog, and Lucy his granddaughter, he goes from place to place and gets work. Lucy finds it very tiresome to go every day with her grandfather, but Fido is very fond of going.

The old man has not seen the sun, or his own face, or the trees, or anything at all, for more than twenty years. He does not know what Lucy looks like. He only runs his fingers through her golden ringlets and calls her his Sunshine.

He can make a basket in one morning. He makes it of willow branches that are of several colors. How does he do that? Why, Lucy puts all the willow that is of the same color in one pile, and then tells him. He says Lucy is his eyes. Lucy would rather play than sort willow. If Fido



could only be taught to know colors, would it not be nice? There, that basket is done, and off walks the old man, cane in hand, and the basket on one arm. Lucy leads him, and Fido follows close.

R. W. LOWRIE.



“DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED!”

“No! I don't want to go to bed!”
Growls little tired, sleepy Ted;
And 'gainst the wall he firmly stands,
Behind him clinched the dimpled hands.

“I wish it wasn't night so soon!
I don't care nothing for the moon!
I don't care if the stars are out!”
So say the red lips with a pout.

“I'm not half through with all my play!
I don't like night so well as day!
I wish I was grown-up folks, yes!
I wish nurse was my child. I guess

"I'd make her go to bed, I would,
And scold her — if — she — wasn't good."
Begins to droop the little head,
Though Ted "don't want to go to bed!"

But up the stairs at last he goes,
His cheeks flushed red as any rose,
And soon upon his pillow white,
With mamma's kiss for sweet "good-night,"

The little boy to Dreamland hies,
Nor opes again his dear blue eyes
Till morning sunbeams wake the day,
And call Ted to his merry play.

M. D. BRINE.



LOVING hearts and loving arms
Joined to make home's greatest charms.

CHARLIE'S RIDE IN THE PARK.

A TRUE STORY.

CHARLIE visited a park with his mother and younger brothers. It was a pleasant place. There was a high tower, and stands, and pavilions, and it was well shaded.

It was just as he was ready to leave the park that he saw a deer. The deer came towards him. He seemed very tame. He licked Charlie's hand and the hands of the others. He seemed delighted at being caressed.

But somehow he really seemed to be most pleased with Charlie's attentions. He rubbed his head against Charlie, as if he wanted to say, "I love you." Sometimes his manner was a little too earnest to be quite agreeable. There was, perhaps, just the least hint in the world of bunting; but Charlie thought it all only the deer's way of showing his love. "O mamma," he cried, "he loves me better than any of you!"

Then mamma and the children walked slowly towards the gateway. Charlie followed, still playing with the deer. She was startled by a sudden sharp cry of distress: "Mamma, mamma, help me!" All looked. There was the deer bounding off at full speed



with Charlie on his back. And Charlie could not even hold on to the deer's neck, for he was riding backwards.

The deer was frightened, and was making his best jumps. He went like the wind. No one laughed, for it was a very dangerous ride. In a few seconds Charlie was thrown. Over and over he went, and struck on the edge of a muddy pond.

Luckily he was not badly hurt; but he was very much surprised at his ride, for he had not expected it at all.

The deer had suddenly "bunted" under him while he stood facing



him. As he threw up his head Charlie was thrown on the deer's back, facing backwards. And then the ride. The deer was frightened. Charlie was frightened. Mamma and the children were frightened. But what a laugh, all at Charlie's expense, after it was over!—a laugh that broke out again and again for hours after. And how many times Charlie's words were repeated with laughter, — "Mamma, he loves me better than any of you!"

CHARLES T. JEROME.



WHAT HAPPENED TO DOLLY DINGLE.

DOLLY DINGLE was the biggest and best doll little Lucy had. She came from Paris in a big trunk. Lucy called her a dear, darling beauty. Dolly had blue eyes and curly hair. She slept in a beautiful crib in Lucy's room.

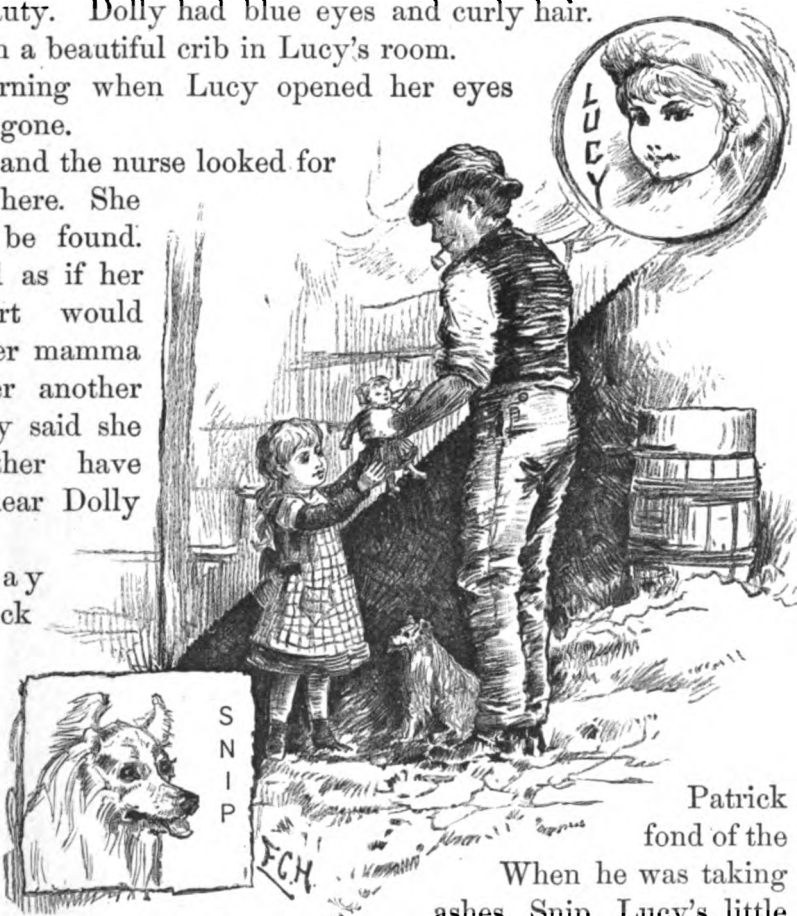
One morning when Lucy opened her eyes Dolly was gone.

Mamma and the nurse looked for her everywhere. She could not be found. Lucy cried as if her little heart would break. Her mamma bought her another doll. Lucy said she would rather have her own dear Dolly Dingle.

One day when Patrick was cleaning the cellar Lucy went down to see him. He was very fond of the little girl. He brought out some

dog, came down in the cellar. He began to scratch in the big pile of ashes. Lucy tried to stop him. Snip would not mind.

"Don't bother him, Miss Lucy," said Patrick, "he is made to dig and scratch."



Patrick
fond of the

When he was taking
ashes, Snip, Lucy's little

Snip seemed to be looking for something. He scratched, and sneezed, and barked. Pretty soon something white was seen. Then Snip dug faster.

"It is a bone," said Patrick.

Snip dug faster and faster. Patrick took the bone out and brushed away the ashes. When he held it up Lucy cried out, "O, it is my dear, darling Dolly."

Dolly Dingle's curls were spoiled. Her dress was faded. Her red cheeks were all gone. Lucy was so glad to see her she did not care.

Dolly had been buried two long months. Snip looked pleased and proud. He had hid her away while Lucy slept. Mamma put some new curls on Dolly. She painted her cheeks again, and made her some new clothes.

If Snip touches her he is punished. He sometimes hides books and slippers, but he does not hide Dolly Dingle.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

HANS WIEDMAN'S PLAYMATES.

HANS WIEDMAN is a little German-American boy. His home is near an Indian camp. He has two playmates. Their names are Solomon and Rover. Solomon is a little Indian boy. Rover is a big shepherd dog.

Hans is very fair. He has rosy cheeks. He has blue eyes. He has flaxen curls. Solomon is as brown as a chestnut. His eyes are black. His hair is long, and straight, and black.

Hans comes out bright and clean every morning. Solomon forgets to wash his face. Sometimes Hans's mother wishes he had a little white playmate. But Hans says, "Why, mamma, the color won't rub off," and away he runs to find his feathered arrows.

Solomon's mother is glad to have her boy play with such a nice little white boy. She calls Hans to her. She strokes his hair and

says, "Silk-weed, — thistle-down." Solomon's father once made a toy canoe for Hans.

One day Hans and Rover were out in the yard. They saw Solomon's father coming up the path. He was called Brown Bear. They saw him go into Mrs. Wiedman's house. They went in too. Rover was sure something was wrong. He was not quite sure what it was at first. He kept between Brown Bear and Mrs. Wiedman.

Brown Bear had been to the village. Some bad white men had given him "fire-water." He was asking Mrs. Wiedman for cider.



Mrs. Wiedman
did not keep

cider. She told him so. Brown Bear began to scold. Rover showed his teeth. The Indian shook his fist at Mrs. Wiedman. Then Rover sprang at his throat.

Brown Bear leaped from his seat. He was out of the house with one bound. He ran down the hill. He never stopped, even to look back, until he was out of sight.

Rover did not leave the house. He stood wagging his tail and looking up in Mrs. Wiedman's face. His eyes said, "See, I can take care of you as well as of Hans!"

Then he laid his big paw on Hans's arm, as if he would say, "Little master, never touch 'fire-water'!"

S. P. BRADISH.



THE CHILDREN'S PET.

THE children had a playmate gay,
I'm sure you would never guess
Who was the little man in gray
That took his turn with the rest.

For, when they played at hide-and-seek,
He'd cover himself with hay
And lie quite still; and then, when found,
Would scamper fast away.

But back he'd come, with eyes so bright,
And try his luck again;
And if they did not care to look,
But let him hide in vain,

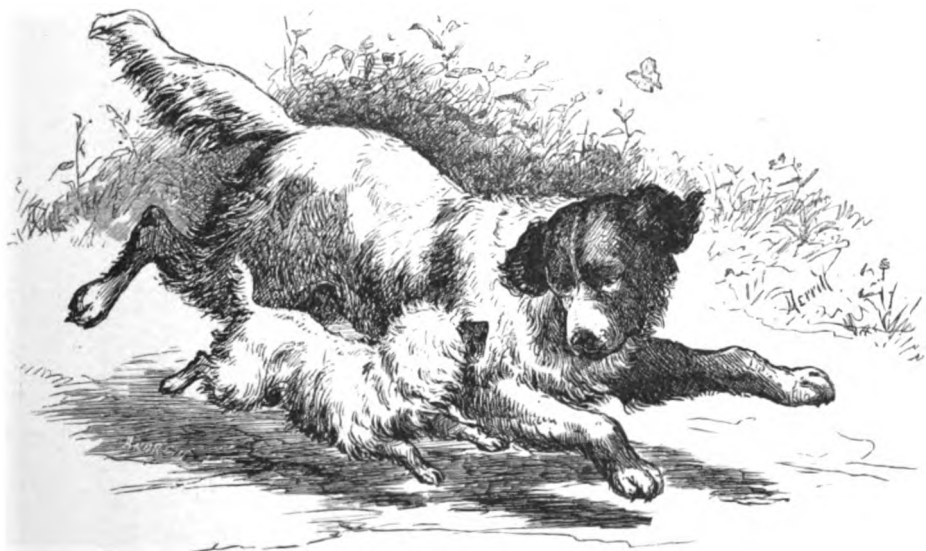
He did n't like it — not a bit!
He'd rustle in the straw,
And give a sharp, quick cry, "Quee, quee!"
And show a tiny paw.

My story's short, but true, I say.
Who was the children's pet?
A wee field-mousie, bright and gay,
They never will forget.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

DIME AND BETTY.

Bow-wow! Who are you? I am only a little dog. My name is Dime. I am not a cross dog. I have been a pet dog all my life. Shall I tell you what I can do? I can sit up and beg. I can shake hands. I can jump over a stick, O yes; and I can run very



fast. I can run as fast as Pomp, the baker's dog; and Pomp is a big dog.

I like to run races with Pomp. He never bites a little dog. We like to run after birds. But we never catch any birds. They fly away when we come near. I wonder how the birds fly. Pomp and I cannot fly.

My master has a cow. Her name is Betty. She is a good cow. She gives nice, white milk. I do not care much for milk. I like a bone better. But old Tab, the cat, likes milk. I like to see Tab drink milk. She laps it up very fast.

I drive Betty to pasture every day. John goes with me to shut the gate. John is the boy who milks the cow. I wish I could open



and shut that gate. Then John would not go to the pasture. I should like to go all alone. I think it would be fine.

I take good care of Betty. When any one comes near her, I say, "Bow-wow" very sharply.

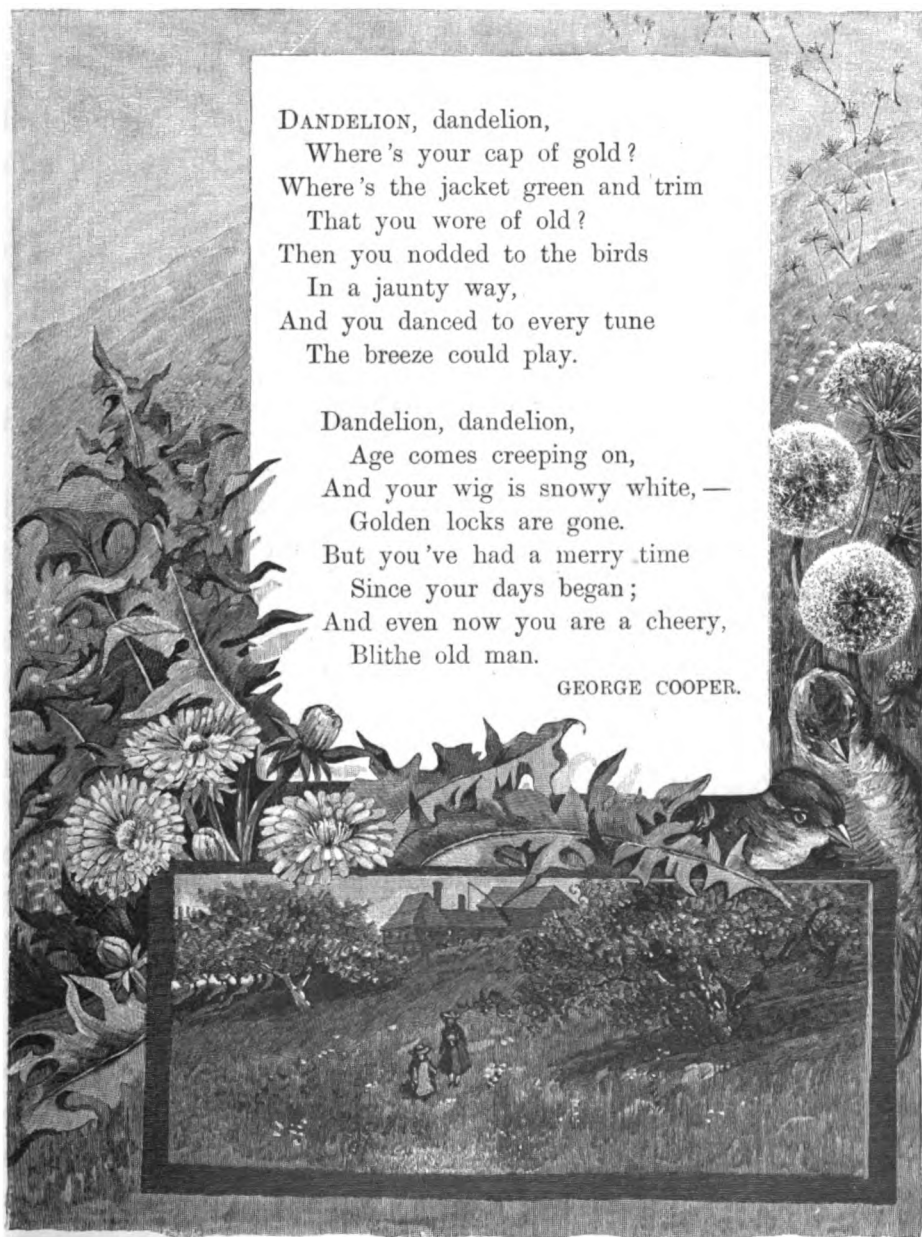
S. E. SPRAGUE.

DANDELION.

DANDELION, dandelion,
Where's your cap of gold?
Where's the jacket green and trim
That you wore of old?
Then you nodded to the birds
In a jaunty way,
And you danced to every tune
The breeze could play.

Dandelion, dandelion,
Age comes creeping on,
And your wig is snowy white, —
Golden locks are gone.
But you've had a merry time
Since your days began;
And even now you are a cheery,
Blithe old man.

GEORGE COOPER.



FREDDIE'S BAGGAGE.

THE ship "Ocean Queen" sailed into Finnport harbor and anchored a little way from the wharf. It looked very grand with its tall masts.

A boat rowed to the wharf, bringing Uncle Robert. He was master of the ship, and a nice man he was. All the boys liked

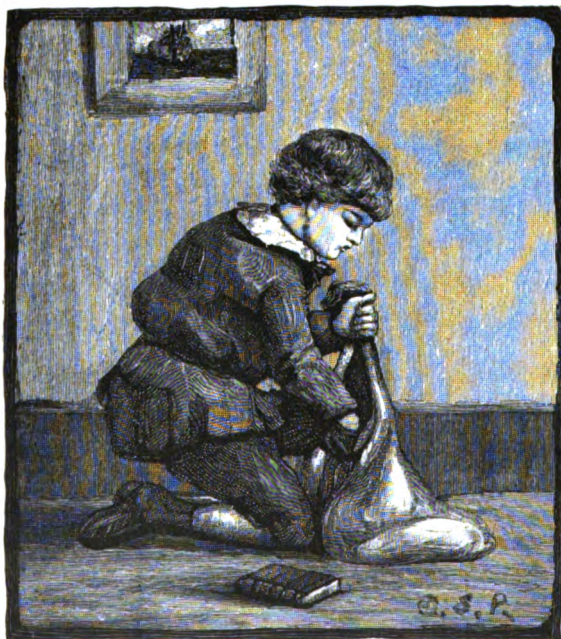
Uncle Robert. He always brought them queer things from China and Japan.

One day Freddie climbed up on his uncle's knee and asked if he would not take him to sea. Uncle Robert stroked the little boy's curly head and said, "Yes, Freddie boy, you shall go some time."

Every night Freddie dreamed he was sailing on the water. Every morning he would look

to see that the "Ocean Queen" had not gone and left him.

One day Freddie thought he must get his baggage ready. So he took his mamma's rag-bag and emptied all the rags under the sewing-machine. He took his little nightdress from under his pillow and put it into the bag. Then he put in a ball of knitting-



cotton. That was for fishing-lines. He took some pins and bent them into hooks. Lastly he put in his little Testament.

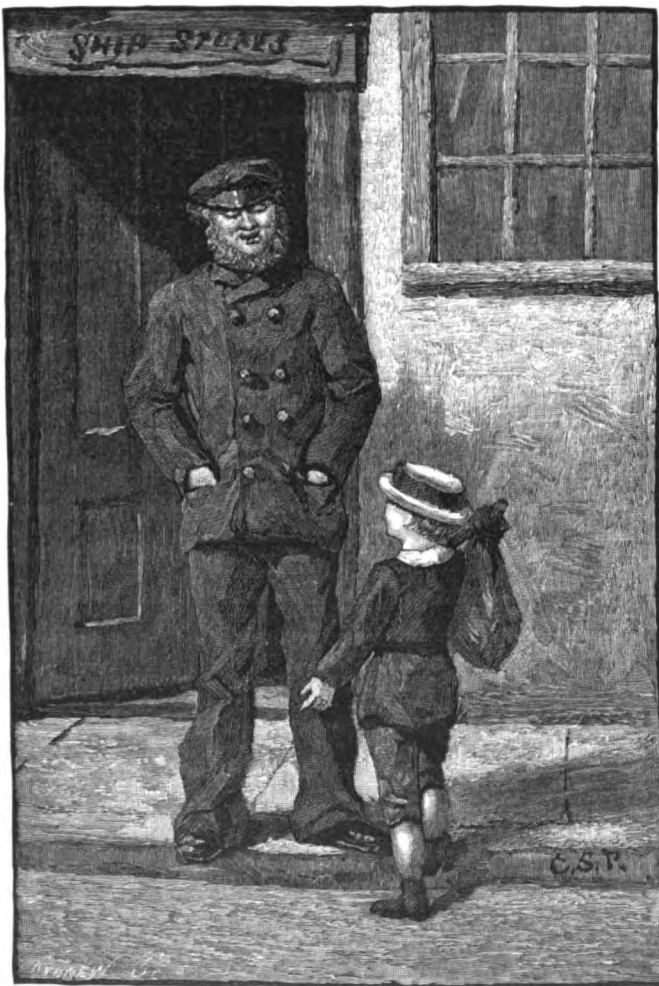
Then he started for the wharf. He called at several stores on the way, and said he was going to "ship to sea." The men laughed, but Freddie went along all the same.

On the way he met his uncle, to whom he said, "I'm all ready; here is my baggage, — my nighty and Testament, and a whole lot of string and pin-hooks to catch fish."

Uncle Robert looked into the bag, and sure enough Freddie was "all packed."

"Well, Freddie," said his uncle, "I am not going now. When you are older you shall go."

Freddie did not at first want to give up the idea. Uncle Robert talked kindly, and gave him a gold dollar. So Freddie behaved like a good little boy, and waited until he was older.



ELIZABETH ORR WILLIAMS.

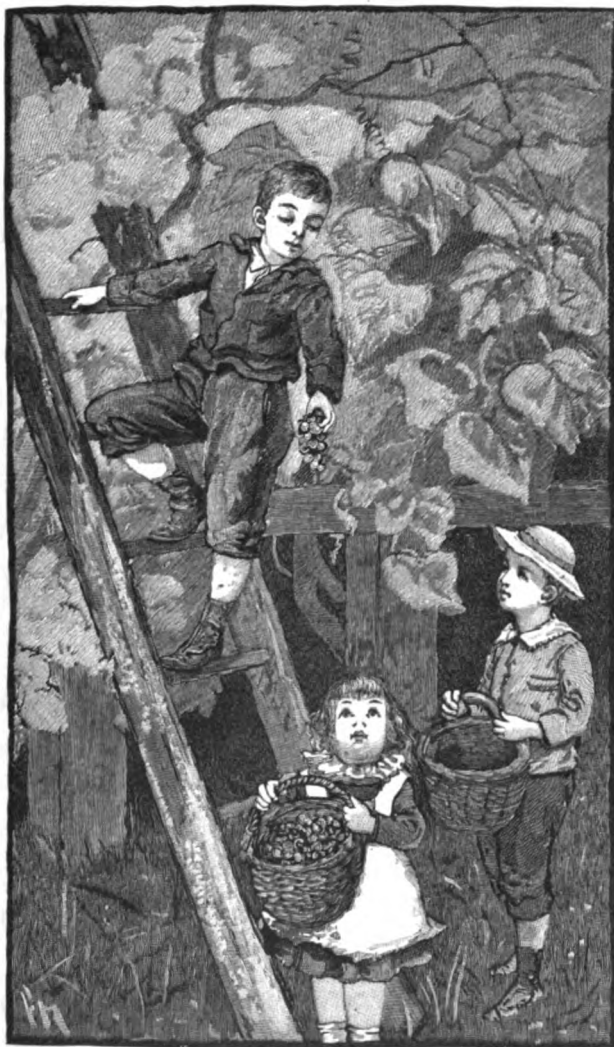
PICKING GRAPES.

UPON the ladder against the wall
Our little Charlie stands,
Bright clusters hanging o'er his head,
Bright clusters in his hands.
The sweet grape-smell is in the air,
The autumn sun is bright.
"O dear!" says Charlie, "all the grapes
Must be picked off by night.

"So, Johnnie, hold your basket up,
And, baby, hold yours too,
For auntie wants some help, I know, —
She might as well have you.
Let's hurry, for the rest might come, —
We'll give them a surprise.
If they should find the grapes all off,
They'd stare with all their eyes!"

The purple globes fall fast and free,
The little baskets fill;
In spite of tasting now and then
The boys work with a will,
When suddenly mamma appears.
"What's this!" she cries, "get down!
You mustn't touch the grapes! Besides,
You'll fall and crack your crown!"

"We're helping, mamma!" Charlie says,
"Auntie said that by night
The grapes must all be picked, because
A frost would spoil them quite."
"Why, why!" cried auntie, coming too,
"What naughty boys are here?"
"No, no!" exclaim three voices small,
"We're helping, auntie dear!"



“See, Johnnie’s basket is quite
full,
And baby’s nearly, too.”
The guilty purple little lips
Quiver, and pout, and sue;

The little baskets are held up,—
Who could resist the plea?
Forgiveness crowns the golden
heads,
And all goes merrily!

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

MADAM SPARROW'S FIRST NEST.



YOUNG Madam Sparrow sat swinging on the branch of an elm one morning in spring. Other birds were busy all around. They were hopping over the ground, and picking up dry grass and bits of straw. When their bills were full they would fly away to the places where their nests were to be. Then they would come back to get more. And so they kept going and coming while Madam Sparrow tilted on her branch and watched them.

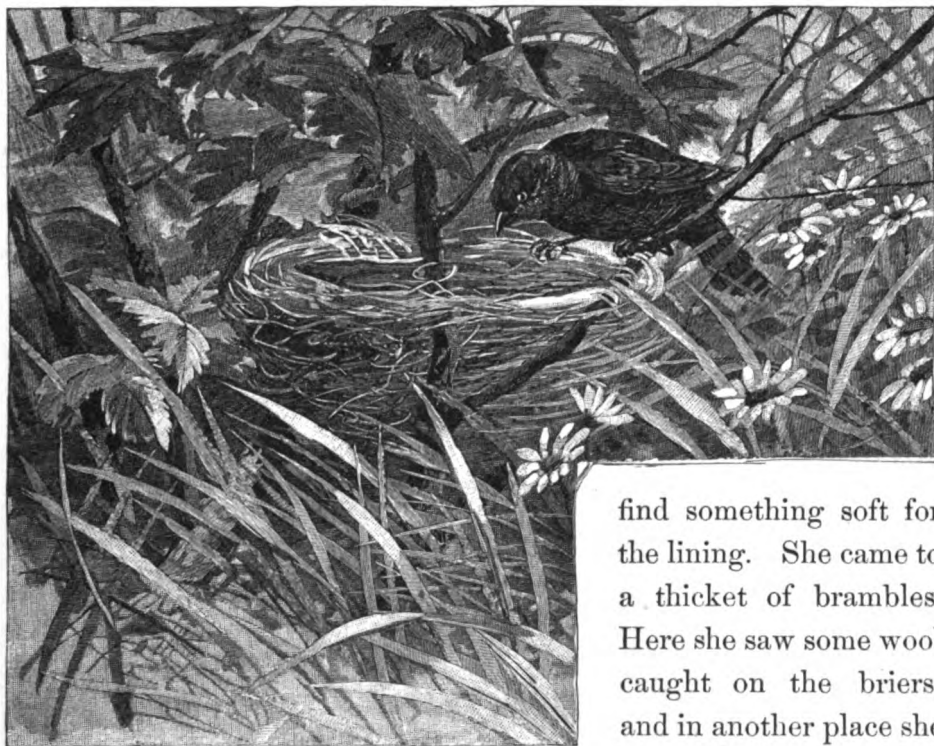
By and by Grandmother Redbreast said to her, "Why do you stay in the tree? You had better go to work with the rest of us. Do you not want a nest?"

"O yes," answered Madam Sparrow, "I should like to have a nice nest, but I cannot find anything to make it of. I do not want such coarse grass and sticks as you use; I want some fine hay and hair."

Grandmother Redbreast was old and wise, and she said, "Birds can always find all they need for a nest; but they have to look for it. It is very pleasant to sit on a branch and swing, but if you do not work you will never have a nest. It will do no good to wish for it. You must come down to the ground, and keep your eyes open, and hop about. Then you will be sure to find what you need, for the world is full of things to work with."

So Madam Sparrow came down, and began to hop about on the ground. First she chose a spot for her nest, under a green bush.

Then she looked around among the rocks and stones, and ran along on the walls and fences. She soon found a plenty of fine dry grass to make the outside of the nest. Then she hopped about again to



find something soft for the lining. She came to a thicket of brambles. Here she saw some wool caught on the briers, and in another place she saw some hair tangled

on a rail. She took the wool and hair and wove them together, and made a nice lining for the inside of the nest.

When it was finished, Grandmother Redbreast said, "This is very good indeed;" and the other birds said that the nest under the green bush was a very pretty one. So Madam Sparrow was much pleased that she had built it. She was glad to know that the world was full of things to work with if she would only look for them.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

WHAT TEDDY DID.

"You ought to go to the barber,"
Said Edith, "that is plain ;
For you look like a Shetland pony, Ted, .
With all that bristling mane,

"Or more like a shaggy terrier
Whose eyes are hid in hair."
Ted only laughed at being teased,
And said he didn't care.



But to himself he wondered
If indeed he looked like that ;
And down in front of a looking-glass
Reflectively he sat.

A pair of his mother's scissors
Lay on the mantel-shelf,
And he thought, "I hate a barber's chair,
I can cut it off myself."

So, snipping, snipping, snipping,
The cold keen scissors sped,
Till one whole side of his little pate
Was bald as the baby's head.

Just then the tea bell, ringing
Its cheery call, he heard;
And he glanced at the uncut side, and said,
"I can do that afterward."

Think what a funny topknot
For company to see, —
Brown elf-locks covering half, and half
As bare as bare could be!

As he seated himself at table,
Merrily laughed each one;
And mamma cried, in droll dismay,
"My boy, what have you done?"

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

"LET's go down in the wood-lot," said John to his little brother Tim, one day, "and tap a tree and make maple sugar. I can't find the gimlet, but I've got a big nail and the hammer."

So down they went. John pounded the nail into a tree, and



pulled it out again, till he had made quite a hole. Then he made a little wooden spout for the sap to run in, and hung his pint kettle upon it.

"By to-morrow," said he, "that kettle ought to be full of sweet sap, a lot nicer than any honey the bees ever thought of."

"O," cried Tim, "I thought it would be full of maple sugar, all ready to eat!"

"You *did n't* suppose that maple sugar ran out of a tree all ready made, did you, Tim?" said John. "You don't know much. You ought to study trees and things. You see the sap runs out when you tap the tree. Then you build a fire and boil it down. When it's cool, there's your sugar, sir."

"We'll boil it down to-morrow," said Tim.

But it was a long time till to-morrow! Tim and John went to bed early and got up early. As soon as school was done they ran to the wood-lot to boil the sap down. But there was not a drop in the little kettle! Tim almost cried. "What a stingy tree!" he said.

Miss Smith, who was gathering autumn leaves in the woods, came along while they were talking. "Are you tapping for maple sap?" she asked. "This is the wrong season of the year, John, you know."

John did n't know.

"The spring is the time, when the sap runs up. And when you want to make maple sugar, you must tap a maple-tree. This is a birch! You ought to study about trees, John."

And they went home, sadder and wiser boys.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



A Welcome.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

*Andante
Legato.* *p*



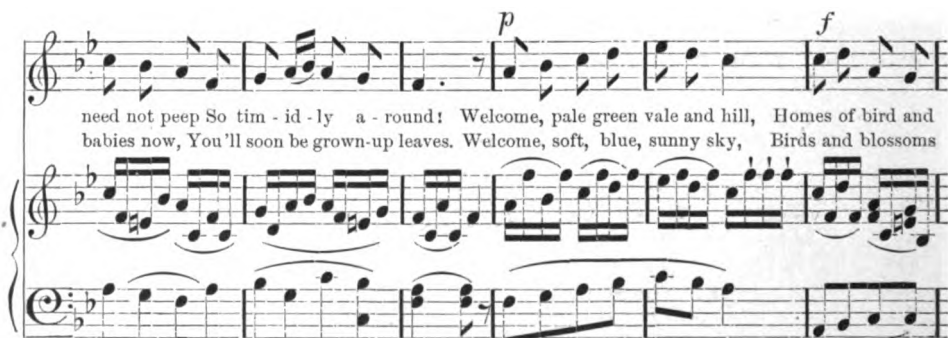
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1. Welcome, daisies, from your sleep; Snow has left the ground; Winter's gone; you
2. Welcome, buds up - on the bough, Droop - ing o'er the eaves! Though you're only



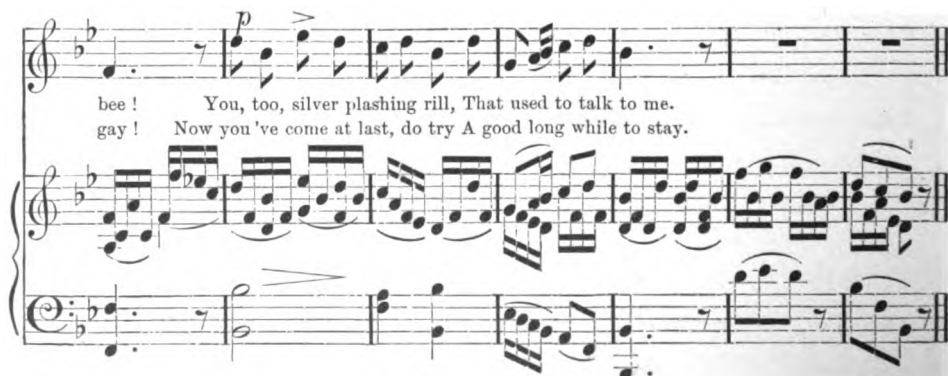
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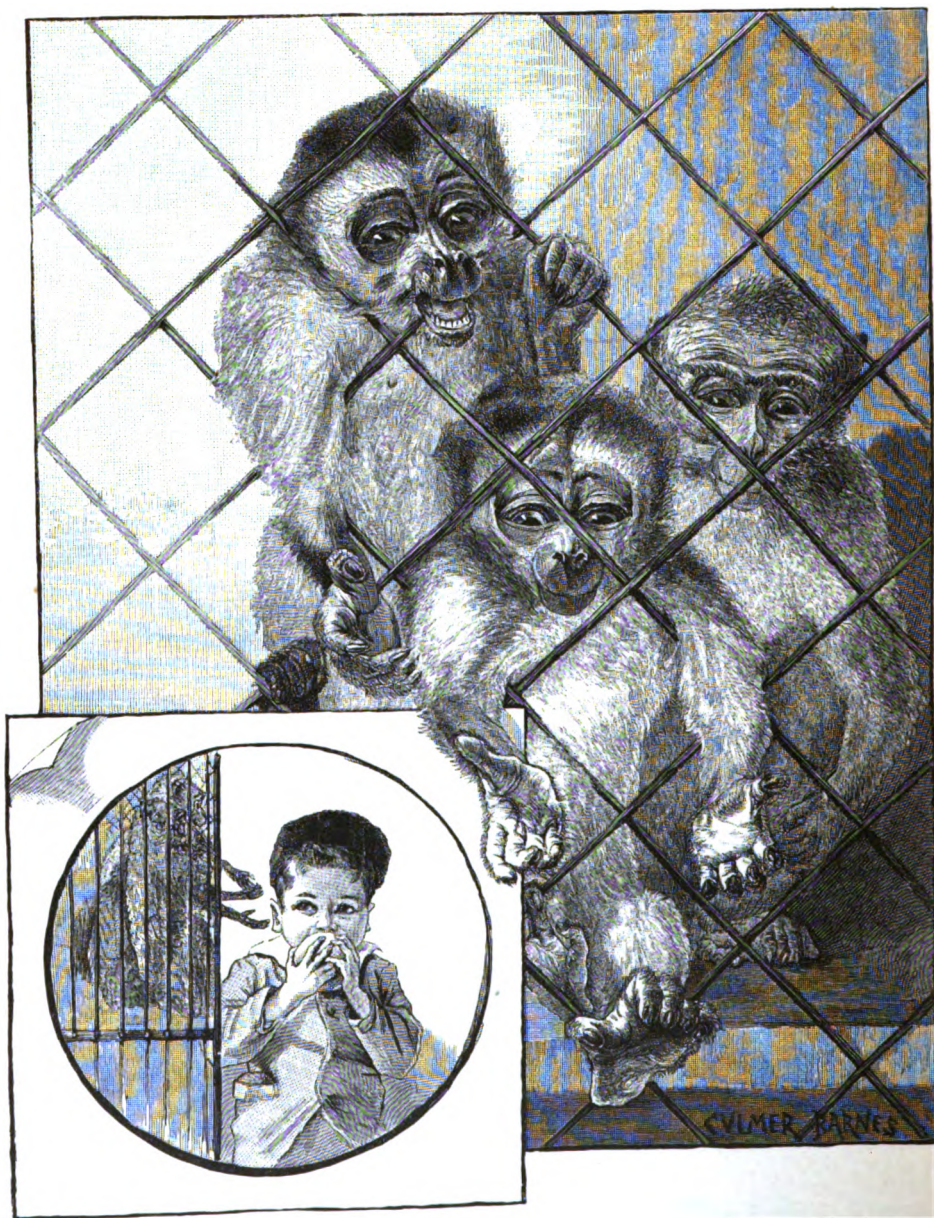
need not peep So tim - id - ly a - round! Welcome, pale green vale and hill, Homes of bird and
babies now, You'll soon be grown-up leaves. Welcome, soft, blue, sunny sky, Birds and blossoms



p

bee! You, too, silver plashing rill, That used to talk to me.
gay! Now you've come at last, do try A good long while to stay.





"GO HALVES!"



“GO HALVES!”

LITTLE Fred Mason's father took him to an exhibition of wild animals. After they had looked at the elephants, lions, tigers, and bears, they went to see the monkeys. On the way, Mr. Mason bought two large oranges and gave them to Fred.

There were six cages of small animals. One of them was for the “happy family.” Fred thought the creatures in it must be called the “happy family” because the dogs, cats, and monkeys were all the time teasing and plaguing one another. One monkey had a rat in his lap. He tended it as a mother does her baby. The monkey was happy, but Mr. Mason did not think the rat liked it very well.

Fred put one orange into his side pocket. He could not wait until he got home to eat the other. As he walked along among the cages he seemed to care more for the fruit than for the animals. He sucked the orange with all his might, till he came to a cage with three monkeys in it.

One of them looked very sober and solemn. One opened his mouth and seemed to be laughing. All of them looked at Fred and held out their hands. They could not talk; if they could, they would have said, “Go halves!”

The orange was nice and sweet; Fred did not wish to “go halves.” He turned away, for he did not like to be asked for what he was

not willing to give. The monkeys put their hands out for some of the orange, but Fred looked the other way.

Fred should have looked at the monkeys, for the one nearest to him put out his long arm and snatched the orange from his hand. Fred tried to get it again. While he was doing so, the solemn monkey reached down and took the other orange from his pocket. Fred did not think how near he was to the cage.

Fred began to cry. The laughing monkey had no orange. He was afraid of the solemn monkey, but he chased the one that had stolen the orange Fred was eating, all over the cage. He got it at last.

Fred's father bought two more oranges for him, and he did not go so near the cages again.

MARY BLOOM.



A NICE ORANGE.

“If you don’t think so, smell of it!”



FIDO AND THE FLY.

Now, baby, we will
Fido! Good doggy!
baby! Now wait till



have some fun. Come here,
Did he love this mite of a
Kham finds a fly. Whish!
Now I have one. I will **take**
him by one wing. Now I
will hold him up to Fido's
nose.

See Fido jump! How he
runs and **barks**!
Hear him whine.
See him rub his

nose with his paw. He is afraid of the fly.

Fido sat down on a wasp one day last week. The wasp stung him. Since then, when he hears anything buzz he runs away and hides.

Come here, poor Fido! The fly is gone. He will not hurt you, little doggy.

KHAM.

PRETTY POLLY PRIMROSE.



PRETTY Polly Primrose,
 Up at early dawn,
 Finds her little blue shoes,
 And works to get them on.
 Clean white dress she sure must have,
 To go out in the Park.
 "Where the birdies sing," she says,
 "I'll go sit and hark."

Breakfast all is ready;
 Nurse runs to and fro.
 "Where is Polly?" mamma asks.
 No one seems to know.
 Papa searches round the lawn,
 The garden, and the street;
 Listens, hoping just to hear
 The patter of her feet.

Polly rambles o'er the grass
 Wet with fragrant dew,
 Never minding dress so white,
 Or shoes of azure blue.
 Down upon a stone she sits;
 Sweet the birdies sing;
 Flowers blossom at her side, —
 She as fair as spring.



Soft winds rustle in the trees;
 Birds their matins keep;
 Warm and tired, Polly nods,
 Then falls fast asleep.

Out here papa finds her,
 Lifts her tenderly,
 Carries her safe home again, —
 Never once wakes she.



When the breakfast all is o'er
 Polly opes her eyes.
 "Surely, mamma, I did dream,"
 Says she in surprise,
 "That I went out to the Park,
 Where the birdies sing."
 Mamma smiles; how can she chide
 The winsome little thing!

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.





TOMMY AND THE TEAKETTLE.

ONE morning Tommy woke with a sore throat. He had to stay in the house all day, which he did not like.

He looked over his toys and picture-books, and took a good ride on his rocking-horse; but nothing pleased him, and the hours seemed very long.

In the afternoon he asked his mother if he might go into the kitchen. She said, "Yes, if you will not disturb Bridget."

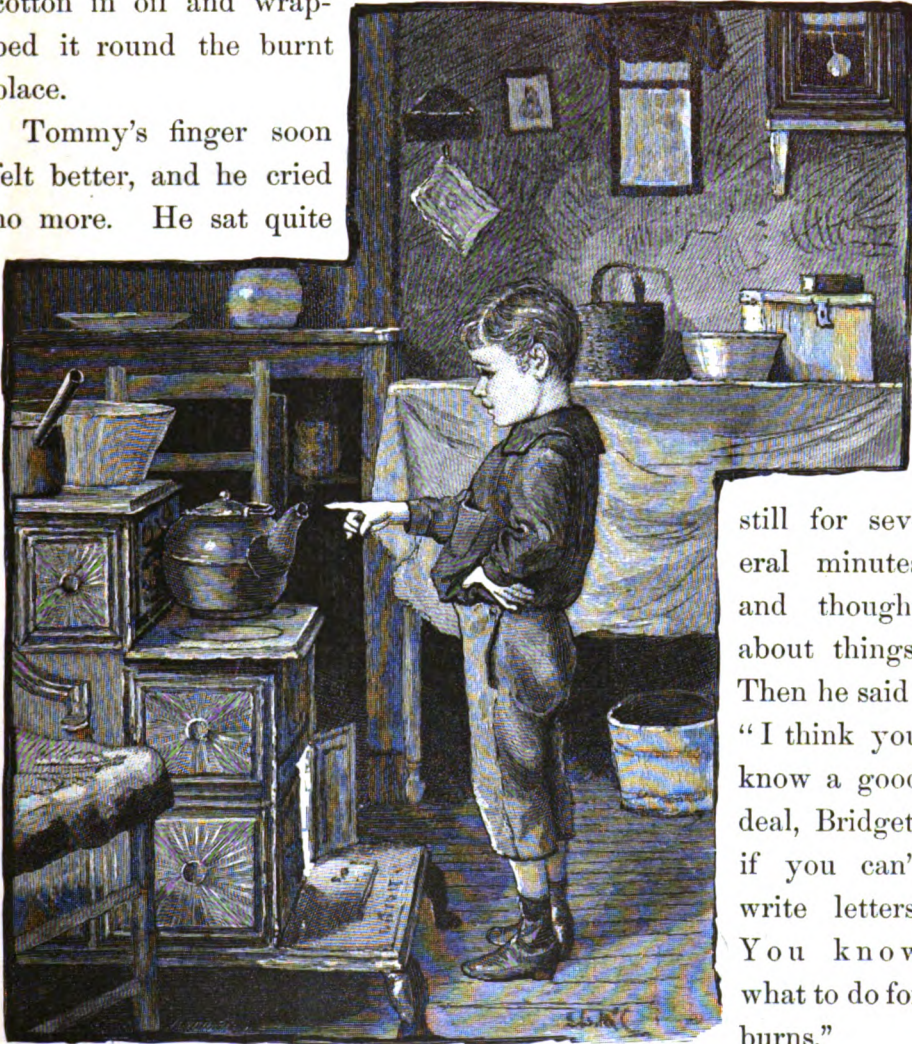
Tommy went into the kitchen. He did not find anybody there, and the room was very still. The teakettle was standing on the stove. It was singing softly, and sending out a cloud of steam from its spout. The singing was all the sound that Tommy could hear. He went close to the stove and stood thinking about the teakettle. Then he began to talk about it.

"What a funny little singing that is!" said he. "Bridget says that steam is hot and will burn folks. It does n't look so one bit. I've a good mind to try it, and see. Bridget does n't know everything. She can't write her own letters; mamma has to do it for her. I don't believe steam will burn any more than smoke will. I put my finger into some smoke one day and it was n't hot at all."

Just then Tommy heard Bridget coming up the back steps. "Now," said he, "I'm going to try that steam before she gets in." So he put his finger right into the spout of the teakettle; but he took it out again very quickly, and cried, "O, I'm burnt! I'm burnt!"

Bridget heard him as she opened the door. She told him she was sorry, and said she would wrap up his finger. Then she wet some cotton in oil and wrapped it round the burnt place.

Tommy's finger soon felt better, and he cried no more. He sat quite



still for several minutes and thought about things. Then he said: "I think you know a good deal, Bridget, if you can't write letters. You know what to do for burns."

Tommy was very glad that he had found out for himself about steam, and he never wanted to touch it again.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

WALLIE WADDLE'S PRANKS.

WALLIE WADDLE was his mamma's only child, and had to play by himself. One day his mamma left him alone in the room. He saw his papa's shoes. He thought it would make a man of him if he could wear them. He put them on and shuffled about in them the best he could.

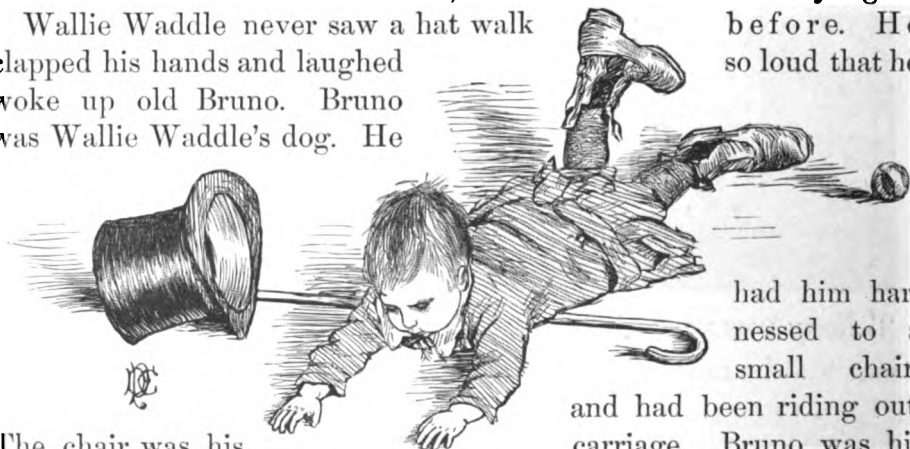
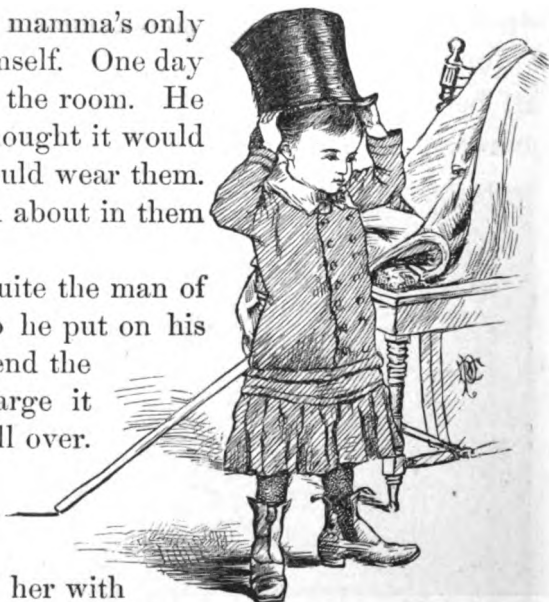
The shoes did not make quite the man of him he would like to be, so he put on his papa's hat. This did not mend the matter much. It was so large it covered his face and head all over. He could not see to move about, and he took it off.

Pussy-cat was lying curled up on the floor. He covered her with the hat. She did not like her dark house. She began to move about. Then the hat walked. O, what a funny sight!

Wallie Waddle never saw a hat walk clapped his hands and laughed woke up old Bruno. Bruno was Wallie Waddle's dog. He

had him harnessed to a small chair, and had been riding out carriage. Bruno was his

The chair was his horse. Bruno was tired with his long drive. He had lain down and was asleep. Wallie Waddle's laugh woke him. He got up and shook



himself. When he saw the hat walk, he rushed at it, chair and all. Pussy flew out in a great fright. She turned about and faced him with her back as round as a ball and her tail all bristled up.

Mamma heard the noise and came in to see what it all meant. She saw a funny picture. Papa's shoes proved too much for Wallie. He was sprawled out on the floor. Mamma stood a minute to laugh, then she picked him up. She told him papa's shoes would not make a man of him, and he must not try to walk in them any more.

F. S. L.



THE fox, the wolf, the porcupine
See-saw with Bruin in the wood;
They don't on one another dine,
But play in peace, as children should.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE VINE.

A SUNFLOWER grew by the garden wall,
Quite near to a trailing vine,
And, tossing its head, said loftily,
“Why don’t you wear clothes like mine?”

“See me all clad in my gold brocade,
So rich it would stand alone!
Why, even the sun himself has said
I’m fit for a queenly throne.

“But you, — you poor little pale-faced thing —
Go trailing your robes along;
Not that they’re worth very much, I know,
But such as to you belong.”

And here the sunflower smoothed her silk,
And settled her crown of jet,
While the little creeper shrank away,
Without silk or coronet, —

Away through the grass to the garden wall,
Away from the gay sunflower;
It twined its tendrils, and reared its head,
And made of the wall a bower.

Then the sunflower laughed, and sneering said,
To see what the vine had done:
“Before I’d cover an old stone wall!
I’d far rather gaze at the sun.”

The days went on, and it stood and gazed:
The “brocade” began to fade;
And soon, with wind, and rain, and hail,
Low down in the dust was laid.

At length a beautiful lady came
 To walk by the garden-wall;
 She saw the trailing vine's pale blooms,
 And gathered them one and all.



The sunflower angrily shook her head,
 Vexed to be thus passed by:
 "And all for that little pale-faced thing,
 Creeping along so sly!"

Saying this she shook her head again,
 Shook till her loosening crown
 Fell quite away, and, sad to tell,
 The whole went rattling down.

Of all the glittering gems she prized,
Not a single one was left;
And the haughty sunflower stood forlorn,
Of every grace bereft.

But scattered all about they lay,
And caught Dame Partlet's eyes,
Who from the barn-yard quickly ran,
And, scratching up the prize,

Cried, "Cluck! cluck! cluck! Come, children dear,
Come here, my pretty brood!"
And she gave them the sunflower's dainty jets
Like any common food.

Disgraced, alone, the sunflower stood,
Dying at last unblest;
While the little vine breathed her life away
On a beautiful lady's breast.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

NELLIE'S RING.

NELLIE had lost her ring, — the pretty gold ring that Aunt Lou had given her for a keepsake. Auntie had told her not to wear it until her finger had grown large enough for it. But Nellie had disobeyed, and had worn the ring when she went over to see Fanny Roy; and when she came back, to her great grief there was no ring on her finger.

"That came from not obeying Auntie," she thought. "I will never disobey her again."

Some weeks after, Aunt Lou said: "Nellie, I am going over to see Mrs. Brown's sick baby. I think catnip tea would do it good. Run down into the field and get me some nice catnip. You will find it growing along close to the fence, on this side."

Nellie was busy making a doll's bedquilt, and she was not pleased to leave her work.

"I can get catnip at the bottom of the garden, Aunt Lou," she said.

"That in the field is best," replied her aunt.

Nellie was very anxious to get back to her pleasant work. As she passed through the garden she thought to herself, "I can carry



some of this catnip to Auntie. She won't know that it did not come from the field ; and I can get back all the sooner."

But then she felt that she was doing wrong.

"No ; I promised to obey Auntie always, and I will."

So she walked stoutly on, across the orchard to the field. She found the catnip, and pulled a good bunch of it. But one of the plants came up by the roots, and Nellie saw something bright tangled among them. She gave a little cry of joy. It was her long lost ring !

She flew home, and held up the ring before Aunt Lou.

"I know now how I lost it," she said. "It was in getting over the fence the day I went to see Fanny Roy, and the catnip roots grew right through it!"

Aunt Lou rubbed up the ring as bright as ever. Nellie put her

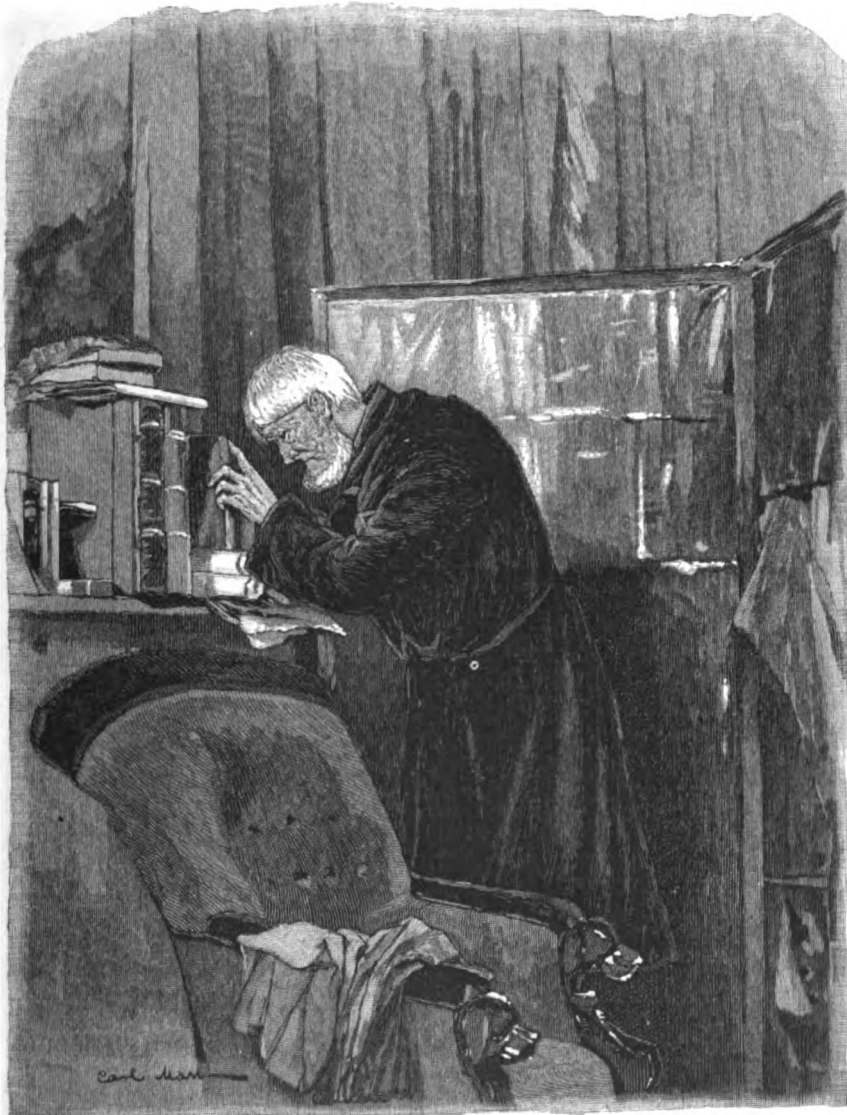


arm around her neck, and told her how she had been tempted to disobey.

"Is it not strange, Auntie, that I lost the ring by disobeying you, and found it again by obeying, — just as if it were meant to teach me that it is always best to do right?"

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

GRANDFATHER'S SPECTACLES.



ONE day Grandfather Shriff lost his spectacles. "Where can they be? Maybe they are on the mantel." So he hunted, but could not find them on the mantel.

"Where can they be? Perhaps they are among the books." So he hunted and hunted, but could not find them among the books.

"Perhaps they are in the other room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the other room.

"Perhaps they are up-stairs." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them up-stairs. "Perhaps I dropped them somewhere in the front yard." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them anywhere in the front yard.

"Perhaps they are out in the dining-room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the dining-room.

At last he asked old Aunt Harriet, the cook. "Why marster, there they is, right square on the top of your head." And, sure enough, there they were. Did n't we all laugh at grandfather!

R. W. L.



FINDING BABY'S DIMPLES.

SEE my baby brother
Sitting in mamma's lap;
He's just getting ready
To take a little nap.

But before to dreamland
My baby brother goes,
I want to count his fingers,
And see his chubby toes.

Mamma, can't you make him
Just talk and laugh again,
So we can find the dimples
In his sweet cheeks and chin?

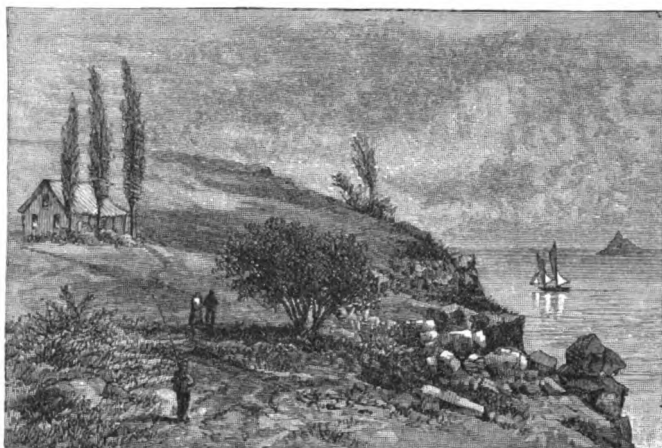
His eyes shine like diamonds
When he looks up so glad.
O, he's the dearest brother
A sister ever had.



Now he talks a little,
And laughs, — come quick,
and see
My baby brother's dimples,
As cunning as can be.

The angels love our baby,
He is so very fair;
And so they came and kissed
him,
And left the dimples there.

MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.



JOSÉ, THE MEXICAN.

THE world is full of boys. I never went anywhere yet that I did n't meet a boy. Away up on the Bay of Fundy, when looking for rare birds, I met a boy who said he could show me where the sea-gulls laid their eggs.

Another knew where the eider-ducks made their nests from the down off their own breasts. I am happy to say that the good boys seem most abundant. One who loves books and good reading is nearly always a good boy. One who likes bad company better than good cannot always be trusted.

Yet there are boys that cannot even read, who are pure at heart. They may be Indian boys, or negro boys, have a black skin, a brown skin, a tawny skin, or a yellow skin, but it's all the same; they are white inside. I have found them in the forests of the West Indies, on the plains of Mexico, and among the ruins of Yucatan, but they were always the same happy, cheerful boys. They sometimes cry, I believe, but oftener laugh. A boy that cries more than he laughs must have something the matter with him.

I have selected a Mexican boy to tell you about as a happy, careless specimen of a boy. His name is José; and you must not pronounce it as it is printed, but *Ho-say*. If he were English, we

should call him Joseph, and his boy friends would probably call him Joe. His mother, if he were good, would give him a pet name of Josey. This last comes pretty near his Spanish name, and he might understand it.

José is an Indian boy, for the Mexicans were originally Indian. If he is n't happy and contented, I never saw a boy that was. Yet he has n't any more clothes than what you see him in; he never had any shoes and always went barefoot. I doubt if he ever had more than a *medio*, in his life. A *medio* is six cents. If he had more than that he would not put it in his pocket, for he has none.

A *medio* he puts in his ear. That is his only pocket-book, and when that is full he is perfectly satisfied. If he had two *medios* given him he would have to put one in each ear, and then he could not hear well at all. So you see it is better for him to have but one.

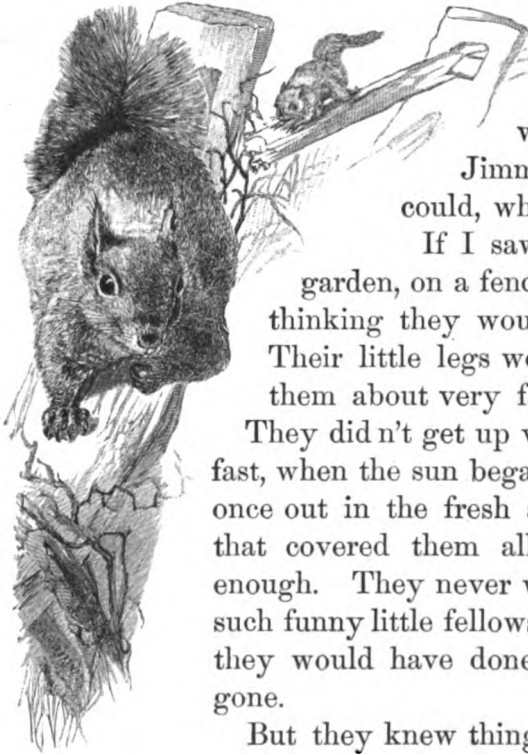
José came to market every morning with a box on his head full of grain, which he sold for his mother, an Indian woman who lived in a little hut. He arose every morning before daylight and trudged over the dusty road nearly ten miles. I met him many times, but I never saw him without a smile on his face — and a *medio* in his ear. Should you ever visit Mexico and meet him, you may tell him what I wrote, and tell him your opinion of a boy who is good to his mother and does the best he can.



FREDERICK A. OBER.



JACK AND JIMMY.



ALMOST every morning last winter, unless it was very cold indeed, I looked out of my window hoping to see Jack and

Jimmy. I wanted to find out, if I could, what they were doing.

If I saw them first at one end of the garden, on a fence, this was the very reason for thinking they would soon be at the other end. Their little legs were seldom at rest, and carried them about very fast.

They did n't get up very early. After their breakfast, when the sun began to get warm, and they were once out in the fresh air with the warm gray coats that covered them all up, they were wide-awake enough. They never went to school, and they were such funny little fellows I am sure I don't know what they would have done with themselves if they had gone.

But they knew things that not even the brightest little boys know. Though they did run about so much they were not idle, but worked hard sometimes. I know they must have done so last autumn. And what do you think they did? They picked up nuts, and hid away enough to last all through the long, cold winter.

Have you guessed who my little friends were? Did you think they were boys? Why, no! They were two gray squirrels with great bushy tails. As I have n't any little boys to have a good time with them, I was glad to have such bright, frisky, graceful creatures to watch and talk to every sunny day.

MARY L. HALL.



PAUL GETS AN IDEA.

PAUL. O MA, there's a worm in the apple
 I got down-stairs from Kate;
 A worm is an ugly creature,
 And only made to hate;
 If I knew Kate did it on purpose,
 I'd fling it hard at her pate.

MAMMA. But Dick in his cage is pretty,
 Our lovely singer small,
 And his little ways are charming, —
 You like the birdie, Paul?

PAUL. Yes, mamma, course I love Dicky,
So neat and so sweet, and all.

MAMMA. Let us now the cage unfasten,
And we shall shortly see,
When you offer the opened apple,
How you and Dick agree.

PAUL. Why, he's snapped the worm up, mother!
Ho! There's need of worms, maybe.

MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



CROSS OLD POLL.

LITTLE Sandy has more aunts than he can count. Sandy likes to go and see the one whom he calls "Aunt Tee."

Aunt Tee has a parrot and a dog. The parrot's name is Poll. Poll is sixty years old; and she is cross, — O, so cross! Is that because she is old? O no! We all know many old people who are kind and good. The truth is that Poll was cross when she was young; so when she grew old she was just the same.

Sandy takes care not to go too near Poll's perch, for she may bite. He likes to stand off and hear her talk and scold. The dog's name is Rob. Sandy is not afraid Rob will bite. O no! Rob is a kind little dog.

The two have great fun playing ball. Sandy throws the ball for Rob to find and bring back to him. It is a rubber ball, and it will bound into all sorts of places; but where the ball goes, there goes Rob, like a flash! He is sure to find it, and bring it back to the little boy, who claps his hands with glee.

I said that Rob would not bite, and he is very fond of Sandy; but one day, when they were at play, Sandy had some hard thing in his hand, and he pressed it down on the little dog's tail.

Poor Rob said "Bow-wow!" and "Ri-yi!" But Sandy thought this was part of the play, and laughed. He did not see that he was hurting Rob. At last Rob could not bear it, and he gave a snap at Sandy as if he would bite him.



Old Poll saw this, and how she did scold at Rob! She called him such hard names that, as soon as he was free, poor Rob crept off out of sight. He was full of shame to think that he could snap at a child.

Was it not odd that cross old Poll should care for the little boy?

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S COMPLAINT.



I WENT with my mamma to see
A little girl to-day;

I did n't have a bit good time, —
She don't know how to play.

She would n't play make nice dirt-
pies;

She's 'fraid of dirt, I s'pose;
She wouldn't climb up on the
fence

Because she'd tear her clothes.

Her mamma said we must be
good,

And not make any noise,
'Cause little girls must be polite,
And not play rude like boys.

She would n't let me pick the flowers, —

They were so pretty, too!

If little girls can't pick them off,

I wonder why they grew.

I wonder why some ladies think

It's wrong to run and play.

I don't see how a little girl

Can keep from noise all day.



My mamma says I must n't say
That lady is n't good ;
And mamma knows what's best—but then
I only wish I could !

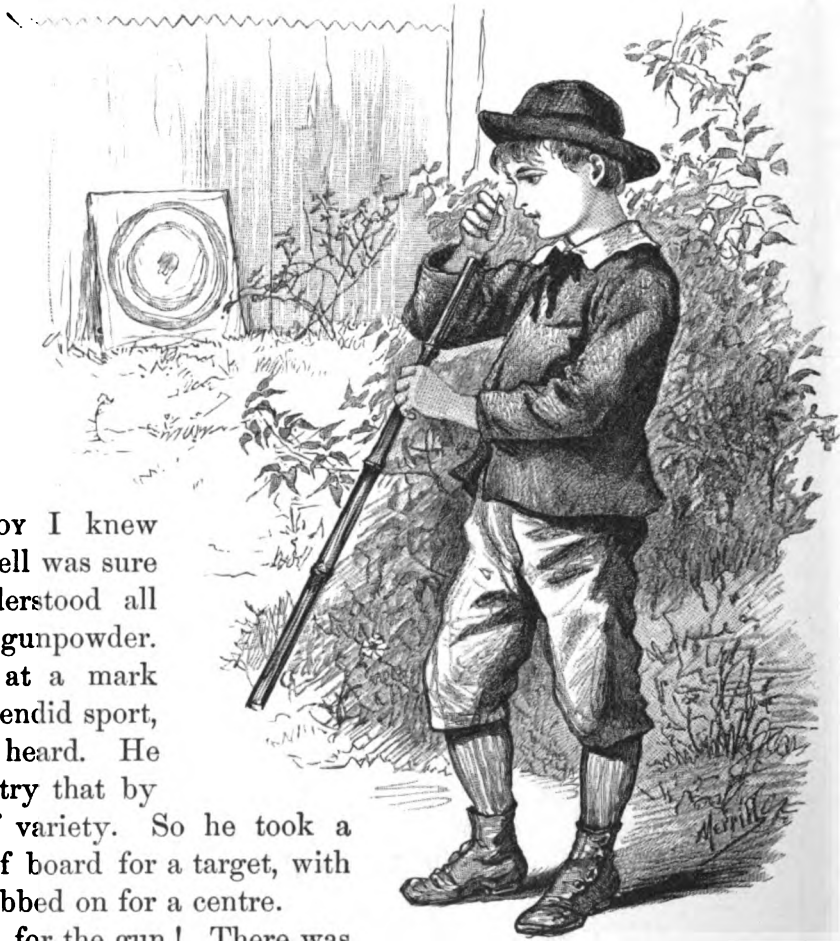
MRS. SARAH E. EASTMAN.

A TASTE OF TARGET-SHOOTING.

A BOY I knew very well was sure he understood all about gunpowder. Firing at a mark was splendid sport, he had heard. He would try that by way of variety. So he took a piece of board for a target, with mud rubbed on for a centre.

Now, for the gun! There was a piece of bamboo, part of an old fishing-pole, in the shed. This was George's bright idea, — pour powder into this hollow bit of wood, drop a match upon the powder, then aim and fire.

Where would he get the powder? His older brother had some in a flask up-stairs. He would "borrow" a little. Taking a handful, he poured it into what he called the barrel of the gun. There was the target, ten feet away, on the fence! That sharp-shooter



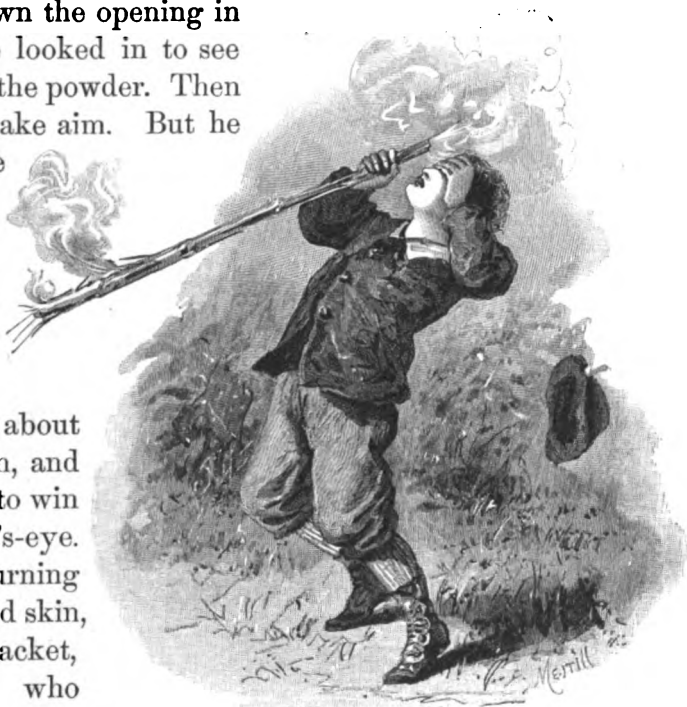
can see this minute just how it looked. A card of matches from the kitchen made everything ready for the grand target-shooting.

Now this wise boy, who knew just what powder could do, said to himself, "I shall have time to get my gun to my shoulder before the powder burns, and then won't I hit the mark!"

Lighting three matches, so as to be sure there was fire enough, he dropped them down the opening in the bamboo. He looked in to see that they reached the powder. Then he was going to take aim. But he never took it. The powder was too quick for him; and he saw only a blinding flash, and felt a great heat in his face.

He forgot all about the target, the gun, and the glory he was to win by hitting the bull's-eye. Up-stairs, with burning eyebrows, scorched skin, and smoking jacket, rushed the boy who knew so much about

powder. During the weeks while his flesh was healing and his eyes were recovering their strength George learned that, though he was wonderfully "knowing," there were a few things he did not fully understand. He has never seen a bamboo rod since, without thinking of the day when he missed the mark.



REV. G. T. PACKARD.



ROWDY BOY.

Is not "Rowdy Boy" a strange name for a pigeon? He is a speckled bird, a funny little tumbler, and a great pet.

One day Rowdy Boy sat on the roof of his house with his mate, another little tumbler. They were cooing and pluming themselves as pigeons do, when a dark shadow fell over them. Before Rowdy Boy knew what it was, he saw a great bird fly away with his mate in its claws. It was a hawk, and Rowdy Boy nearly died of fright.



He flew away, too, as fast as he could, and never stopped until he was out of sight of home.

Rowdy Boy alighted on a sharp roof, and looked around him. It was not a pigeon-house, and there were no pigeons anywhere

to be seen. The place looked strange and new to the poor little fellow. He

was very hungry, too, for he had had nothing to eat since early morning.

By and by a little girl came out of the house with a pan in her hand. She called the chickens, and they flocked around her. Some of the crumbs she threw to them fell outside, where the chickens did not see them. Rowdy Boy was half starved, and he flew down to pick them up.

"Look, mother!" called the little girl; "what a pretty pigeon! I wish I could catch it." She threw a great many crumbs down close to her feet, and drove away the greedy chickens. Rowdy Boy came closer and closer, and, as he had been very tame at home, pecked a little out of her hand. Then the hand closed over him, and Rowdy Boy was taken prisoner.

His new mistress was very kind to him, and in a day or two she set him free again. He would now eat out of her hand, or from the window-sill, and walked about as he chose.

One day his master, who thought a hawk had caught his little pet, rode by the gate and saw him. He called the little girl and asked her where she found the pigeon, and how long ago. She told



him all about it, and said she would send her new pet back home, but was very sorry to part with him.

The gentleman told her he would give her a pair of young pigeons to raise for herself, and thanked her for taking care of Rowdy Boy. So now the little tumbler is at home again, and has a new mate.

PINK HUNTER.

Little Boy Blue.

Words by GEORGE BENNET.*

Music by T. CRAMPTON.



Piano.

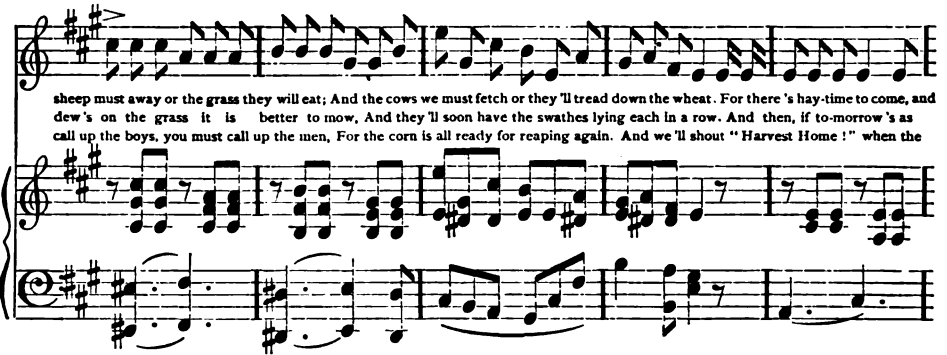


Voice.

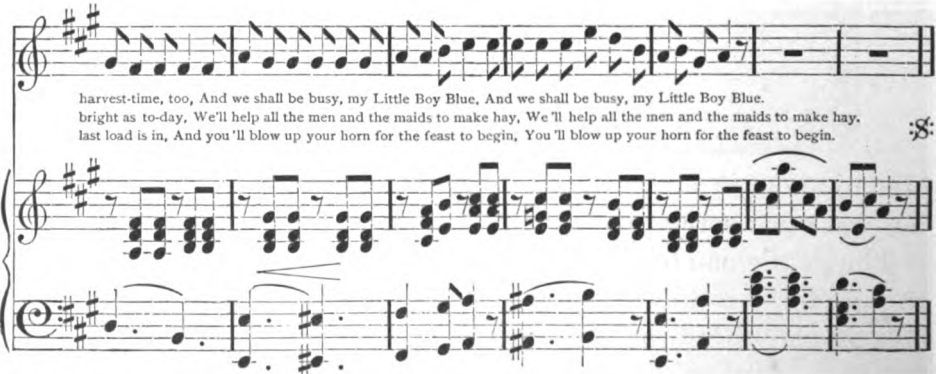


1. Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There are sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn ; But the
2. Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, We must rouse up the laborers early this morn , When the
3. Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, For the fields are all yellow and ripe is the corn ; You must

Piano.



sheep must away or the grass they will eat; And the cows we must fetch or they'll tread down the wheat. For there's hay-time to come, and dew's on the grass it is better to mow, And they'll soon have the swathes lying each in a row. And then, if to-morrow's as call up the boys, you must call up the men, For the corn is all ready for reaping again. And we'll shout "Harvest Home!" when the



harvest-time, too, And we shall be busy, my Little Boy Blue, And we shall be busy, my Little Boy Blue. bright as to-day, We'll help all the men and the maids to make hay, We'll help all the men and the maids to make hay. last load is in, And you'll blow up your horn for the feast to begin, You'll blow up your horn for the feast to begin.

* Words and music specially written for OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY.





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 9.

LONDON TOWN.

WHICH is the way to London Town?

“Over the hills, across the down;
Over the ridges,
Over the bridges,
Over the hills, across the down, —
That is the way to London Town.”

And what shall I see in London Town?

“O, many a building, old and brown,
Many a neat
Old-fashioned street,
And many a building, old and brown,
You’ll be sure to see in London Town.”

What else shall I see in London Town?

“Many a maiden in silken gown;
Pretty pink faces
Tied up in laces, —
Many a maiden in silken gown,
You’ll certainly see in London Town.”

Then onward I hurried to London Town;
Over the hills, across the down,
 Over the ridges,
 Over the bridges,
Over the hills, across the down,
Until I found me in London Town.

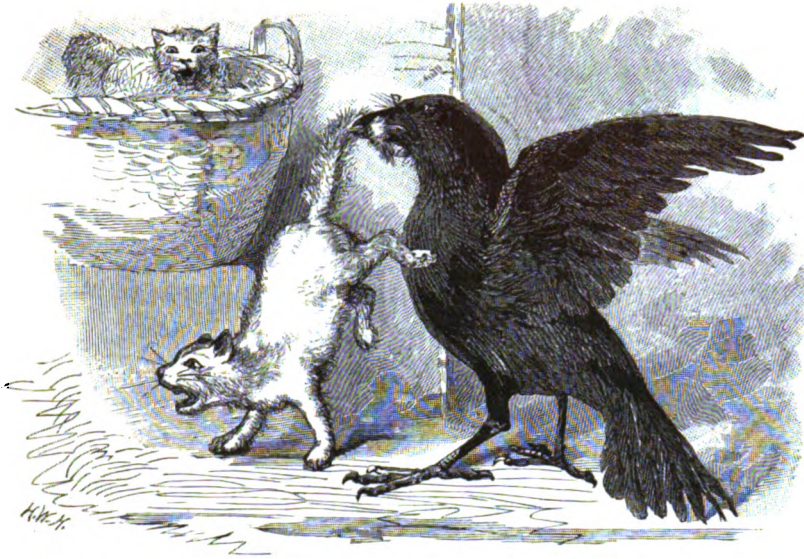
ALBERT H. HARDY.



LOOK AT BOTH SIDES.

Two horsemen met near the statue of a knight with a shield. One side of the shield was of gold, the other of silver. One said the shield was gold; the other that it was silver. They got angry about it and fought till both were badly hurt. An old priest came along and told them they should have looked on both sides of the shield. We should always look on both sides of the question.

A.



THE TAME CROW.

AMOS LONG lives on the farm next to ours. One day in spring he caught a young crow in the field. He took him home and tamed him. He taught him some funny tricks.

When the crow was full grown the cat had some kittens. Mink, as the bird was called, would take the tail of one of the kitties in his bill and drag her around the room. Neither the kitty nor its mother liked this, and they cried with all their might.

Mink used to steal thimbles, spools of thread, gloves, and other things, and hide them in out-of-the-way places. If he saw a handkerchief sticking out of any one's pocket, he would snap at it and drag it out. One time Mr. Long felt a tapping at his back, and found that Mink was filling his coat-pocket with red berries.

When the men are milking Mink will hop along and peck the cows' noses. Mink will not let any one take him up, or pet him; but if any person holds out a stick, no matter how short it is, he will perch upon it. On this stick he will let himself be carried about the house.

CORA BONKER.

THE ROBIN AND THE BOY.

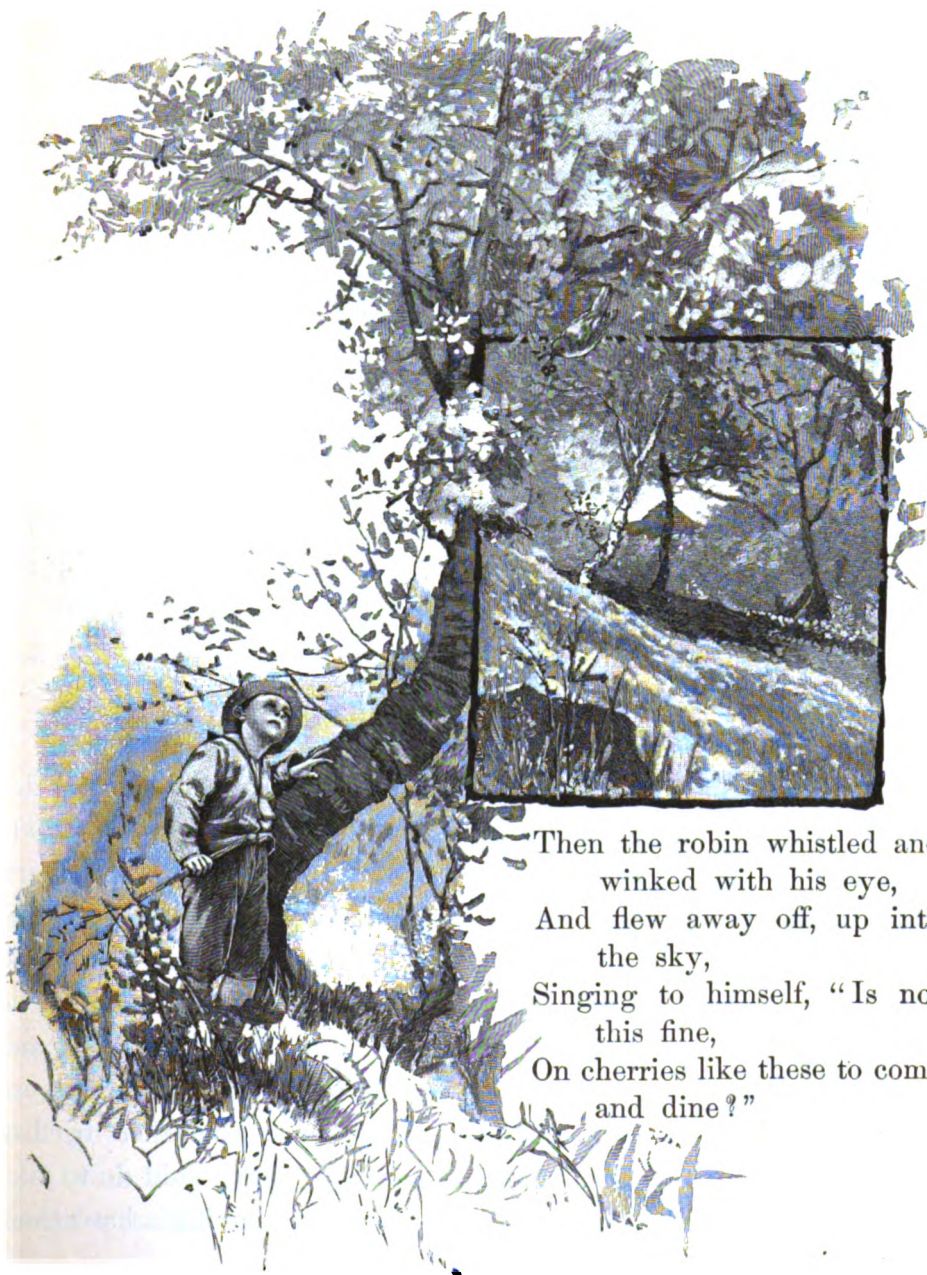
A ROBIN sat in a cherry-tree
As happy as any bird could be;
Cherries all round, both ripe and red.
With a wink of his eye and a toss of his head,
Thus to himself he gayly said, —

“Ha, ha, — ha, ha, — is not this fine,
Day after day to come and dine
On cherries as red and ripe and round
As can in all the world be found?
Ha, ha, — ha, ha, — is not this fine,
Day after day to come and dine?”

Then, turning his head and cocking his eye,
He looked to the ground, and there did spy
A little boy with bright blue eye,
Wishing for wings that he might fly
Into the tree and ever so high,
By the side of the robin, into the sky.

Then, winking his eye and turning his head,
The robin thus to the little boy said:
“Open your mouth and I’ll drop you a cherry
That will make you happy, joyful, and merry.
For of cherries so rosy and ever so fair
Each can have plenty, and plenty to spare.”

Then the little boy laughed and turned up his head,
And down came cherries all rosy and red.
And the little boy ate, and ate his fill;
But the cherries the robin sent down still,
Till the little boy cried, “Don’t send any more,
I have fully enough to fill a big store.”



Then the robin whistled and
winked with his eye,
And flew away off, up into
the sky,
Singing to himself, "Is not
this fine,
On cherries like these to come
and dine?"

And the little boy said, "Is not this fine,
On cherries like these daily to dine?"

J. I. J.



A RIDE ON A CALF.

THE calf on which Billy Jones rode had no legs, yet Billy had a fine ride. I never knew but one such ride, and I do not think Billy cares to take another of the same kind.

Do our little ones know that a female whale is called a cow? Of course the baby whale is a calf.

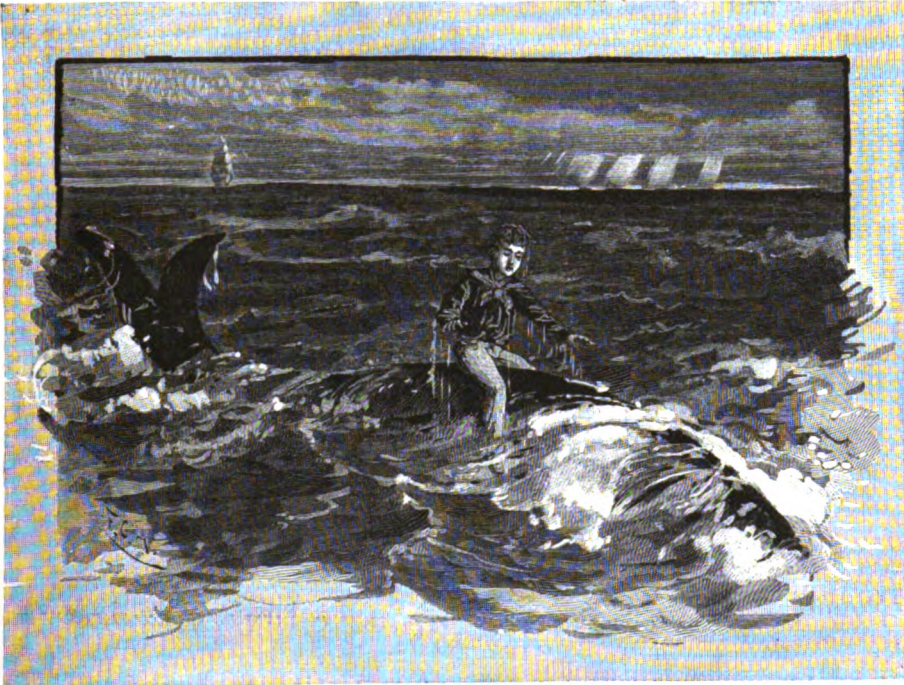
I am going to tell you a true story.

A whale-ship was on the coast of South America, catching whales to get oil from them. The men were trying to catch a cow-whale that had her calf with her. They knew that they might get hurt, for these cows love their calves, as other mothers do their young. The men had thrown a sharp iron into her, and that made her afraid that they might hurt her baby. The men were in a boat. The whale swam as fast as she could, and hit the side of the boat, and all the men were thrown into the water.

Billy was the only one who could not swim. The others tried to pick him up, but they had about as much as they could do to take care of themselves. Poor Billy, left alone, was having a hard time, trying to keep his head above the water.

Billy was almost ready to sink. He was afraid he should never see his home and his mother again. Just then he felt something at

his feet. He did not know what it could be, but soon he was carried out of the water, seated on the back of the calf. The baby whale had come up in just the right place. She was kinder to Billy than the men had been to her mother. She gave him a free ride, this way and that, around and around, as if it was only fun for both.



Billy had lost his cap, and his clothes were very wet, or he might have been almost willing to take a calf-ride to his home in Nantucket. The men took him off as soon as they could, and let the calf go to her mother.

I think they killed the mother after that. They carried the oil home with Billy.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.



PLAYING HORSE.

Out in the fields to have some fun
With the soft green grass, the breezes and sun,
And the sweet new flowers, and birdies gay,
On this frolicsome, sunny, glad spring day.
Sister Nell is willing, you see,
A steady, gentle "old horse" to be.
She has carried her driver far and fast,
And now she is ready for rest at last.

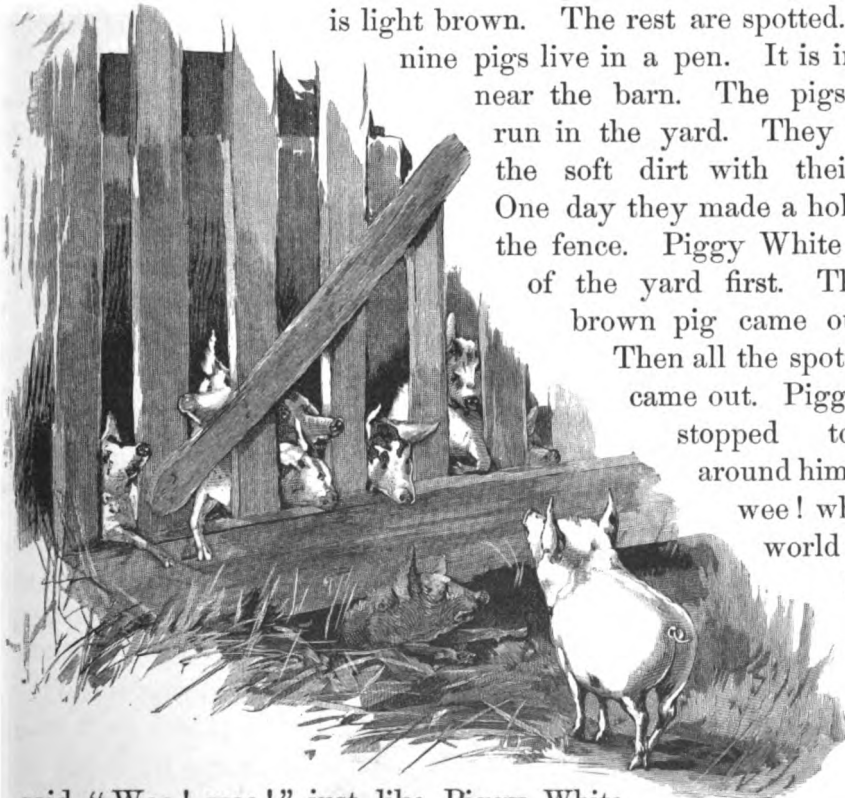
Give her some grass, and take good care
Of your pretty horse with the golden hair;
Then off she'll go for another run
With her little driver, till play is done.
O, the breezes, how soft they blow!
Through the tree-tops singing they go:
And, chasing Maudie adown the hill,
Play with her glowing hair at will.

Hither and thither the birdies fly,
 Glad in the freedom of earth and sky ;
 And blossoms open their eyes to see
 How joyous and fair the day can be.
 But there are no things so glad and gay
 As our little ones at their merry play,
 When sister Nell a pony will be,
 And "make good times" for her darlings three.

M. D. BRINE.

NINE LITTLE PIGS.

WE have nine little pigs. One is all white. One is light brown. The rest are spotted. These nine pigs live in a pen. It is in a yard near the barn. The pigs like to run in the yard. They turn up the soft dirt with their noses. One day they made a hole under the fence. Piggy White got out of the yard first. The little brown pig came out next. Then all the spotted ones came out. Piggy White stopped to look around him. "Wee! wee! what a big world this is!" he said. Then all the other little pigs



said "Wee! wee!" just like Piggy White.

Piggy White was larger than any of the others; so of course he

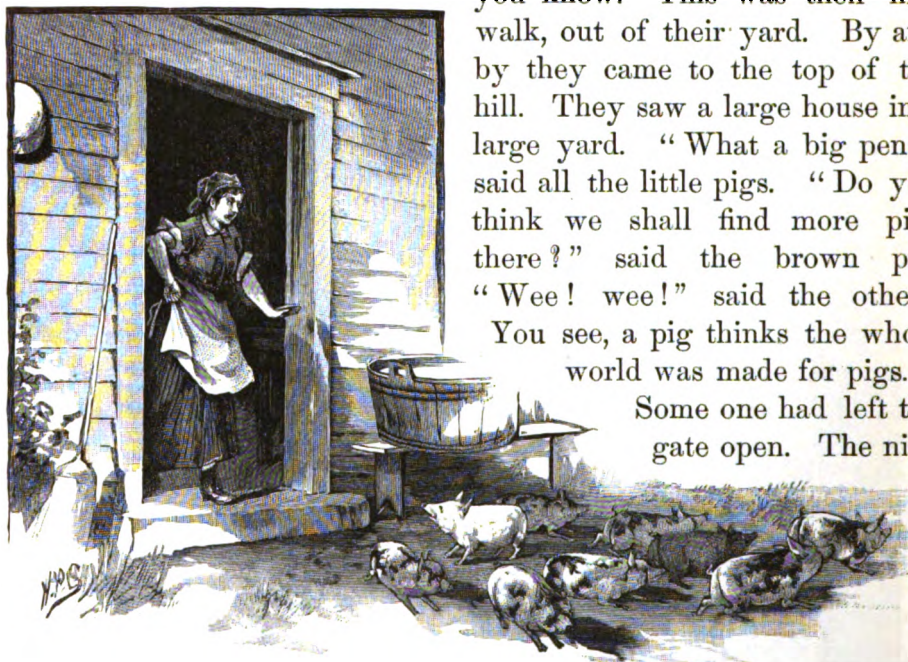
knew all about it. "Where shall we go?" said the little brown pig. "Let us go up the hill," said a spotted one. The other little pigs said "Wee! wee!" again. That is the way they said yes.

So they started up the hill. It was a very small hill; but the pigs said, "What a large hill this is!" They were only baby pigs,

you know. This was their first walk, out of their yard. By and by they came to the top of the hill. They saw a large house in a large yard. "What a big pen!" said all the little pigs. "Do you think we shall find more pigs there?" said the brown pig. "Wee! wee!" said the others.

You see, a pig thinks the whole world was made for pigs.

Some one had left the gate open. The nine



pigs went into the yard, one after another. No one was in sight, so they went on. They were still looking for pigs.

Before they got to the door, the cook came out. The pigs gave her one look. "That is no pig," said Piggy White.

Then they all ran back to their pen. But they knew more than when they left it. They had seen the world, and they had found that there are more than pigs in it.

S. E. SPRAGUE.



THE PET FOX.

HARDIE had a funny present once. It was a little fox. The man who gave it to him found it when it was a small cub. He tried to tame it as it grew older, but he could not make it very tame.

The man belonged to the army, and soon he had to go away. Then he gave his fox to Hardie, who was glad to have it for a pet. He wanted to keep it in the house. But his mamma said Foxy was not a nice pet to keep in the house. So Hardie made him a kennel out doors. Foxy had a collar on, with a strong chain.

His young master fastened him by this chain; and then he gave him chicken bones, and other good things, to eat.

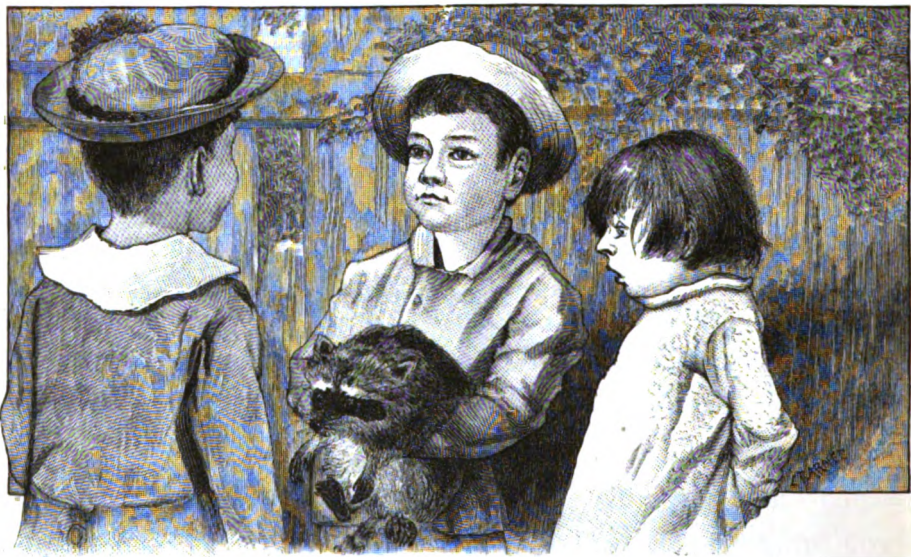
Foxy seemed quite happy for a time; but one day the dogs found him, and they teased him so that poor Foxy worked out of his collar and ran and hid in the house. Hardie was sorry for his pet, but he knew he must not stay in the house.

So he made the collar and chain fast once more, and put the fox back in his kennel. Then he fenced it up so that the dogs could not get in, and said, "There, poor fellow! You need not be afraid!"

But when Foxy heard the dogs bark he was afraid. He was sure they would get at him, and he worked so hard at his collar that he got it off again. Then he ran away to the woods. Hardie was very sorry to lose his fox; he asked all the boys if they had seen it.



Down the road there lived a blacksmith who had two pet raccoons. They were tame, — very tame. They had a place to live in which they had fixed as they liked it. They used to run across the road from their home to a spring, to drink. A boy who did not know about the blacksmith's raccoons saw one of them as it ran to get



a drink. He chased it and caught it. Then he came up to find Hardie.

"Hardie, I've found your fox!" cried the boy. Hardie ran in haste to look; but when he saw what the boy had brought he said, "O dear! That is no fox at all. It is one of Mr. Gunn's raccoons."

The boy took the raccoon back, and Hardie never found his fox.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.





ON STILTS.

I'm as tall as Goliath,
Whom young David slew;
And my spear is as heavy,
And dangerous too.

I'm ready for battle,
So bring on your boys;
Let all the drums rattle.
Hurrah for a noise!

MARIAN.

TINTO, THE FERRY-HOUSE PARROT.

TINTO was a beauty, dressed in green and crimson, with here and there a dash of gold. He could talk very well, and was fond of doing so. He lived at a ferry-house, on a river in Alabama.

Tinto's master kept a refreshment room. His cage used to hang



at the door, where the people passed in going to and from the boats. This parrot was in the advertising business. He was quick in picking up words and short sentences.

"Hot coffee, sir?" "Have a bite?" "Here's the place!" "Come in, all!" He kept using these phrases, and brought in many customers to his master.

Tinto not only said what he was taught, but he would imitate many sounds he heard. He could whistle to the dogs he saw, and they would run all about to find their

masters. He tried to crow like the old rooster in his master's yard; but this was almost the only thing he could not do.

Tinto was a very noisy bird. He used to scream very loud, and chatter, as though he were laughing. He seemed to take an interest in everything that was going on near the ferry.

One day he played a sad trick upon a poor horse. Dobbin was a

good horse, and always obeyed his driver. He used to draw loads, brought across the river in the boats, up to the town. When Dobbin's master went to dinner, he used to leave his team by the ferry-house.

The wagon was backed down the gangway, ready to take in a load. Tinto saw the horse every day, and heard what was said to Dobbin. I don't know whether the parrot meant to be naughty or



not, but he cried out, as loud as he could, "Back up, Dobbin! Back up, Dobbin! Back up, sir!"

Dobbin had backed down the gangway hundreds of times before when he heard the order. He did so this time. Tinto kept saying the same words, and Dobbin kept backing. He backed the wagon off the gangway, and then went over into the river himself.

A boy saw all this, and called Dobbin's master. After some hard work, the poor horse and the wagon were taken out of the water. Tinto was kept in the attic a month for this trick. Perhaps he wished he had done nothing but the advertising business.

RUTH ARGYLE.



SCAMP'S RIDE WITH BUTTERCUP.

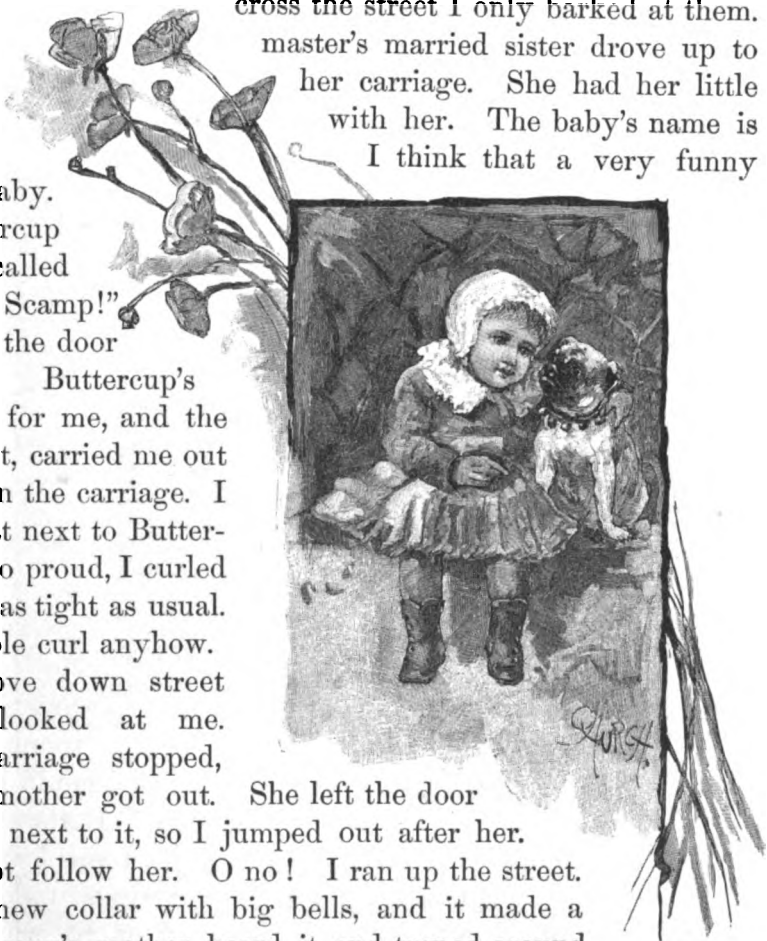
I WAS sitting at the window one day. My master had gone out. He told me to be a good pug-dog while he was gone, so I was trying to mind him. I was good at first, for when I saw two cats cross the street I only barked at them.

At last my master's married sister drove up to our door in her carriage. She had her little girl-baby with her. The baby's name is Buttercup. I think that a very funny name for a baby.

When Buttercup saw me she called out, "Scamp! Scamp!" I ran out to the door to see her. Buttercup's mother sent for me, and the waiter, Wyatt, carried me out and put me in the carriage. I sat on the seat next to Buttercup. I was so proud, I curled my tail twice as tight as usual. It has a double curl anyhow.

As we drove down street everybody looked at me. When the carriage stopped, Buttercup's mother got out. She left the door open. I was next to it, so I jumped out after her. But I did not follow her. O no! I ran up the street. I had on a new collar with big bells, and it made a noise. Buttercup's mother heard it and turned around. She saw me running away, so she ran after me.

I ran as fast as I could; so did she, — up one street, down another. At last I came to a butcher's shop. I saw some meat



inside and ran in. A nasty big dog was sitting at the back of the shop. He scared me, and I ran behind the counter.

The big dog started to follow me. He would have eaten me up, I know. Just then Buttercup's mother came in. She

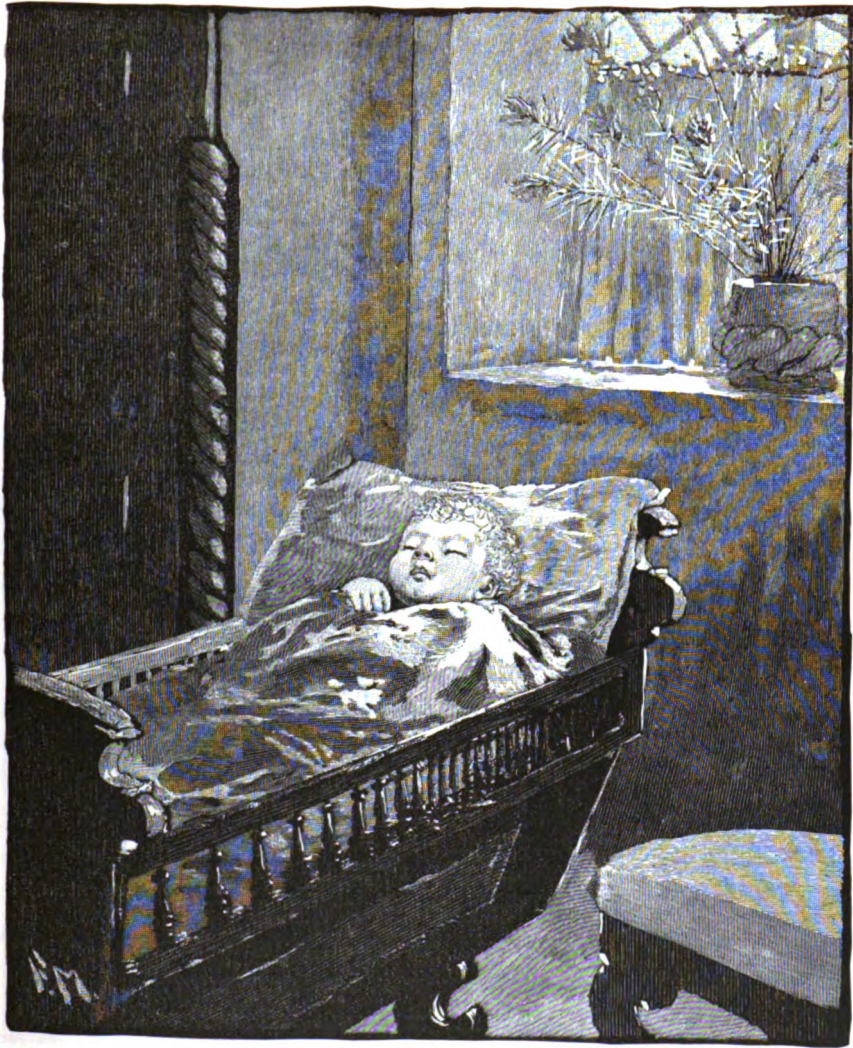


called to the butcher to stop his dog. The butcher caught him just in time to save me. Then Buttercup's mother took me from under the counter, where I lay trembling. She carried me in her arms to the

carriage. Buttercup was crying, for she thought I was lost.

When we got home my master talked to me. He spoke so kindly that it made me ashamed of my wicked deeds; so I have come into this dark room to think over my bad ways and to try and be good.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



THE MOONBEAM.

GLIDING through the window
 With a noiseless tread,
 Looking down on baby
 In her cradle-bed, —
 Light as any fairy,

Bright as glow-worm's gleam.
 What brings she to baby,
 Angel's smile, or dream?
 Ah! the moonbeam soft and bright
 Comes to kiss baby good-night.

M. J. T.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last



week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself, "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think 'tis too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She



did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

O, how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that she could not find the dust-pan.

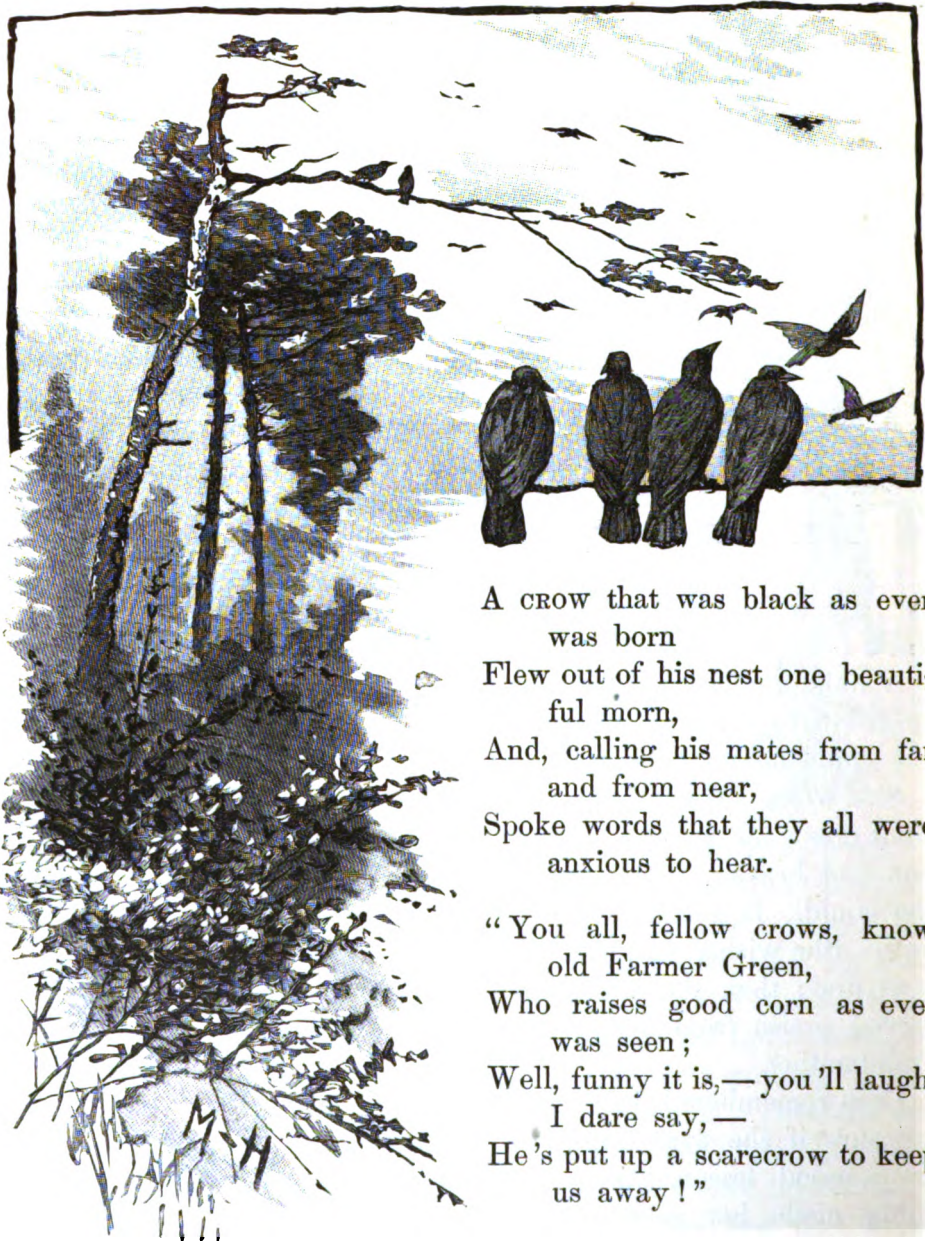
She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-pan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure if she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrongdoing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.



M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE CARELESS CROW.



A CROW that was black as ever
was born
Flew out of his nest one beautiful morn,
And, calling his mates from far
and from near,
Spoke words that they all were
anxious to hear.

“You all, fellow crows, know
old Farmer Green,
Who raises good corn as ever
was seen;
Well, funny it is,—you’ll laugh,
I dare say,—
He’s put up a scarecrow to keep
us away!”

“Caw! caw!” laughed the crows, “a sorry old wight,
To think an old coat will give us a fright!
Caw! caw!” and, “caw! caw!—now let us all go
To where Farmer Green has put his scarecrow.”

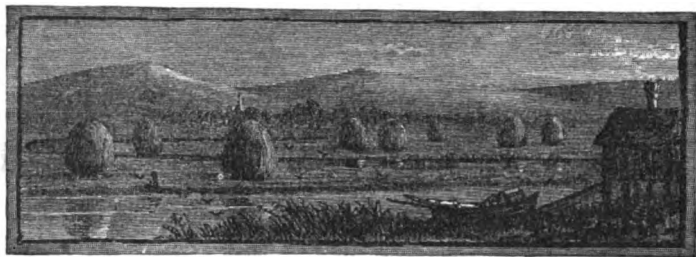
Then quickly they flew, and, led by the one
Who'd called them together to tell of the fun,
They soon reached the field where stood, all forlorn,
A horrid old image among the green corn.

The crow in advance, to show he'd no fear,
Went near to the scarecrow, — alas! too near!
For "crack!" went a gun, and, shot through the head,
The crow that was careless tumbled down — dead.

"Caw! caw!" shriek the crows, now laughing no more,
"Caw! caw!" they all cry as upward they soar.
And never again was one of them seen
To go near the scarecrow of old Farmer Green.

ARTHUR STACY.





JACK'S BEAN-STALK.

JACK grew tired of waiting for spring to come; for the grass to begin creeping along the fields; for the crocus to lift her pretty skirts out of the mud. He wanted to plant some beans, and he meant to do it, spring or no spring. He found a big flower-pot and had it filled with rich earth from the hot-house, and put his beans in.

He almost expected to see them up and in blossom next morning. But they were not such early risers as he was. It seemed to him that they never would sprout. He watered them and kept them in the sun, and now and then pulled one up, to see what it was about. But, so far as he could tell, they had n't stirred in their sleep, nor begun to stretch themselves. One day, however, to his surprise, he found every bean of them lying on the top, and looking a little ragged, as if their brown coats had grown too small for them.

"Somebody has been pulling all my beans up," scolded Jack, — "some meddlesome person! I do wish one's planting could be let alone!" and he carefully tucked them all under the earth again, and piled it over the poor hard-working beans.

After that he forgot them for a while, there was such good skating on the pond. But one day, when there came a thaw, he went to look at his "planting," and the funniest thing had happened. Wherever he had planted a bean there was a tiny pale

green stem, bearing on its top something that looked very much like the old bean itself, with the husk tossed aside like a garment outgrown, or just ready to drop off. The bean had sent down a little



let was her
her way in-
seed-leaves.
swelled into a pair
funny," said he;
I pushed them all
seems as if I did n't

root into the earth for food
and drink, and the little stem-
bean-stalk, upon which she found
to the air and light and stretched her
Jack watched them as their buds
of leaves, day by day. "It's very
"they were coming up before, when
down again. Planting is queer;
know beans!"

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WOOLLY, WOOLLY BLACK SHEEP.



"WOOLLY, woolly Black Sheep!
where have you been?"

"Up hill and down hill, over
field and fen."

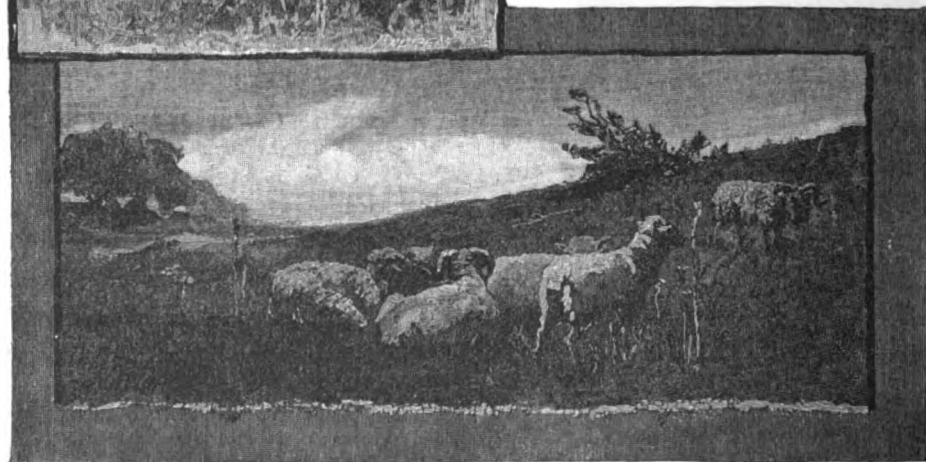
"Woolly, woolly Black Sheep!
what did you see?"

"Sunlight and starlight shining
down on me."

"Woolly, woolly Black Sheep!
where is your home?"

"Woodland or tilled land, —
wheresoever I roam."

JENNY JOY.





SNIP'S FOURTH OF JULY.

SNIP was a large gray cat. He lived in a beautiful house at Woodside. He never scratched or bit any of the little children who visited at grandpa's. They all loved him dearly. Snip did not

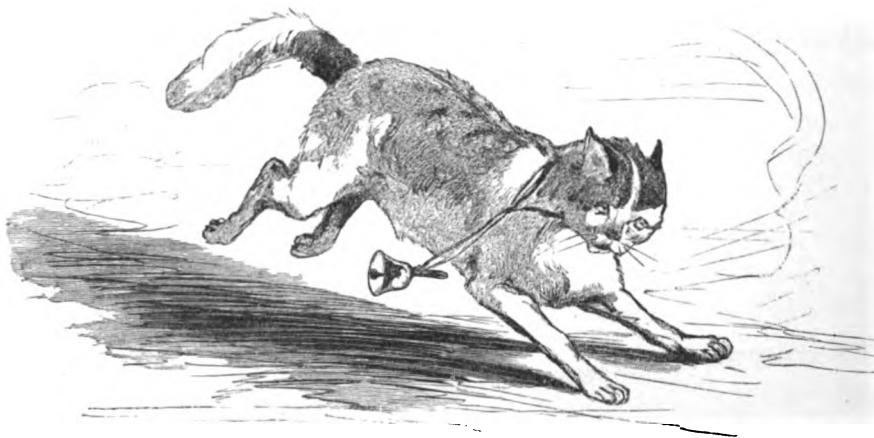


like a noise. We wondered how he would live through the Fourth of July.

The afternoon before the Fourth small Lizzie thought the fun ought to begin. She found a small bell on the mantel, and she

went about the house ringing it, calling everybody to keep the holiday.

Snip had curled himself up under grandma's dress, to be out of the way. Lizzie found a string, and tied the bell around Snip's neck. He was too sleepy to mind it at first. In a little while he gave a long stretch, and the bell went ting-a-ling-a-ling. It was so close to his ears that he made a big jump and ran around the room in a great fright. He looked very funny pawing at the string,



making the bell ring louder than ever. He was trying to get away from it.

At last he sprang out of the window, and ran around the lawn. Lizzie clapped her hands, and thought it great fun. Poor Snip grew more and more frightened. Grandpa tried to coax him back, but it was of no use.

By and by a neighbor's dog barked at Snip and he ran up into a cherry-tree. There he stayed, and night came on. No kind words could call him down. We all felt sorry for poor Snip. Lizzie promised to be very good, and not tease him any more.

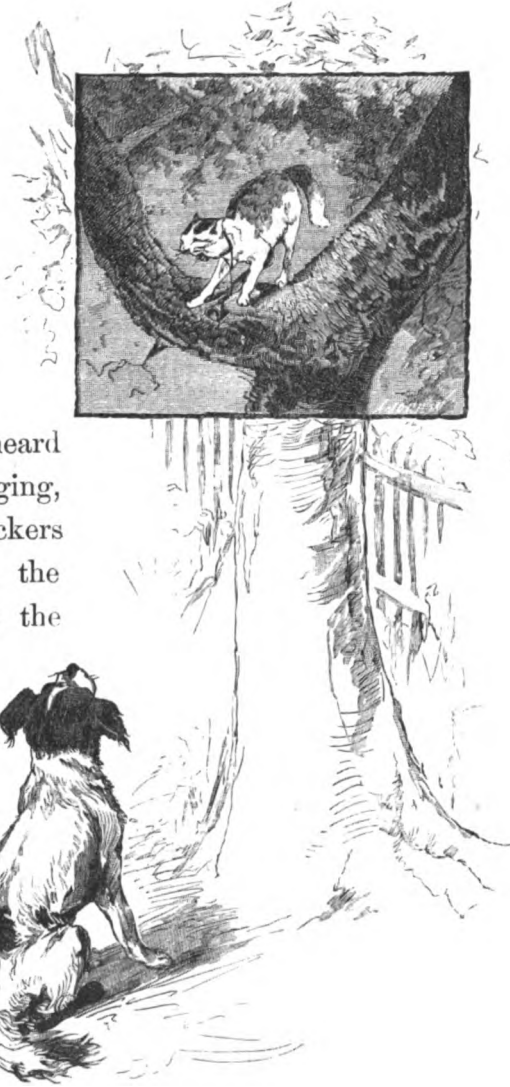
After it was dark grandpa went to the tree and called "Snip, Snip," very gently. When he heard the kind voice he came down

a little way. Though the bell still went ting-a-ling-a-ling, he allowed grandpa to take it off. Then he was freed from his tormentor. Grandpa carried him into the house. He was too frightened to eat, and refused to leave grandpa's lap.

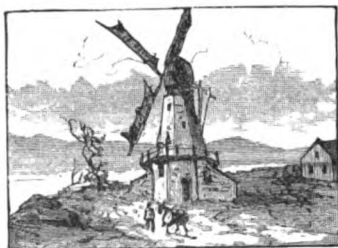
The next morning Snip heard the guns firing, the bells ringing, and the torpedoes and fire-crackers snapping. He ran up into the garret and hid himself in the rag-bag until the day was over.

And that was the way poor Snip kept the Fourth of July.

ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.



Mill-Song.



Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto.

Piano. *p*

Voice. *S: mf*

1. Merrily the mill-sail Turneth round and round, With a breezy motion And a busy sound.
2. At the open lattice, In the homestead near, Sits the miller's good-wife, Full of blithesome cheer.

Piano.

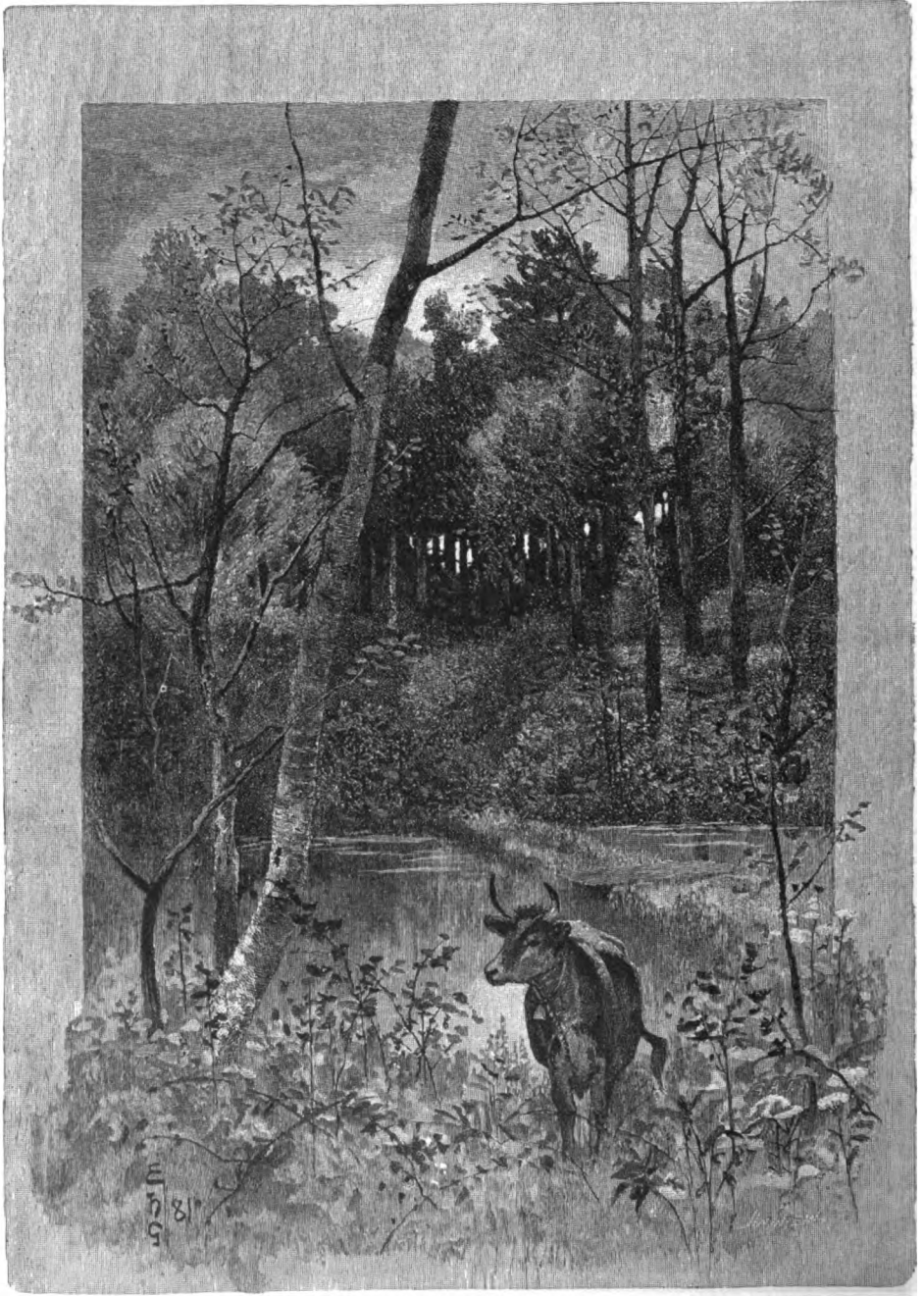
ritard. tempo.

Merrily the miller Standeth at the door, And hums a pleasant ditty From his ancient store. Oh! merrily, oh!
Round about the gateway Sport a sturdy throng Of little rosy urchins, Laughing loud and long. And merrily, right

S:

merrily, throughout the summer's day Hums that burly miller while the mill-sails play.
merrily, at close of summer's day, Laugh the rosy children while the mill-sails play.

S:



COMING HOME.



COMING HOME.

TINKLE, tinkle! A bell I hear,
Ringing softly and drawing near;
'Tis the gentle cow returning home
From the pasture-lands where she likes to roam.

There she feeds on the grasses fresh and sweet,
And drinks from the pond where the streamlets meet,
And strolls at noon under shady trees,
Catching a cooler breath in the breeze.

Tinkle, tinkle! her bell rings out,
While all day long she wanders about;
But when the sun is low in the west
She is glad to come back to the barn and rest.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE BEES' POCKETS.



BEES are very curious little creatures, and the most useful of all the insects that fly. They are only about an inch long, and what wonderful work they do, making so much honey and wax for us all summer long! They know, too, about every flower in our gardens, and all the signs of the weather; and then they are so kind to

their children. When they make their honey, I wonder if you know how they get their materials. Let me tell you.

Bees have slender pointed hairs upon their heads. The yellow hairs upon their legs, which we can see with the naked eye, turn out to be hard, horny sort of combs which they use in the gathering and storing of the pollen of flowers.

Besides this, the bees have two little baskets upon their thighs which are the very perfection of side pockets, just such as we should want for a similar purpose.

But what do you think they do with these pockets? They first tuck their little heads into the heart of the rose or lily, or other sweet flower, for honey.

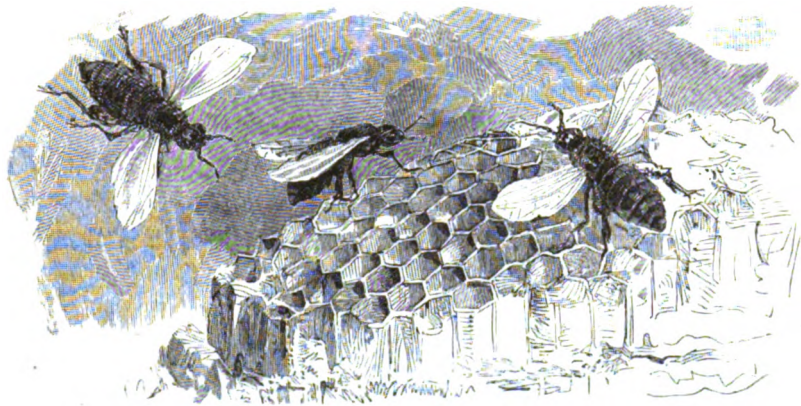
In doing so they cover them all over with the yellow dust, which is the pollen. Then they take their fore feet and brush it very carefully from the hair, and pass it on to the middle feet, and on again to the hind feet, when it is safely packed in these little



pockets on the thighs. As soon as they are loaded down they fly away home and put it in some secret place.

Some of the pollen is given to their babies, and some of it is worked up into wax. This, you know, is used to make the cells. Some of it, called propolis, they use to punish intruders, giving them a sort of "tar and feathering."

The bees are so industrious, that in five days, by the use of these pockets, they can half fill the hive with honeycomb.



And then the wax is used for a great many other purposes. When you look at your beautiful dolls, don't forget that they are really made by the bees.

Much more might be told you about these industrious little creatures. But you can find out a great deal for yourselves, my dear young friends, if in the summer you hunt up a hive and watch the doings of the bees carefully.

AUNT GEORGY.



ON THE BEACH.

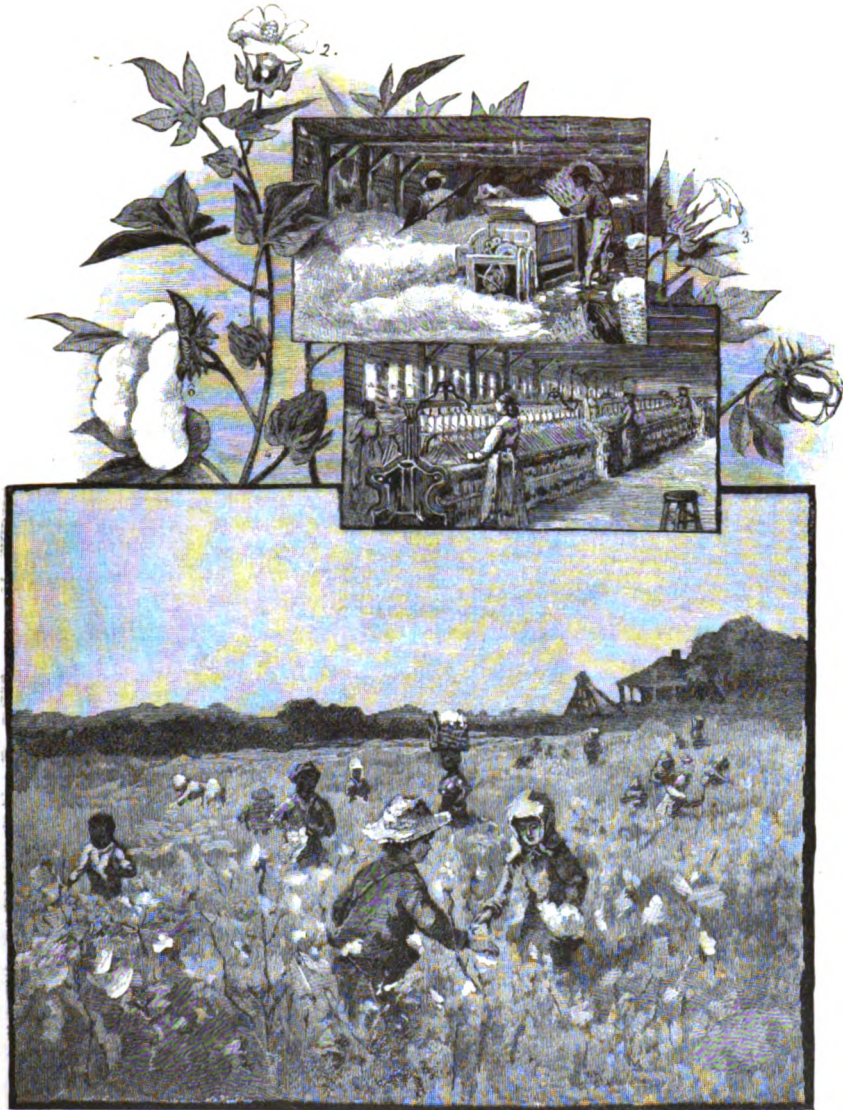
GATHERING up the pebbles,
Delving in the sand,
Building mimic castles,
Wading hand in hand
With one's little neighbors,
Happy smiles for each, —
Ah! 'tis surely pleasant,
Playing on the beach.



Dimpled feet swift treading
The huge billow's track,
Rosy fingers flinging
Merry kisses back,

Little people striving
First the shore to reach, —
Ah! 'tis very pleasant,
Playing on the beach.

MOTHER CAREY.



THE LITTLE COTTON-PICKERS.

MOTHER had been very sick, and could not work. There was hardly anything in the house to eat.

"Minnie, you and I can pick cotton," said Charlie. "John Travers told me he had earned five dollars this season. We must try to help mamma."

Minnie was very glad to do something. Their mother was willing they should try to earn some money. They took their school-bags and went off in search of a good field.

This was in one of the States where they raise cotton. The seeds are planted in the spring. The plant grows all summer and becomes a bush. It buds and blossoms like other plants. When the bud opens, like a rosebud, the flower is a bunch of cotton. An apple grows from a blossom on the tree. In the apple are the seeds. If these seeds are planted in the ground, little plants will come up, and after many years grow into apple-trees. The cotton seeds are in the bunch of cotton.

Charlie and Minnie found a large field, in which a great many men and women, boys and girls, both black and white, were picking off the cotton. The plants do not all blossom at the same time, and each field has to be picked over several times. The first picking is the best, for there is more cotton then. The two children went to work. When their bags were full they took them to a man who weighed the cotton they had picked. He put the weight on tickets, which he tied to their bags. They worked hard till night, and then their tickets showed that they had picked fifty pounds. The man paid them twenty-five cents for their work.

At night all the cotton that had been picked was put in great baskets, from two and a half to four feet high. The negro men and women carry these baskets on their heads to a great shed, where it is stored, ready for "ginning." The cotton is full of large seeds. "Ginning" is getting the seeds out of the cotton. They do it with a machine called a cotton-gin. After the seeds are taken out the cotton is sold. In the great mills of England and America it is made into cotton cloth, calico, thread, and other goods we wear or use every day.

This is a true story, and perhaps some of the cotton Charlie and Minnie picked may be in the dress worn by our little reader in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, London, or Paris.

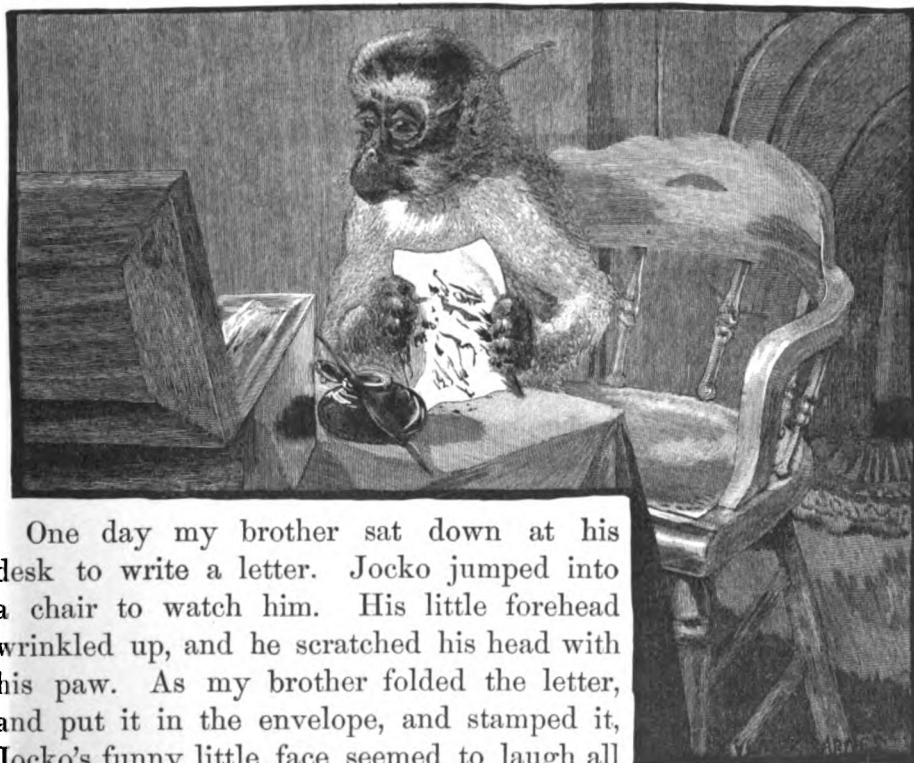
Mamma was very glad to get the money the little ones earned. She bought food with it. The next day and every day during the season, Charlie and Minnie picked cotton. After a few days' work

they learned to pick quite fast. When Christmas came they had earned money enough to buy some clothes, and a turkey for dinner. Their mother was quite well then, and was able to take care of them.

RUTH ARGYLE

JOCKO'S LETTER.

My brother once owned a funny little monkey. His name was Jocko. Like all monkeys, he was a great mimic.



One day my brother sat down at his desk to write a letter. Jocko jumped into a chair to watch him. His little forehead wrinkled up, and he scratched his head with his paw. As my brother folded the letter, and put it in the envelope, and stamped it, Jocko's funny little face seemed to laugh all over. "I can do that as well as you," was what he would have said if he could. It was near post-time, and my brother hurried off with his letter, but forgot to shut his desk.

When he came back, there was the little monkey seated at the

desk. A sheet of letter-paper was spread out before him, covered with the most comical scribbles you ever saw.

He found he could n't hold the pen; so he had squeezed his little fingers into the inkstand, and you can see what funny writing it was.

He was just folding up the letter with his inky paws when my brother came in.

"O Jocko! you young rascal!" he said. But Jocko jumped down and was under the table-cover in a twinkling. My brother burst out laughing when he saw Jocko's letter.

That was a signal to the little culprit that his master was n't very angry with him. So, holding up one corner of the table-cover with his paw, he ventured to peep out.

"Come here, old Jock, and tell me whom you have been writing to."

Then Jocko jumped upon his knee, and if monkeys only could talk, I think this is what he would have said: "I've been writing to my little brothers and sisters in South America; and now won't you please direct the letter and put on the stamp. Perhaps your handwriting would look better than mine for the outside."

B. P.





WILLIE AND PUSSY.

WILLIE PARRISH went to have his picture taken. His mother did not know how she was to keep him still long enough. Willie was very fond of pussy, and the cat was taken to the photograph room.

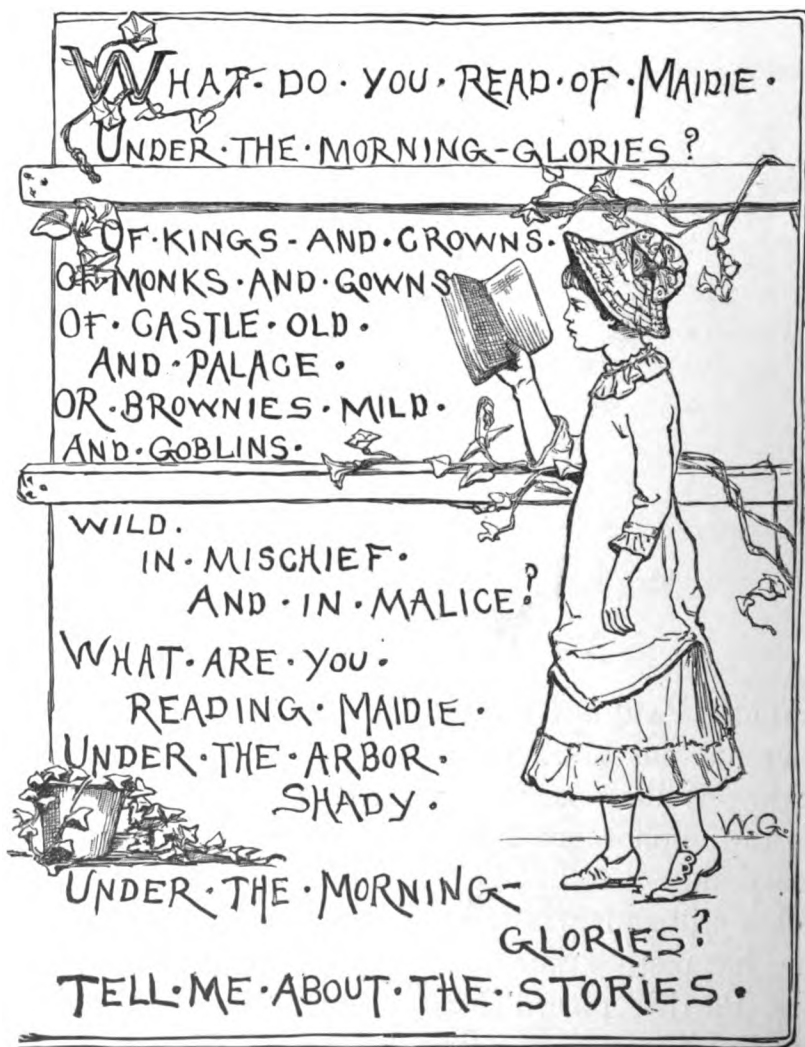
Pussy did not feel at home in the room. It was as hard to keep her still as it was the baby. Pussy did not care about having her picture taken, but she liked to play with Willie.

Mrs. Parrish placed Pussy in Willie's lap, and both of them were happy then. The artist was going to put Willie

as he wanted him in the picture; but baby thought the man meant to take pussy away from him. He put his arms around the cat, and held her as tight as he could.

"You sha'n't have my pussy!" said he, looking at the man. Willie was just right then. The artist drew the slide, and took the picture as you see it.

D. L. P.



A ROSE THAT WILL GROW FOREVER.

ROGER DALAND was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross.



His picture-books fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bed-clothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him a true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit,



flowers, and good things for sick men, women, and dear little children."

Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time;

then he said, "I wish I could send my rose-bush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," said his mother, "and I will write a note for you."

Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Daland sends this rose to some sick child."

Then it was sent away in a nice basket. Three days after, the postman brought Roger a note; it said:—

"DEAR LITTLE BOY, — I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and my mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she says she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. She used to cry too, when I was all alone.

"'The rose will grow forever,' she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says 'if it does die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep on growing.' I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now; but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.



A WONDERFUL BOY.

O, LITTLE Tom Prance
 Could caper and dance,
 Light as the down of a thistle.
 And what do you think?
 He knew how to wink,
 And, I have been told, could whistle.

What do you suppose?
 The boy had a nose!
 And eyes just as bright as
 dollars.

And, strange to be said,
 Hair grew on his head!
 I think he wore caps and
 collars.

The wonder still grows;
 For he had ten toes,
 And of fingers just as many!
 He could talk and walk,
 Could use knife and fork,
 And knew the worth of a
 penny.



I am not quite sure
 Tom could shut the door
 Without a terrible clatter;
 But quite sure am I
 He could eat a plum pie
 And leave not a crumb on the platter!

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



LITTLE JOSH.

You would think it very sad if any of you children had to live as little Josh does. But he is a very merry fellow, and as happy as the day is long. He lives in a log hut, or cabin, as it is called, and has nothing to eat but corn-bread and sometimes a little meat.

I will tell you why he is so happy now ; he was not always so. His father is dead, and his mother married a bad man. Not long ago Josh had to live with this man. He made him work all day, and gave him very little to eat.

The poor boy was always hungry, but he had to work all the same, and his stepfather often beat him. One day Josh ran away, and came to look for a kind old man, who used to take care of him, and whom he called "Daddy." He stopped to rest on his way, and

his stepfather, who was looking for him, overtook him. He had a stick in his hand, and beat poor Josh very severely. Josh's friend Daddy heard of this, and went to the child's mother. He told her that little Josh was too young to work so hard, and that he would take him to his house and feed and clothe him. Next day he took Josh home with him, and has him there now. Daddy is too poor to give him good clothes or nice food, but for all that



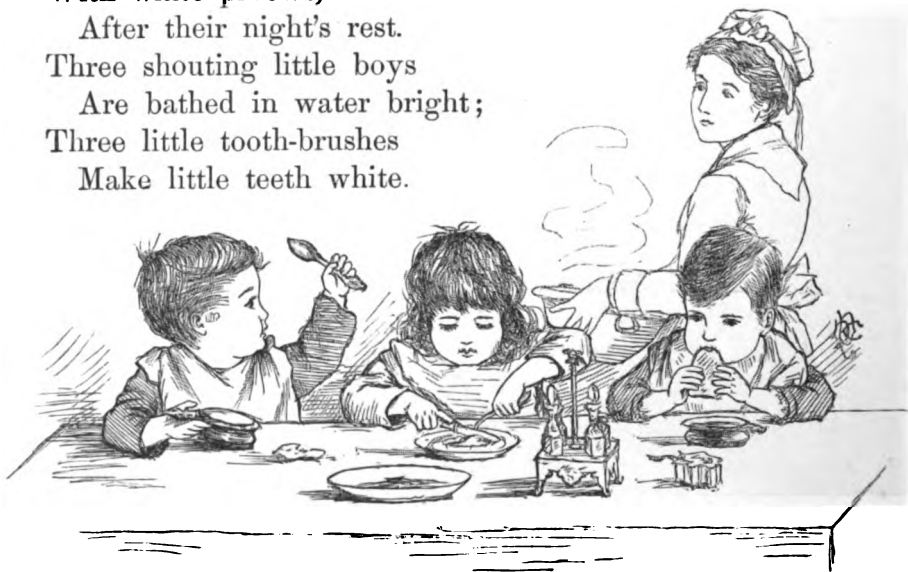
little Josh is quite happy. The other day he gathered some sumach leaves and put them in a bag. Then he took the bag on his head and carried it to the nearest store. The merchant put the leaves in large scales and weighed them. Then he paid Josh in cloth.

So, after all, Josh will have some clothes when the cold weather comes. He says he is going to get more sumach and buy some cloth for his kind Daddy.

ROTHA.

OUR THREE BOYS ON A RAINY DAY.

THREE little birdies
 Built a little nest
 With white pillows,
 After their night's rest.
 Three shouting little boys
 Are bathed in water bright;
 Three little tooth-brushes
 Make little teeth white.



Three little breakfasts
 Give satisfaction great;
 Three bored martyrs
 Through prayer-time wait.

Then comes the "tug of war,"
 And lasts all the day;
 Older ears and nerves, alas!
 Must stand it as they may.

Three locomotives
 Whistle, turn, and back,
 Parlor, sitting-room, and
 Dining-room, the track.
 Three little steamboats,
 Each with captain grand,
 Make noisy voyages
 Over dry land.

Three little Indians
With tomahawk and yell,
Scalping and pillaging, —
Horrible to tell!
Three little grasshoppers
Hop and skip and jump;
Three little accidents
Give each one a bump.



Each little grasshopper
Mamma dismisses,
Soothed and cured entirely with
Arnica and kisses.
And when seven o'clock comes,
Three tired heads
Are quiet on the pillows
Of three little beds.

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.



WHY FANNIE DID NOT GO FOR ICE-CREAM.

FANNIE'S big brother Charles promised to take her after ice-cream every Saturday, if she kept her hair nicely brushed during the week.

She never failed to keep her hair in order; but she missed the ice-cream once.

Fannie and her brother were going to the place where the ice-cream was kept. Fannie was trotting along holding Charles's hand. She heard a strange noise in the street near them. She looked around, and saw two boys with a little squirrel.

One boy held a string, with one end tied to the poor squirrel's leg. The other boy was whipping the little creature to make it run. They were making believe they were driving a horse.

They stopped, and Charles asked the boys to let the squirrel go. They would not. Then Fannie wished to know if they would sell the squirrel. They offered to sell it for twenty-five cents.

"If we buy the squirrel, Fannie, you can have no ice-cream, for I have only twenty-five cents in my pocket," added her brother.

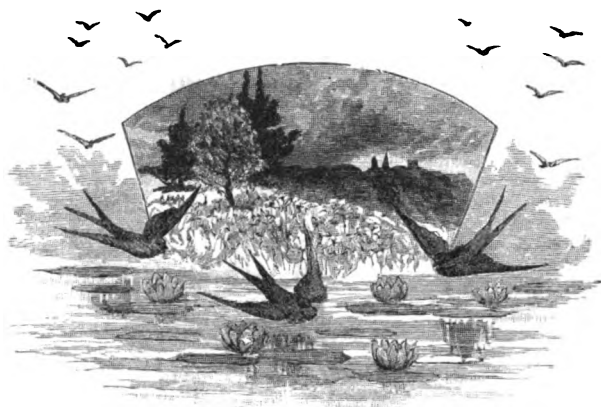
"O, buy the squirrel!" exclaimed Fannie. "We can do without the cream." Charles bought the squirrel and gave it to Fannie.

They went to the woods near by, and Charles cut the string from poor Bunny's leg. Fannie put Bunny through the fence, and away it went.

Fannie was as happy as the squirrel when it bounded off, although she had no ice-cream that Saturday.

AUNT NELL.





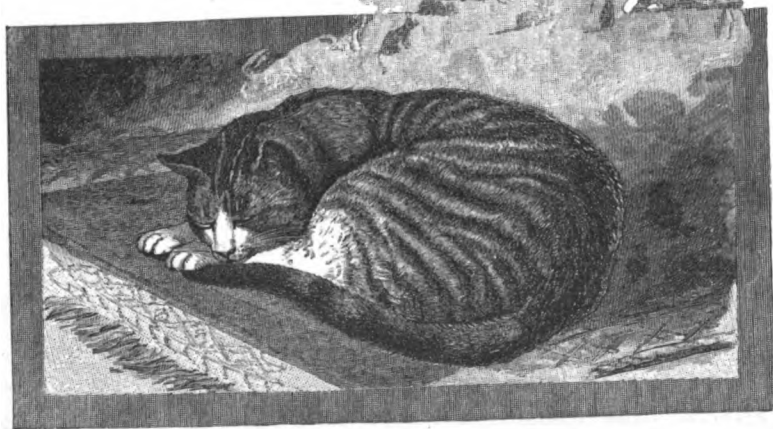
HAPPY CAT-LAND.

KITTY cat, kitty cat, asleep on the rug,
With velvet paws beneath your head nice and snug,
What are you dreaming of? What do you think
When out slips your little tongue so soft and pink?
When you flick your ears and your whiskers quiver so,
And you give an eager cry like a whisper low;
When your tail pats the rug so intent, and you seem
Just ready for a spring, tell me what do you dream?

O, I have a fairy-land I visit in my sleep,
Where the mice don't expect me and are playing bo-peep;
Down I pounce upon them, they are not so quick as I,
And I smile as I regale myself upon a mouse pie;
There are pantries where the pans of milk are brimming o'er,
Where I lap the rich cream and spill no drop upon the floor;
Loveliest custards, daintiest bits of fragrant cheese;
And I help myself without a word as often as I please.

Then I walk along the fences and I grandly wave my tail;
My whiskers are so fierce all the
 other cats turn pale;
When Pug and Towzer eye me,
 suspiciously, I know,
I give a spring upon them and off in
 fright they go.
And in my pretty fairy-land no cruel
 boys appear;
No walnut shells are on my paws, nor
 backward turned my ear.
And these are what my visions are,
 O little mistress sweet;
Sure any cat would need to
 smile asleep here at your
 feet.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

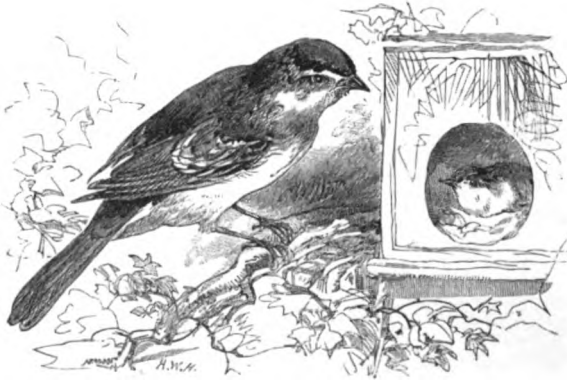


THE FIGHTING WRENS.

OUR Will made two bird-houses out of cigar-boxes. He nailed them up on the posts of our balcony.

Two sparrows took one of the boxes for their home. They brought sticks to build their nest, and threads and feathers to line it. They were very busy every day, and they were as happy as they could be.

One day we found feathers and other things lying all around.



Alas! the sparrows' nest had been torn up and thrown out of the box.

Two wrens did this very naughty act. Why did n't they take the empty box? I am sure it was just as nice as the other. The wrens were rascals! They wanted the sparrows' box, and took it by force.

The battle of the birds lasted for many days. Mr. Sparrow would sit at the door of his house. He coaxed and coaxed his wife to help him, but she would not. Poor thing! she was scared almost to death, and that was the reason.

Pretty Jennie Wren made herself look very ugly. She ruffled up her feathers and spread out her tail. She screamed, and flew at Mr. Sparrow with her mouth wide open. She pecked him. She struck him with her wings and always drove him away. Then she smoothed her brown feathers and sat on the limb of a tree. She sang so sweetly no one would have thought that she ever got angry and fought so.

The sparrows were whipped. Mr. Sparrow examined the other

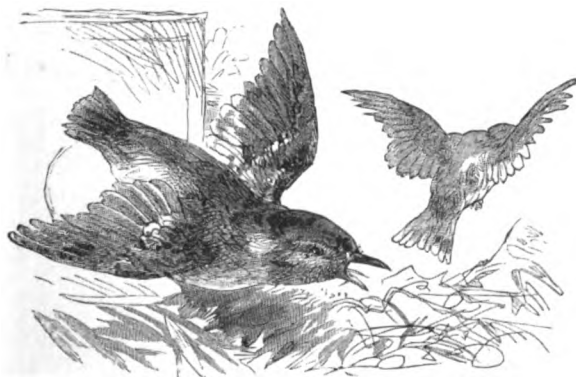
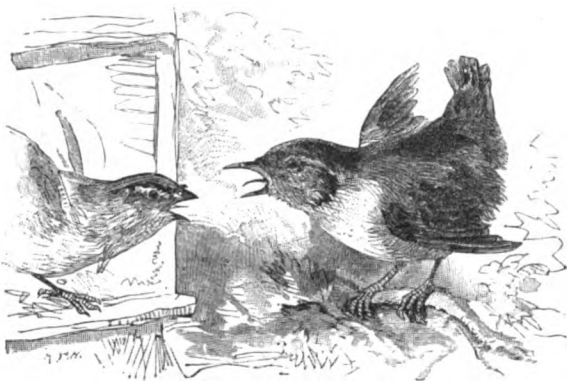
box many times. He tried ever so hard to get his wife to go in, but she was afraid.

So the sparrows did not take the empty box for a new home. I think timid Mrs. Sparrow had good sense. She would not consent to live so near those fighting wrens.

The wrens went to work very hard. They, too, brought sticks and threads and feathers. They built their nest in the box they had taken, and Jennie laid eggs. Birdies were hatched. The papa and mamma birds were busy every day feeding them.

The wrens seemed to be quite happy. But were there not some sad notes in their song? Surely there were if they remembered what they had done to the sparrows.

UNCLE LEE.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

A TRUE STORY.

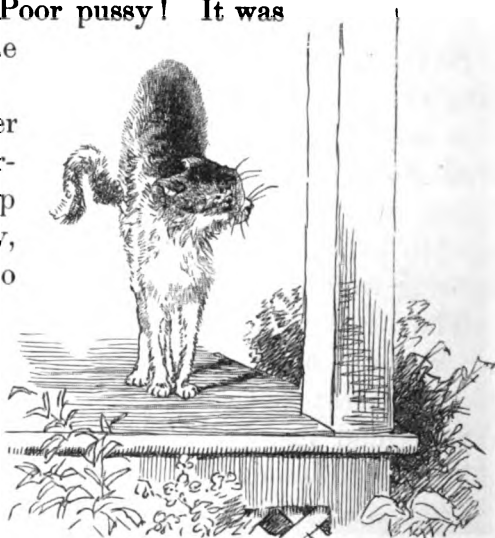
ROVER was a big dog; Tabby was only a little kitten. Somebody left her in our yard one frosty night. In the morning we found her in the wet grass.

She was shivering with the cold. We made her a warm bed and fed her with new milk.

Rover was not very good to Tabby. He growled crossly whenever he saw her. Poor pussy! It was not her fault that she had come to our house.

When Tabby grew bigger Rover stopped teasing her. Perhaps he knew that she wore sharp claws in her soft paws. Any way, he did not even look at her. So she, like a well-bred cat, did not go near him.

One soft summer day these two lay asleep on the long porch. Together? O no! Rover lay on the door-mat, sunning himself. Tabby sat winking and dreaming, away at the other end. Grandpapa dozed in his rocking-chair between them.



I suppose some of us must have left the gate open.

Suddenly a big yellow dog ran into the yard. Seeing kitty, he began to bark. She arched her back and looked cross. He did not mind that. He caught her in his big, ugly mouth, and shook her. Grandpapa thought her back was broken.



The next thing was a surprise to the yellow dog. Rover did not love Tabby, it must be owned; but he was an honest dog, and would see "fair play." At one jump he seized the visitor and whipped him soundly. Away ran the cur, limping and yelping home. Rover walked quietly back to finish his nap.

Tabby mewed pitifully, for she was hurt. She would not go to grandpapa, who called her. But you cannot guess what she did.

She walked up to Rover and lay down between his fore paws. He did not bite her. He did not even growl. Instead, he licked

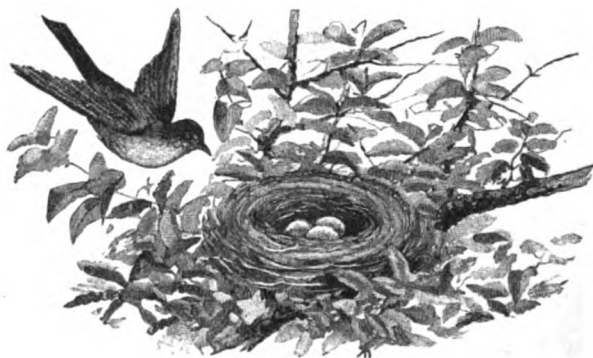


Tabby's lame neck to make it well. He felt that he was her protector. And this was her way of thanking him.

This happened a long time ago, but Rover and Tabby are still fast friends.

C. EMMA CHENEY.





THE SQUIRREL ROBBED.

ONE bright autumn day a squirrel said,
As the nuts were beginning to fall,
"I'd better get in my winter store
If I hope to have any at all."

Then quick with his little nimble feet
And his sharpest of little white teeth
He gathered and dropped them one by one
From the tree to the ground beneath.

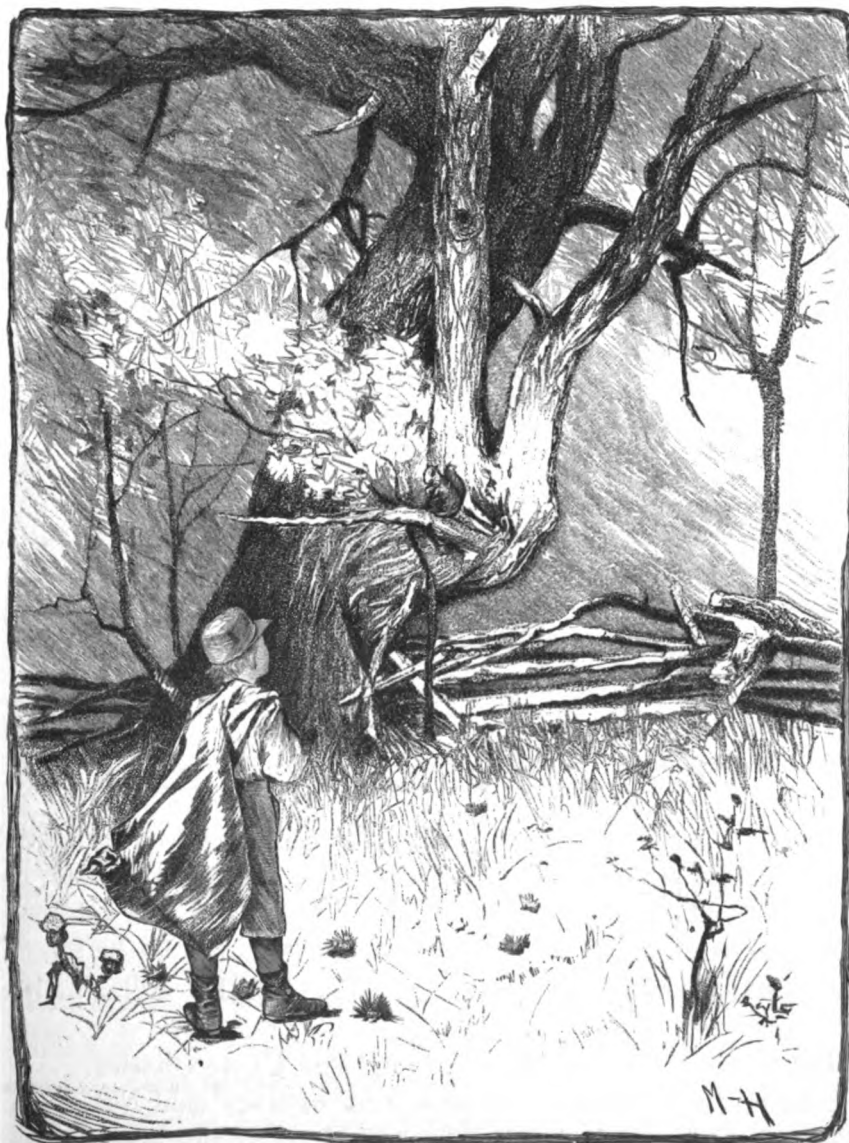
He soon had a pile as large as himself,
And he thought what a hole he must dig,
When just one more caught his squirrel eye
Way up on the very topmost twig.

'T was a hard old nut, and he pulled and pulled,
But he got it at last, and dropped it down.
"And now," said the squirrel, "I've quite enough;
I'll hide them away 'neath the leaves so brown."

Then down he ran, but the nuts were gone;
Not one was left for his winter store,
And he angrily curled his bushy tail,
And snapped his teeth till his jaws were sore.

"I wish I could find the thief," said he,
"I'd give him a nut to crack!"
"Ha, ha!" laughed a boy behind the tree,
As he ran with the nuts on his back.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.





THE THREE GOLD DOLLARS.

WHEN Uncle Charles came to spend Christmas with his sister he always gave each of her three boys a present. Last Christmas he gave them each a gold dollar, and told them to see how well they could spend it.

The next day Harry and Nat went to a toy-shop. Harry bought some pretty marbles, a ball, a top, a toy gun, a knife, and a bag of candy.

"You have not bought anything for Sister Susie," said Nat.

"Uncle gave me this money to spend on myself," said Harry. "Susie must buy her own things."

"I will buy her a doll," said Nat. "She will be glad to have a new one, and I have all the toys I need."

"Let her buy her own dolls," said Harry, as he ran off with his bundles.

Nat was about to buy the doll, when he saw a little girl standing by the door in the snow. Her face was thin and pale, her feet were bare, and she looked very cold. On her arm was a basket of matches.

"Please buy my matches. My mother is sick, and we have no food at home," she said to him.

Nat took all the matches in the basket, and put his gold dollar in the little girl's hand. Then he went with her to buy bread, meat, and milk, and carried them to her home, which was in a cold cellar.

The next day Harry showed his uncle the toys he had bought. James had not bought anything. He had put his dollar in his tin bank to save it.

"Let us see what you bought, Nat," said Uncle Charles.

"I bought thirty boxes of matches for mother," said Nat.

Then they all laughed. But Susie told about the poor little girl,

and Uncle Charles said Nat was a good boy to be kind to the poor.

"Nat has spent his money best," he said. "He has made two hearts happy, and has done a kind act."



Which do you think did best,—Harry, who spent his dollar on himself; James, who saved his; or Nat, who gave bread and meat to the sick woman and her little girl?

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

My Little Pony.



Nursery Rhyme extended, by GEORGE BENNETT.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

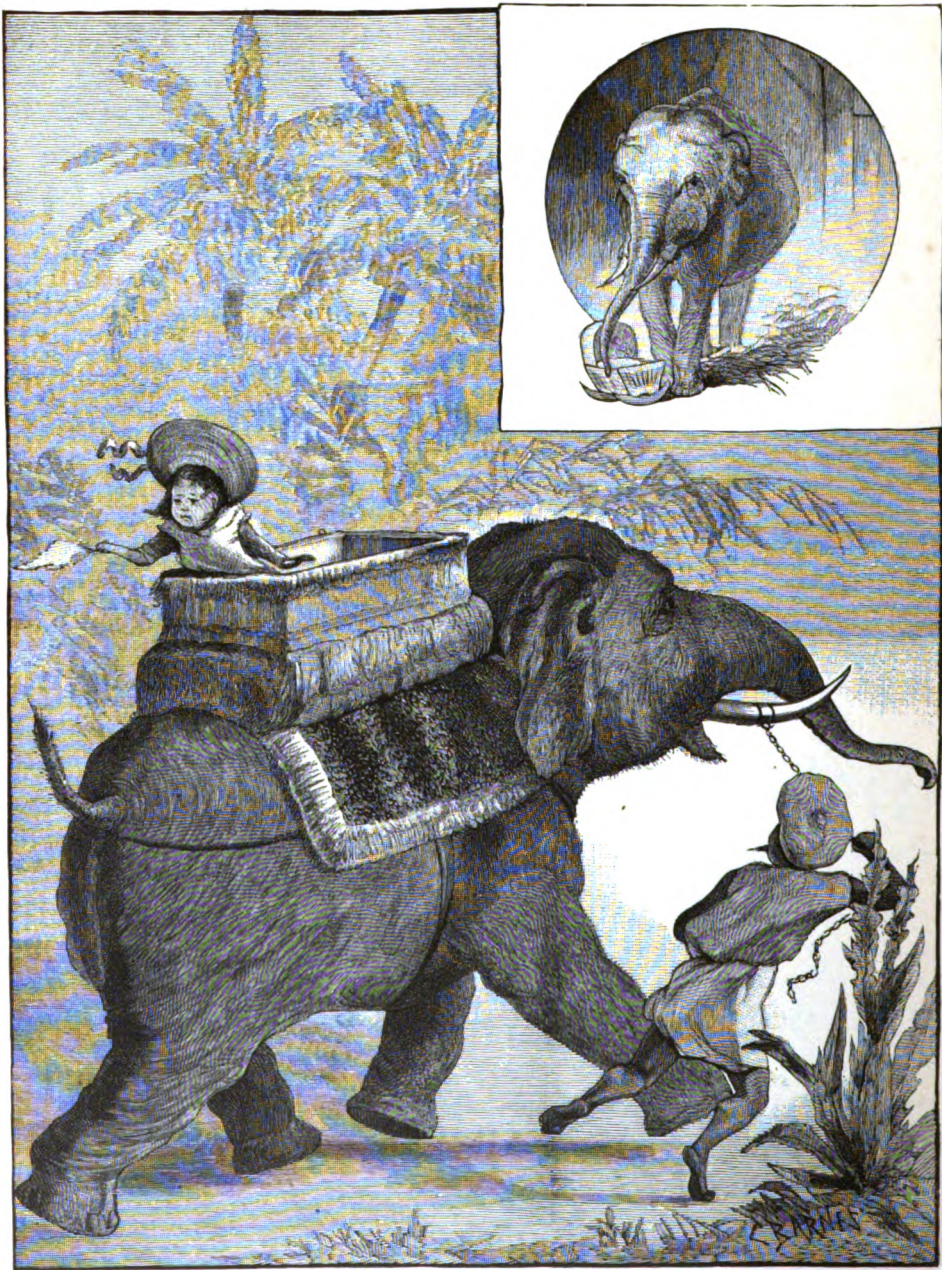
Lively Marcato. *mf*

Voice
and
Piano.

1. I had a lit - tle po - ny, They called it Dapple Grey : I
2. I love my lit - tle po - ny, — My lit - tle Dapple Grey : He
3. I oft - en let my po - ny Just nib - ble at the grass, While
4. Some ask me if I'd part with My lit - tle Dapple Grey, But

lent it to a la - dy, To ride a mile away : She whipped it, she lashed it, She rode it through the
car - ries me so steady, And never runs away. I feed him and lead him to drink beside the
I list to the birdies That twitter as we pass. Then brightly and lightly I car - ol forth his
short and plainly answer " Pray come another day ! " Oh, nev - er we'll sev - er ! I'll keep him till he's

mire, — I wouldn't lend my pony now For all the lady's hire.
pond : Then canter down the grassy lane, And far a - way be - yond.
name : Then off for home my pony goes A - long the road we came.
old : And when he dies I'll bury him Within our qui - et fold.



A RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.



A RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

IN some countries elephants are trained to work as our horses are. They are generally very gentle and very fond of their owners. They like the children in the family. They will follow them around, and seem just as much pleased to have a romp with the boys as your Dash or Nero is. They are a great deal more careful than your pets are not to be too rough in their play.

I know a true story of an elephant that was very fond of the baby in his owner's family. The nurse used to take the little one in the cradle and put it between the elephant's feet. The great creature would watch over it, and move his trunk over it like a fan to keep the flies off. If baby woke before nurse came he would move the cradle back and forth to get it off to sleep again.

Cora's father had an elephant. As the little girl grew bigger she learned to love her faithful four-footed nurse very much. Zippah loved his baby pet dearly. A great day it was for both of them when Cora was big enough to ride on Zippah's broad back. The howdah, which is a kind of saddle, was covered with scarlet cloth with deep, yellow fringe. It was big enough to hold four persons.

Ko-bak, the keeper, led Zippah with a brass chain. Mamma saw them off from the veranda. At first Cora was just a little bit afraid to be mounted up so high; but the great creature moved off so slowly, and put its feet down so gently, that in a minute or two

Cora felt quite at home in her "pretty little parlor" as she called the howdah. She clapped her hands as she said good-by to mamma, and shook the little bells that hung round her parlor. She soon told Ko-bak to make Zip trot, because she was not a bit afraid.

They had a splendid ride. I do not believe, if Cora lives to be a grown-up woman, she will ever forget her first ride on an elephant.

MRS. BESSIE PEDDER.



THE SAND MAN.

THERE's a funny old fellow, so I've heard say,
Who comes along with the close of day,
With a big, big bag on his shoulders hung,
And a shadowy mantle about him flung.
Now the funniest part of the story, dears,
Is this, that nobody ever hears
The old man's footsteps, so quiet is he,
And his queer old self nobody can see.

But what do you think he comes to do,
O little ones, gray-eyed, brown-eyed, or blue?
He sprinkles sand on your eyelids white
As soon as 'tis time to say good-night;
And the dear little eyes, so heavy they grow
They droop, and at last close tight, you must know;
And, wrapping his mantle around you fast,
He carries you off to dreamland at last.



Would you know the name of this wonderful man?
 Ask nurseie to tell you if she can.
 Long ago, my darlings, when I, like you,
 Was a golden-haired child with eyes of blue,
 He came to me with the twilight gray
 And made me weary, at last, of play,
 Just as he comes to my own little one
 Even now, when the long, long day is done.

MARY D. BRINE.

KITTY'S FRIENDS.

ELLIE, Will, and Baby have a kitten. It is their very own, they say. All day long they play with their kitten in all sorts of ways.

Sometimes Will has her for a circus cat; then kitty must jump over a stick, chase a toy mouse, and show off all her tricks. Next, Ellie will take her turn, and rig kitty out in her doll's clothes, and put her to sleep in the doll's bed.



Before poor kit has had her nap out, likely as not Baby will seize her to have a ride in his cart. Then away she goes, down the walk, bump, bump! Baby's cart has no springs, you must know.

The folks in the house say, "O, that poor kitten! What a life it does lead!"



But kit does not seem to mind their play; she likes the children. If they are gone out of sight for a time she runs about the house to find them.

Kitty has to stay in the woodshed at night; she does not like this, but mamma says she must not stay in the house.

One night kitty found out where the children slept. It was a warm night, and the window was open. Kitty ran up a cherry-tree and out on a bough, from which she could jump into the room. She sprang up on Ellie's cot and lay close beside her, and how she did purr! Mamma had to

laugh when she found her. But she said, "No, no, little kit; you must not sleep with my babies!"

The next night the window was left open at the top. Kitty could not jump so high as that; so what do you think she did? She got



on the ledge, outside the window, to be as near her little friends as she could.

When Ellie waked in the morning there was the little kit looking in at her. Ellie thought she said, "Mew, mew! Do let me come to you!" And she made haste to let her in, you may be sure!

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

A TRUE INCIDENT.



SUGAR-TOOTHED Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly crept into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and de-
licious.

How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice, or the cats;
For of me I don't think they're
suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup!
And, for want of a spoon, I must drink it;
But 't is easy to pour, —
Hark, who's that at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up;
To the floor crashed the cup;
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered, and
blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in, —
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!



REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.



NELLY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"To-morrow will be my birthday!" said Nelly, dancing along beside Jo as he went after the cows.

"Are you glad?" asked Jo.

"Glad? Of course," said Nelly. "Everybody will give me presents, and wish me many happy returns of the day. And mamma has made a big cake with my initials on the top in sugar. I'm going to give you a slice."

When they came to the brook, she stopped to look into the clear

water. "O, you darling little fishes!" she sighed, as she watched them swimming back and forth. They were bright and shining, like silver, and only an inch or two long.

Jo was very fond of Nelly. He helped her over all the rough places. Once he killed a snake that ran across her path. Nelly thought him very brave.

Jo wished he could give her a present; but he had nothing to give. He had not money enough to buy even a pretty little card. At last a bright thought came to him.

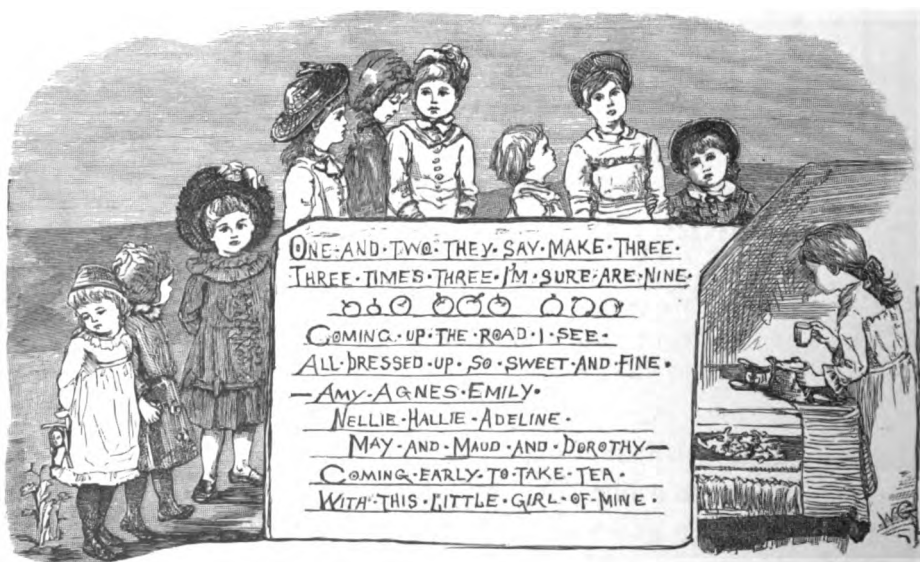
He got up very early the next morning and went down to the brook. He went fishing. He did not use a hook and line. He did not try to catch big fish to eat. He caught little ones which he put into a bottle and carried to Nelly.

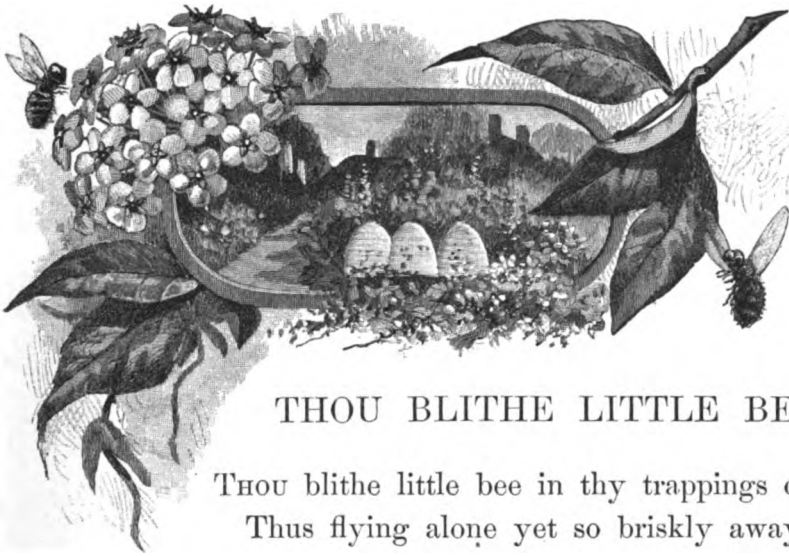
"I wanted to give you something," he said. "I'll show you how to feed and take care of them."

Nelly thanked him warmly. She was delighted with the present.

"Everybody is so good to me," she said, as she brought him a big slice of the cake.

M. E. B. EMERY.





THOU BLITHE LITTLE BEE.

THOU blithe little bee in thy trappings of velvet,
 Thus flying alone yet so briskly away,
 What mission of pleasure or duty has called thee
 To wander abroad on this sunshiny day?

“I fly and I seek through the meadows and gardens
 Where flowers are blooming,” the cheerful bee said;
 “I must hasten to gather the stores of sweet pollen
 To make into wax, into honey, and bread.

“The hours pass quickly, fair weather is fleeting,
 The summer is gracious, but never will wait;
 The hive must be filled ere the blossoms have withered;
 If autumn o’ertakes us ’t will then be too late.”

Ah, true is thy teaching, thou brave, busy worker;
 No summer will tarry for thee or for me.
 I also must hasten my harvest to gather;
 And away on thy mission, thou blithe little bee.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



PUSSY MEEK AND DAUGHTER.

PUSSY MEEK is a cat. She belongs to a little boy called "Toots." He says she is "the very cattiest kind of a cat."

She is very sly. When her own saucer is full of milk she will steal from the pitcher on the shelf. She will leave meat on her plate, and take it off the table. Toots thinks "she wants to eat things just like folks." Gracie Blossom, who sometimes plays with Toots, says she would not have such a naughty kitty in the house.

Why does Toots keep her? Because she catches rats and mice, and runs like a dog to call you if any one knocks at the kitchen door. When Toots is sick she will not leave him, but sleeps on his arm or the pillow by his side.

Pussy Meek has a daughter. Her name is Pussy Gray. She is as large as her mother, but not so handsome. When she was very small Pussy Meek was kind to her. She washed and tended her night and day.

Now, when she is a big cat, what do you think she does? She steals all her mother's food and growls at her! If Pussy Meek has a chicken-bone, Pussy Gray leaves her own dinner and takes it away.

Then Pussy Meek looks very sad and sorry. She seems to say, "O you selfish child, how can you treat me so?" Then she sits quietly down to watch her naughty daughter.

One day Pussy Meek brought her wicked child a mouse. Pussy Gray seized it with a growl. Perhaps the growl meant "I thank you," in cat language.

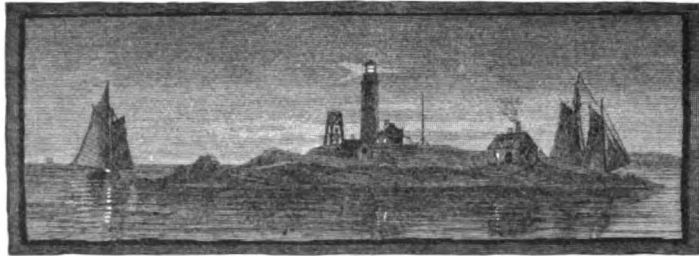
Toots tells Pussy Meek she must stand up for her rights. Pussy winks her eyes, and rubs against him when he says so. If she could speak I think she might say, "Don't you pity me when



you see what a wicked little daughter I have? You big people never saw a selfish child like mine. You all know better; but we are only cats."

Pussy does not know. Only cats, indeed! It was not a cat that cried the other day when a good mother wanted some one to get her a loaf of bread. Pussy Meek knew who it was, but she cannot tell tales, wise as she seems to be.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.



BERTIE'S STORY AND MINE.

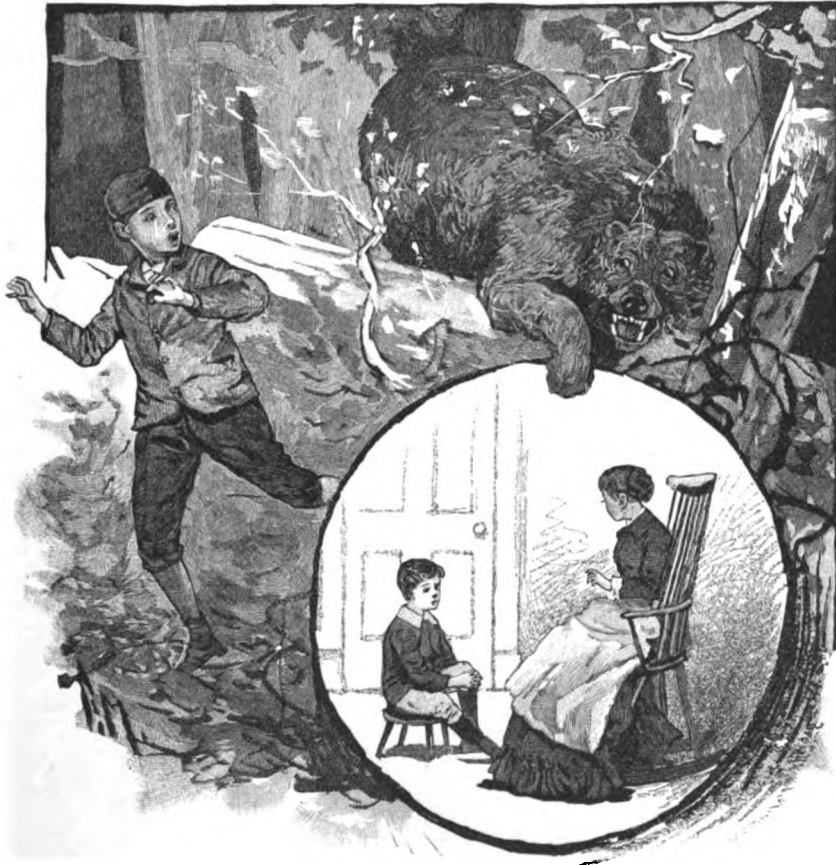
“TELL me a story about a bear,
A great big bear who lived in a wood
And ate little children.” “O, my dear,
The bears I know of were playful and good,
And lived in houses or parks or a pen,
And never ate children, or boys, or men.

“There was one snow-white, a mother bear, —
With two little babies cunning and queer;
Who rolled and climbed and stood on their heads,
And fell over, as boys often do, I fear.
They hugged their mother, and talked in their way,
And kept still when they'd nothing to do or say.”

“No, I mean a real bear out in the woods,
Who growls and chases you, makes you run,
Half scared to death, — and a little boy lost
Out in the woods and the night coming on;
And the terrible bear with his great fierce eyes,
And no one to hear the little child's cries!

“He runs and runs,” — then Bertie smiles,
His climax reached, — “I was only in fun;
The bear did n't kill him, because, you see,
There was just behind a man with a gun,

And he shot! Bang! Down came the old bear;
'T was his own little boy and he saved him — there!"



"O, I am so glad!" and I give him a kiss;
Then silent we sit for a moment or two.
"That's a boy's story; yours, you know,
For nice little girls very well will do.
But boys, you remember, grow up to be men,
And can fight the bears to their very den."

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

POLLY'S NEW SUIT.

LITTLE Polly Patterson was dressed in her new winter suit ready



to go out shopping with her mamma. Her hat was trimmed with pretty feathers. Her cloak was trimmed all around with white fur, and she carried a small white fur muff.

She wanted her grandpa to see how pretty she looked. Grandpa was reading the paper. She

went close up to him and said, "See, grandpa! don't I look nice?"

Grandpa lifted his hands and said, "Who is this dressed up in feathers and fur? Is this Polly?"

"Yes, sir," said Polly, with a smile.

"Where did these fine things come from?" asked grandpa.

"O, they came from Mr. Brown's store on Broadway," said Polly.



"They had to come a good many thousand miles to get there," said grandpa. "In the first place, somebody away off in Africa had to catch an ostrich and pull out some of his feathers. They were sent clear across the wide ocean before Polly could have them on her hat. Somebody up at the North had to catch a white fox and send his fur over the rivers and mountains before Polly could have a muff."

"Is this a true story you are telling, grandpa?" asked Polly.

"Yes 't is a true story. What do you think of it, Polly?" said grandpa.

"I'm too little to think about such big things," said Polly.



"Well, what can little girls think about?" asked grandpa.

"O, they can think how nice it is to go shopping and buy candy," said Polly. "I'll buy some to-day if you'll give me the money to pay for it."

"Candy is bad for you to eat," said grandpa. "It will spoil your teeth, and then what will you do?"

"I shall buy some new ones where you bought yours," answered Polly.

Then grandpa made a funny face at Polly; but he gave her a ten-cent piece.

"O, thank you, grandpa," said Polly. "That is enough to buy some for me and Jamie too."

"That's right, Polly; always divide with Brother Jamie," said grandpa.

Then Polly went out shopping with her mamma.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



THE CHILDREN'S HARVEST SONG.

HAPPY are the children;
Harvest time has come.
Sweet their merry voices
Raise the harvest song.
Listen to the music ringing;
Clear as silver bells their singing.

Soft the sunshine, sweet the air;
We will wander everywhere.
Golden fruits for us are growing,
Autumn flowers for us are blowing.
O'er the meadows, through the land
We will wander hand in hand.

Rosy apple, purple plum,
You will know us when we come;
Mellow pear and glowing peach,
You are not beyond our reach.
O'er the meadows, through the land,
We will wander hand in hand.

On the hill the sumac burns,
In the wood the maple turns,
Chesnuts brown and squirrels fleet
Hear the coming of our feet.
O'er the meadow, through the land,
We will wander hand in hand.



Happy are the children ;
Harvest time has come.
Sweet their merry voices
Raise the harvest song.
Listen to the music ringing ;
Clear as silver bells their singing.

MARY B. FERRY.



A BRAVE DOG.

HARRY, Lizzie, and Milly lived with their parents on a farm in the country.

Not far from their house were fields and meadows in which grew grain and grass, and sometimes also dandelions and buttercups. Here they used to play in summer, and sometimes they carried luncheon to their father and his men when at work in the fields.

Beyond the fields were the woods, where they often went to pick berries or gather nuts.

They had a friend that nearly always went with them. His name was Bull. He was no bull-dog, however. He was a mastiff, and considered it his duty to take care of the children. He allowed no strange dog to come near. If any person whom he did not know approached, he soon told him, in dog language, not to touch or harm the children. If he came across a snake he would seize it with his teeth and shake it to pieces before it had time to bite.

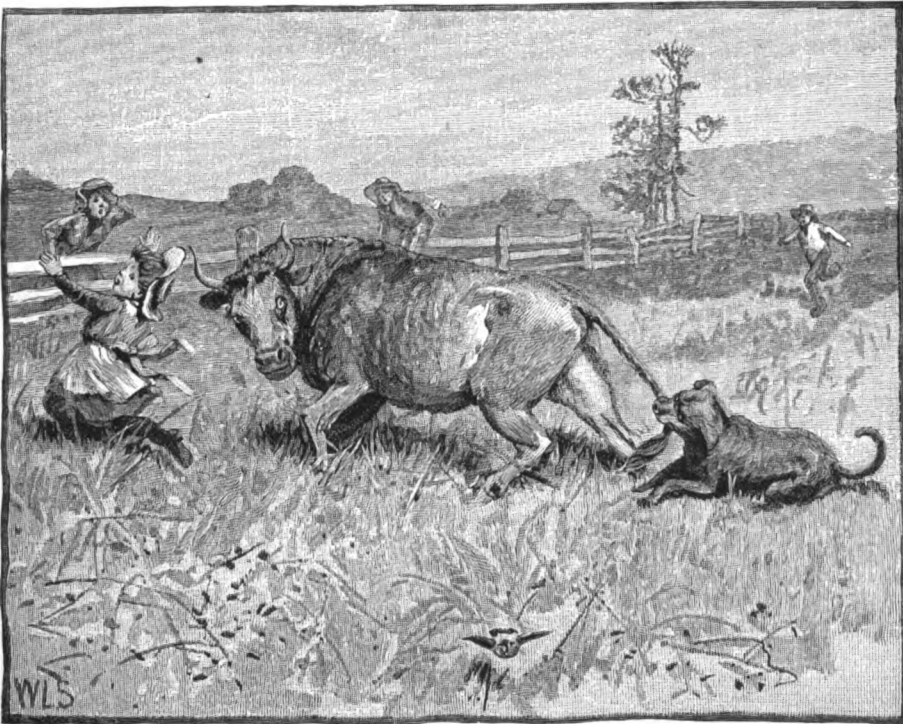
The dog had very good manners. When told to shake hands he would politely hold out his paw. He never went where he was not wanted, but kept at a respectful distance until called, or until he saw that there was something for him to do.

One day, as the children were crossing the fields, a furious steer came rushing after them. A steer is a young ox. The children ran as fast as they could, but the steer ran much faster. Before they reached the fence he overtook Milly, who was the smallest, and was about to attack her with his horns. Just then the brave dog caught him by the tail and bit him so hard that the steer turned on him and Milly had time to get through the fence safely. But the poor dog was tossed upon the horns of the steer until some men

who ran to his assistance, drove the steer away and fastened him in the stable.

Little Milly was saved, but poor Bull was hurt so badly that he could not walk for a long time.

The children brought their little wagon, lifted him gently into it, and took him home. They made for him a soft bed of straw in the wood-house, and fed and nursed him until he was well again.



He continued to live with the children and their parents until he was very old.

This is a true story. Bull had one fault. He would tear up the children's school books whenever he could get them. Perhaps he did not like to see the children go away to school, where he was not allowed to follow. Perhaps he thought (if dogs can think) that if there were no books the children could no longer go to school.

At least little Milly said that was his reason, and she seemed to understand him best.

E.

WILLIE'S SPELLING LESSON.

"C-R-A-B, lobster," lisped the little fellow at my knee.

"No, no, Willie! C-r-a-b spells crab, a little fish whose bones are on the outside."

"O, how funny!" laughed Willie. Then, taking a long breath, he bent his curly head over the primer, so full of words and pictures. "R-a-t, mouse-trap!"

Surely he knew that word, for he had a little trap like the one in the picture.

"O Willie," I said, "your eyes are sharper than your ears. R-a-t spells rat."

"Is n't that a mouse-trap?" he asked, pointing a fat little finger at the picture.

"Yes, dear! R-a-t spells the little fellow you see inside."

"What a silly spell!" cried Willie, throwing down his book in disgust.

"You are not very wise yet, my darling. 'Try, try, try again,' you must think all the time. Now here is an easy word. Will my little boy look?"

Willie did look, and his blue eyes grew brighter.

"That's easy," he cried. "M-a-n, papa."

"Why do you think m-a-n spells papa?"

"Because —"

"Because why, dear?"

"The hat is like papa's."

"Whose hat, Willie?"

"The man's!" he answered.

"Ah, that is it! M-a-n spells, not papa, but —"

"Man!" The little fellow was sure this time.

"Yes, dear! And c-r-a-b spells —"

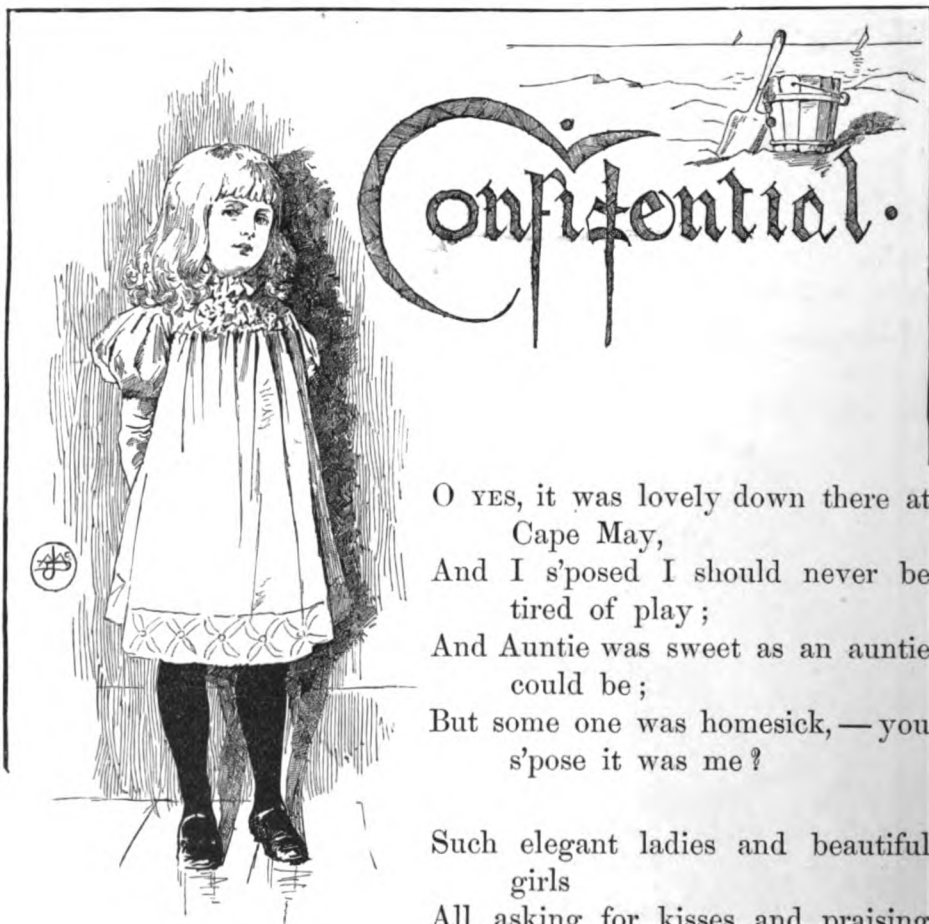
"The funny fish with the bones outside his skin."



“Crab, Willie. Now listen to the sounds of the letters.”

Very soon he had learned his spelling lesson — three words — easy for big folks, but hard for little boys and girls.

CHRISTINE GOLDERMAN.



O YES, it was lovely down there at
Cape May,
And I s'posed I should never be
tired of play ;
And Auntie was sweet as an auntie
could be ;
But some one was homesick, — you
s'pose it was me ?

Such elegant ladies and beautiful
girls
All asking for kisses and praising
my curls ;

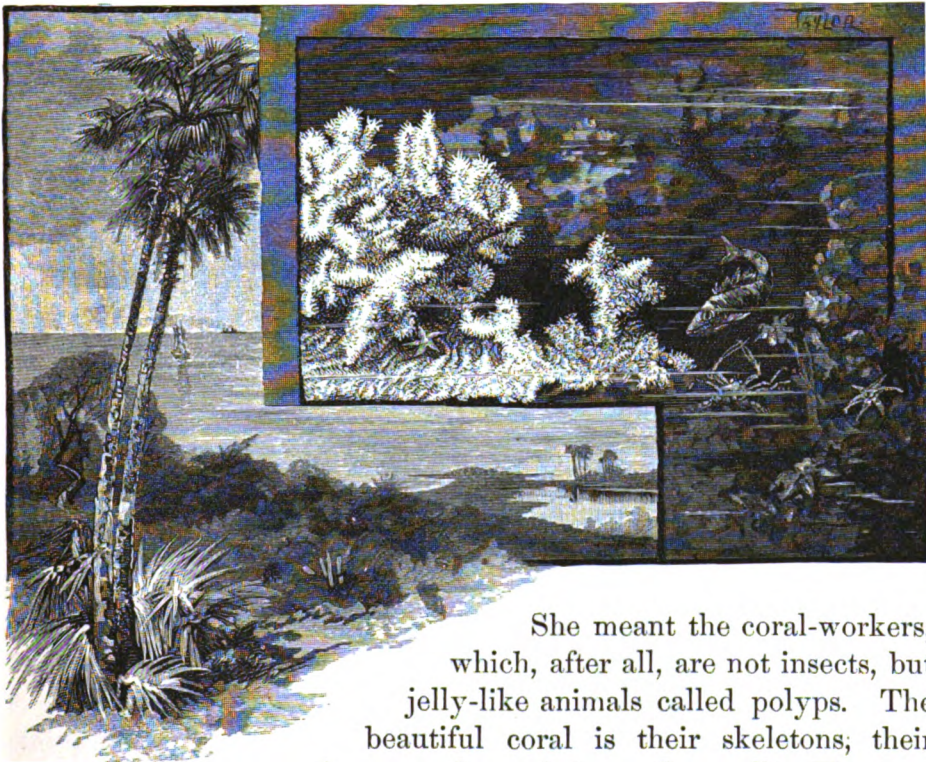
But no precious papa to hug me, and say,
“ Has dear little Kitty been good all the day ? ”

And mamma, — O dear, when they turned out the light,
And no blessed mamma to kiss me good-night,
Cuddled down in the pillow, with no one to see,
Was a little girl crying — you guess it was me ?

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ABOUT CORAL.

LITTLE Alice came home from school one day with a wonderful lesson. It sounded like a fairy story. "Insects which live under water," she told us, "when they get to a rock they somehow stick there, and turn into a rock themselves"



She meant the coral-workers, which, after all, are not insects, but jelly-like animals called polyps. The beautiful coral is their skeletons; their bones, and not their work at all. They are so much like flowers that for many years everybody thought they were plants. They are often star-shaped, like the wind-flower, or like asters and mushrooms, and they look like the mosses. Other kinds grow into groves and forests in the sea, like blossoming branches, — branches of salmon-color, rose-pink, and dark red. So it was no great wonder that people were mistaken.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BETTY'S DOG.

My cousin Betty had a shepherd dog whose name was Scott. He was a beauty. He followed Betty in all her walks and rides.



He was very
but like many
like cats. So
house I always
he would chase
the tallest tree in the yard; and there she would stay until Scott
went home.

kind and gentle,
other dogs he did not
whenever he came to my
hid my pretty buff kitten, or
her about until she ran into

One day Scott was out in the street having a frolic with two other dogs. He was run over by a wagon, and one of his legs was broken. Betty and her brother and Bridget all cried when he went limping into the house.

Bridget hid her face in her apron and said, "Sure, the poor beast will be a cripple for life."

Betty soon wiped away her tears, and said she was going after the doctor. The doctor came home with Betty. After looking at



the broken bone he said he could set it. He thought in a few weeks his leg would be all right again.

Scott whined and looked very pitiful while the doctor was at work on the leg; but it was very soon bound up, and he was put on the lounge, with his head on a pillow. Betty made a johnny-cake and some porridge for him every day.

Sometimes Betty thought he was going to have a fever. But her brother told her as long as his nose was cold there was no danger of a fever.

Betty took such good care of Scott that he was able to walk out with her very soon. It was some time before he could have much fun frolicking with dogs or chasing cats.

When his leg was quite well again he was as lively as ever. He was once more trotting by Betty's side through the woods and fields. She thought she was well paid for all her care and work.

M. M. H.



DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

SAYS Daddy-Long-Legs,
"Come! stir up your pegs,
My children, the moonbeams are glancing!
I'll show you the way
Your grace to display, —
You've elegant members for dancing!"

They tried a quadrille
On top of a hill;
A cricket choked outright with laughter.
And even an owl,
That decorous fowl,
Shook with glee till he fell from a rafter.

Their legs got all mixed,
And twisted, and fixed
In a curious, comical muddle.

Croaked a froggie near by,
"O, dear me!" and "O, my!"
Then he stood on his head in a puddle.



When Daddy-Long-Legs
Had settled his pegs,
He gasped, "We're the equal of any!
If two legs can shine
In a dance, I opine
That we're dazzling, my dears, with so many!"

GEORGE COOPER.



WILLIE'S NAUGHTY FOOT.

WHEN Willie's sister displeased him, he would kick her. His mamma told him she would punish him if he did it any more.

Now Willie forgot what his mamma said, or maybe he did n't care. So he kicked his little sister again. His mamma saw him do it, from the window. She called him into the house.

"Did n't mamma say that she would punish you if you kicked your sister again?"

"Yes, ma'am," Willie answered.

"Well, go into the dining-room and wait till mamma comes."

Then mamma went out into the yard. There she pulled an apronful of grass. She came into the house with the big bundle. She found her little boy crying. He was very much scared.

She told him what a naughty foot he had. She said she must put a poultice on it.

So she put the grass on Willie's foot and tied it up in an apron. She made him lie down on the lounge.

Poor Willie! He was taken from his play. There he lay on

the lounge with his foot as big as a half-bushel. He cried, and he sobbed, and he moaned.

But that was not all. A gentleman came in just then.

"Why, what's the matter with Willie?" he asked.

"O, he has a naughty foot," his mamma said. "It will kick his sister. I have put on it a grass poultice. Don't you think that will cure its bad habit?"

"Oh!" the gentleman said, and he understood it all.

Willie was so ashamed that he didn't look up.

The Bible says, "The way of transgressors is hard." And it means when a little child or anybody else does wrong, punishment follows.

UNCLE LEE.



Play-Time.

Words by CELIA LOGAN.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto.

Voice and Piano. *mf*

1. The boys were in the gar - den, Digging lit - tle
2. The boys were in the wild-woods, Picking berries

cres.

wells; The girls were at the sea - side, Hunting pretty shells. The boys were in the brown; The girls were 'neath the fruit-trees, Shaking cherries down. The girls were in the

p *cres.* *p*

school-room Sit - ting all in rows; The girls were in the ball-room, Standing on their old swing, Get - ting many a fall; The boys were running swiftly Af - ter bouncing

f *ritard.*

toes; Standing on their toes.
ball; Af - ter bouncing ball.



SELLING MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.



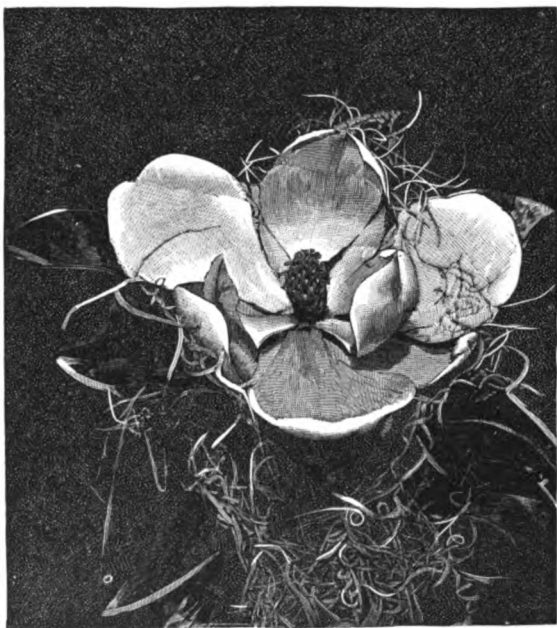
THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

WHEN we find a stranger among us, we should do all we can to make him feel at home. We should try the more if he comes to us from a warm climate where the south winds blow, and is shaken by the cold winds. In a swamp in the north lives a little stranger. He has been there for many years, yet hardly feels that he has a right to remain. He has threatened many times to leave.

How long it is since he came, no one knows ; but we all tremble every winter when the storms are severe, lest he should be chilled to the heart and die. For he is a waif from the far South, a sweet and perfumed flower, — the magnolia. Though northern flowers are sweet to our senses in spring, the fragrance of the magnolia overpowers them all. White, like the northern lily, its whiteness takes a creamy hue. Sweet-scented, like the lily, it is laden with the spicy perfumes of the South-land. We breathe odors of clove and orange blossoms from the heart of the magnolia.

Leaving this swamp, we next find our little friend in places where it is a little warmer. Then we may trace him southward to Florida, where he finds a warm and loving home and laughs at winter. Far

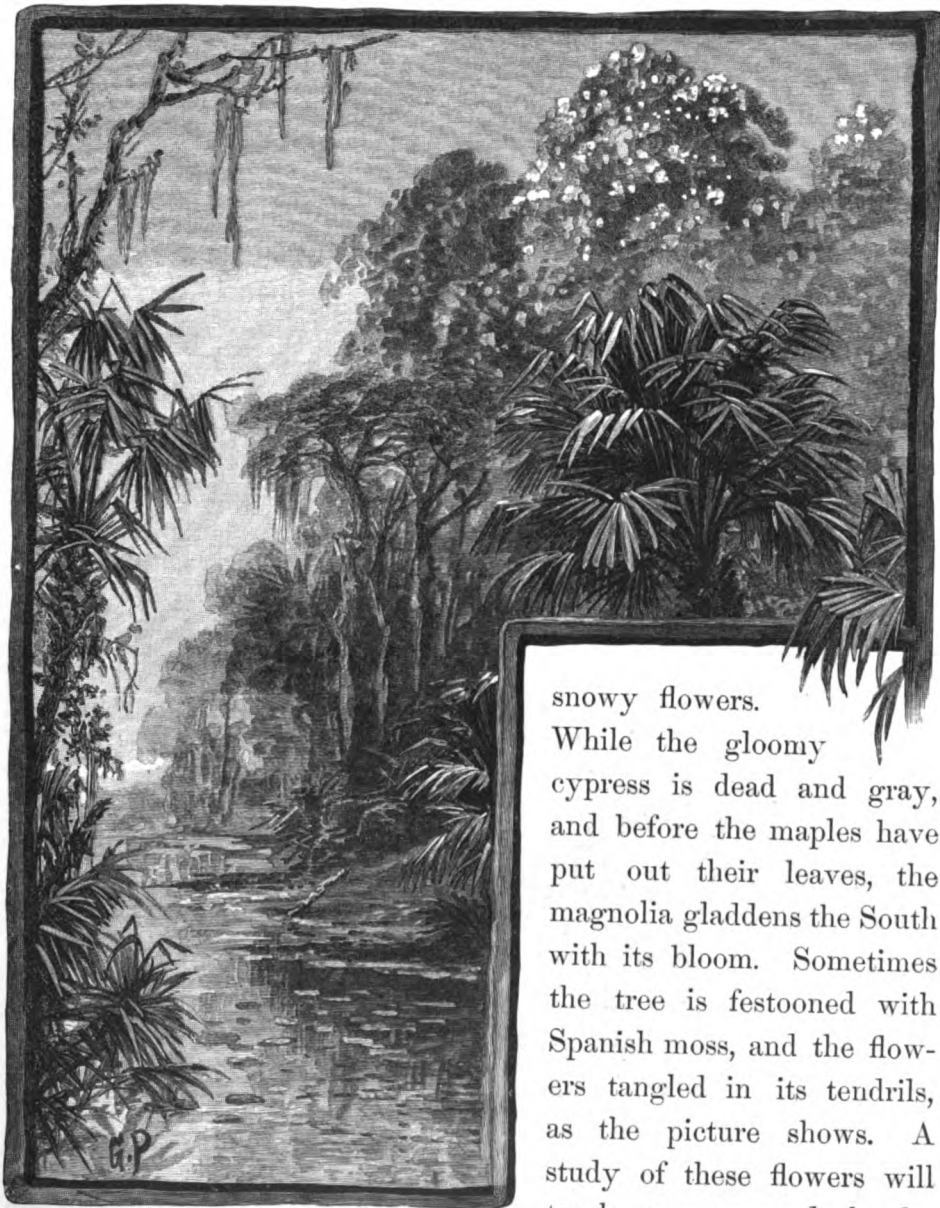
down in the lower portion of Florida is a vast swamp, called the Everglades. Here the Indians have lived for ages, and the white man knows little of the wonders hidden there. Here lives the magnolia; here it buds and blooms, and perfumes the air. No one looks upon it, no eye enjoys the beauty of its creamy petals, no person inhales its balmy odors. Like millions of the beautiful things of



God, this flower "wastes its fragrance on the desert air." Yet perhaps it is not wholly wasted: the eye of the Indian may light upon it, and his savage nature be softened by the sight of so much beauty; some passing hunter may discover it, as I did, and have his thoughts turned homeward and his feelings elevated by gazing upon it.

The picture that illustrates this sketch is not of the small magnolia that extends its travels to the North, but of the large one. While the little one grows on a small bush, or shrub, the larger adorns a great and glorious tree. In their nature they are the same; but while one is created to bloom in the upper air, the other is content to blossom in a lower sphere, near Mother Earth. Both, however, perform their duty and fulfil their mission.

On the river-banks of Florida you may see the magnolia, towering above the smaller trees, its crown of glossy green spangled with



snowy flowers.

While the gloomy cypress is dead and gray, and before the maples have put out their leaves, the magnolia gladdens the South with its bloom. Sometimes the tree is festooned with Spanish moss, and the flowers tangled in its tendrils, as the picture shows. A study of these flowers will teach us a great deal; for

as we pursue it a new world will open to us.

FRED A. OBER.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.



Boy. — DICKY-BIRD, dicky-bird,
whither away ?

Why do you fly when I wish you to
stay ?

I never would harm you if you would
come

And sing me a song while you
perch on my thumb.

BIRD. — Boy, I will sing to you
here in the tree,

But pray do not come any
nearer to me ;

For your open mouth and eyes big and bright
So fill my poor heart with
the wildest affright.

Boy. — I love you, dear dicky, why should you fear ?
If you'll come with me, my sweet pretty dear,
You shall live in a house of silver so gay,
And feed on a lump of white sugar each day.

BIRD. — But, my dear boy, I've a nest in this tree,
And three little baby birds waiting for me.



I should pine in a house of silver so gay,
And starve on a lump of white sugar each day.



I love the fresh air, the sunshine so free,
My swing in the rose-bush, my home in the tree.
My birdies are calling me, so I must fly,
And sing as I leave you, Good-by, good-by.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

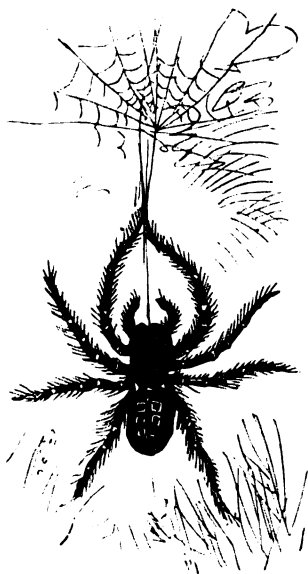


AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

CARRIE jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight fixed eyes."

"Dear me! And maybe she's looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie.



"They are very fond of music,"—

"I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."

"They can tell you whether the weather is going to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out, like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you did n't know that the spider can spin and sew, too? She spins her web, and she sews leaves together for her summer house."

"What a queer thing a spider is," said Carrie, beginning to forget her dislike

"Yes, and she has a queerer sister in England, who makes a raft, and floats on pools of water upon it in search of flies for her dinner."

"I should like to know what it's made of."

"She binds together a ball of weeds with the thread she spins."

"I wish we could go to England."

"And there's another of the family who lives under water in a diving-bell, which she weaves herself."

"How I should like to see her!"

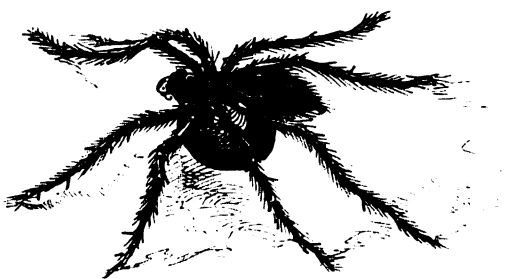
"Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies who digs a hole in the earth. She lines it with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens and closes when the family go in and out."

"Yes, yes," said Carrie, "how delightful!"

"But you would be afraid of the inmates?"

"Perhaps not, now I know their family affairs."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



WHAT BECAME OF THE SUGAR-PLUM?

LITTLE Fannie said she did wish her aunt wouldn't have a headache when mamma was busy, for then there was nobody to play with her. Perhaps the headache was better. She would go and see. So she tiptoed softly up the stairs, and rapped at aunt's door with the back of her hand; but it was just like rapping with a little pink cushion. No answer; and then she rapped with her finger-nails.

Aunty raised herself on one elbow and listened. She thought it might be a mouse nibbling at her Albert biscuits in the closet. Then she heard the noise again, and it seemed like two mice.

"O," said she, laughing, "I do believe it's Fannie. Come in."

"How you do?" said the little girl, walking up to her and looking very sorry. "How you do? I have n't seen you since day 'fore yes' d'y to-mor' mornin'."

Then she searched in her pocket a long time, and at last found a red sugar-plum.

She gave it to aunty to cure the headache.

"Don't you think," said she, tucking it into her aunt's hand, "that will make you mos' pretty well, and you can comed down nex' week las' year?"

Aunty said she hoped so, and laid the sugar-plum on the table. But, strange to say, she never saw it again. Perhaps a mouse may have got it. What do you think?



ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



SIX NICE DUCKS.



THERE were six nice ducks that I once knew,
 Fat ducks and pretty ducks they were too.
 And one had a feather curled up on his back,
 And he ruled the others with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Across the green fields those ducks would go,
 Widdle, waddle, wuddle, all in a row;
 But the one with a feather curled up on his back
 Was always ahead, with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Here a fat bug, and there a small toad,
 They snapped up quickly while on the road;
 But the one with the feather his broad bill would smack
 As he eat the biggest, with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Into the brook they went with a dash,
They swam through the water with many a splash;
But the one with a feather curled up on his back
He swam the fastest, with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

Some dove to the bottom, pink feet in air,
And grubbed in the mud for fat worms rare.
But the one with a feather of worms had no lack;
For he stayed the longest, with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

If I told you all that these ducks did,
What nice times they had in the meadow hid,
The one with a feather curled up on his back
Would fill half the story with his
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

AUNT SALLY.

ROBBIE'S DRUM.

ONE afternoon little Robbie Fales came home with a very sober face. Charley Allen, one of the school-boys, had just had a present of a handsome drum. Robbie wanted one, too. He wanted one so much that he could not think of any thing else all the evening. At last Grandma began to wonder if he was sick; so he had to tell her what he was thinking about.

"I wish father could buy one for me; but I know he can't afford it," said Robbie, with a long sigh.

"Perhaps I can fix up one for you," said Grandma.

"Oh, I should be so glad if you could!" said Robbie. "I know you can fix lots of things; but I don't believe you could make a drum."

"Well, I can try," said Grandma; "and I think I can fix something for you that will make a noise, if it should n't be like a real drum."

So the next day, when Robbie was away at school, Grandma Fales went to work to make a drum for him in a way she had thought of. She found a wooden box that was light but strong, and about the right size. She put some straps of red cloth around it to make it look gay. Then she fastened a long strap to it so that Robbie could hang it on his neck. For the drum-sticks she found some spokes that had been broken out of an old wheel.

When Robbie came home and saw what Grandma had done for him he was quite delighted.

"Why, this is a first-rate drum!" he exclaimed. "And it did n't cost a cent, either. I did n't think you could make any thing so good," and he thanked her over and over. He hung the box on his neck, and beat a lively rub-a-dub on the ends. He liked the sticks

very much, because they were so round and smooth. The home-made drum was greatly admired by the school-boys. Each one of them took his turn at playing on it; and they all agreed, that if it did not look just like a real drum, it did make a splendid noise.

Robbie said he was sure that he enjoyed it as much as he should if it had cost several dollars; and Grandma was very glad that she had been able to make him so happy.



MARY E. NATHE.



TESSA'S HAPPY DAY.

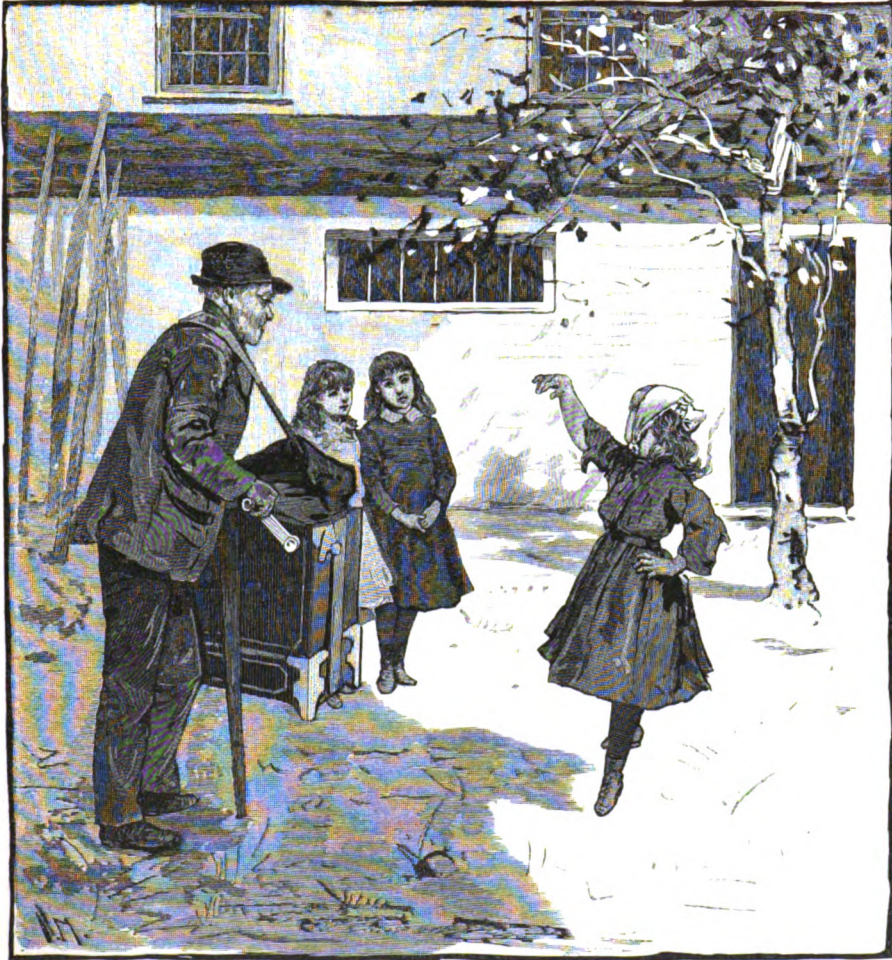
TESSA was a little Italian girl. She lived with her grandfather, who was an organ-player. They did not have any home. They wandered about from town to town, and Tessa danced while her grandfather played on the organ. In this way they earned all the money they had.

One afternoon they started to go to a place where they had never been before. They did not know the way, and they walked till it was almost dark. They were in the country among the corn-fields and green orchards. Tessa was so tired she could not go any farther; so they stopped, and ate their supper of dry bread and drank some water from a running brook. Then they went into a meadow where there were some heaps of hay, and lay down for the night. Tessa had often stayed out of doors all night, so she was not afraid; and she and her grandfather were soon asleep on the sweet-smelling hay.

The next morning they woke up rested; but they were very hungry. They saw a house near by, and went to it to get something to eat. The house belonged to Mr. Lane. He invited the travellers in, and Mrs. Lane gave them a good breakfast. After they had eaten, the grandfather played on the organ, and Tessa danced.

Martha and Nannie Lane were little girls about the age of Tessa. They were much pleased with these strange visitors. They had never heard a hand-organ before, and they had never seen any one dance like Tessa. They wanted her to stay all day with them, and she was very glad to do so. She had always lived in cities, and it seemed delightful to her to be in the country. So while her grandfather rested and slept under a shady tree, she ran about and played with Martha and Nannie. They danced together in the big barn, and they went into the fields and gathered berries and flowers.

That night Mr. Lane was going to the next town, and he took Tessa and her grandfather along with him in his wagon. Martha and Nannie were very sorry to have them go. They gave Tessa some clothes and a bag of cakes and apples.



It was the happiest day that Tessa had ever spent in her whole life. She wished that she might live always with these new friends. She told them that some time she should come again.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



WHAT BABY DOES.

THIS little boy baby
Wants something to do;
So he lifts up his foot
And bites at his shoe.

He plays with his toes,
And is happy and gay
From morning till evening, —
The whole of the day.

He eats when he's hungry
And drinks when he will;
When he has all he wants
He lies down and is still.

Then he shuts up his eyes,
And with each little hand
Holding tightly some plaything
He finds by-low land.

M. L. S.



BRINDLE AND THE PIGEONS.

BRINDLE is the cow. Tom, the milk-boy, milks her twice every day. He feeds her well both night and morning. I really think Brindle loves him: she seems to do so, any how. One day I saw her put out her great red tongue and lick Tommy on the shoulder and face.

But I must tell you about the pigeons. Tom one day put four pairs in the loft. That was a long while ago. We now have over one hundred. Almost any morning, while Tom is milking, you may see dozens of them on Brindle's back in the barn. At first she used to switch them off with her tail; but now they roost all over her, and she seems to like it. Two on her horns, and ten or a dozen on her back, and sometimes one on her ear, — is n't it funny? She killed one one day with a sweep of her heavy tail; but that was before she knew what it all meant. She and they are now good friends.

R. W. LOWRIE.



OUR WELSH POINTER.

WHEN we lived in Wales we had a dog named Carlo. He was a pointer. These hunting dogs are called pointers because, when they see a bird, rabbit, or hare, they stand quite still, and hold up one of their fore-paws. This is to show their master where the game is; and they never move until he comes to get it.

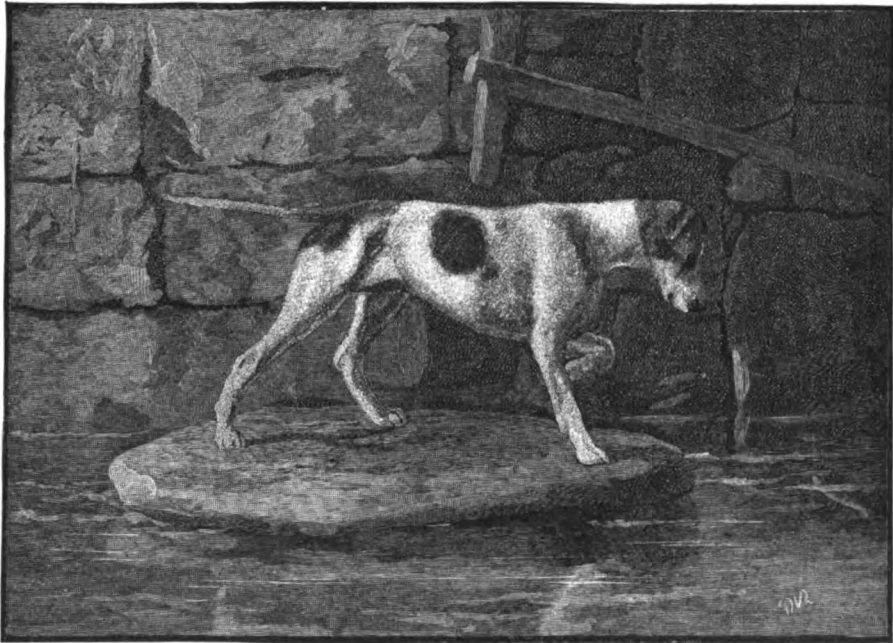
We three girls each had a Welsh pony of our own to ride. My pony's name was "Kitty." She was of a beautiful brown color, with long black tail and mane. Carlo liked a gallop over the hills just as well as we did; and so he generally went with us.

One morning in summer Kitty and Carlo and I started off to go to a village five miles from our house. There are plenty of rivers and stone bridges among the mountains in Wales, and there were three or four we had to cross before we got to the village. Of course Kitty and I went over the bridge; but Carlo used to run down the steep bank, and wade and splash about amongst the rocks in the cool water. After Kitty and I had crossed the last bridge, I missed Carlo. I stopped, looked back, and called "Carlo! Carlo!—Come, Carlo!" but Carlo did n't come. Kitty pricked up her ears, and seemed to wonder as much as I did what could have become of the dog. Then we hunted in the bushes each side of the road, thinking he might have found a bird or a hare, and I called "Carlo!" until I was hoarse.

At last I turned and rode back to the bridge. I never heard of a dog drowning himself; but I did n't know what might have happened, so Kitty and I scrambled down the bank and into the river. I looked under the stone arch; and there, standing on a

rock, with the water rushing around him, was Carlo. I called to him, "O Carlo! you dear dog! what are you doing in the river?" But he never moved: there he stood, holding up his foot, and staring into the water.

What do you think that foolish dog was doing? Why, he was "pointing" at a fish! In the clear water close to the rock was a beautiful, speckled trout! I suspect they were both so surprised that



they could n't move. They seemed to be "pointing" at each other. And not till Kitty scared Mr. Trout by splashing into his shady pool did he dart into his home under the rock.

Then the spell was broken, and Carlo dashed up the bank after me. He did n't point any more that day. I had good fun telling the folks at home about it. After that when we would say, "O Carlo, you silly dog, to point at a fish!" he would jump around us, and bark, and wag his tail, as much as to say, "But it was good fun, after all."

MRS. BESSIE PEDDER.



A QUEER BLOSSOM.

IN the shine of the merry morning
Of the springtime glad and sweet,
Went Totty and Tom together,
In love with the balmy weather,
As they trod with eager feet
The road to Grandpa's orchard,
Where the apple-blossoms grew
(For dearly did they love them),
And the bright, clear sky above them
Was smooth and soft and blue.

Oh! the fragrant, dainty perfume
Filling all the sweet spring air!
From the trees with blossoms laden
For the little man and maiden
Who were hastening for a share.
But what think you strangely happened?
One great blossom, white and round,
Stirred at sound of Totty's laughter,
And, just a moment after,
Tried to spring upon the ground.

Up, up the tree climbed Tommy,
Mid the blossoms pink and white,
And found a wee, lame kitty
(Oh! it filled his heart with pity)
All trembling with affright.
In her foot a thorn was clinging,
And she could not spring away.
"Ah!" laughed Tom, "you're good for
showing
What a blossom queer was growing
On the apple-tree to-day."

Then to Totty's arms he bore her,
Poor lame pussy, tenderly;
And, as no one since has claimed her,
"Apple-blossom" they have named
her,
So soft and white is she.
But when blossoms turn to apples,
And the boughs are bending low,
Gentle "Apple-blossom" kitty
Will turn (ah, more's the pity!)
To a full-grown cat, I know.

M. D. BRINE.



My name is Bessie, and I'm looking at you,
As I sit here just like a marble statue.



THE PIPPIN-TREE.

KARL and Christina were little German children. It was summer when they came to live in the house by the bridge. As soon as they were settled in their new home they began to go to school. The road that led to the school went by Farmer Grün's orchard. The trees in the orchard were full of apples. Karl and Christina would look at them when they were going past, and they longed to have some of them to eat.

"You must never go into the orchard," their mother said; "but if any of the apples should fall into the road, it would not be wrong for you to pick them up."

There was one tree that stood nearer the roadside wall than the

others did, and it had bright red pippins on it. The children called this their tree, and every time they went by it they would say, "Pretty pippins, please to fall into the road."

Several weeks passed, and the pippins grew larger and redder; but they did not fall into the road. Some of them dropped off; but they fell into the orchard. By and by the harvest-time came, and



Karl and Christina began to think their tree would never give them anything.

One day Farmer Grün was in the orchard as they were going by. He heard them say, "Pretty pippins, please to fall into the road." So when they were looking the other way he threw a number of the pippins over the wall. The children were delighted to see them, and ran to pick them up. Then they said, "Thank you, good tree."

Farmer Grün laughed to hear them, and wondered who these queer little folks were. He inquired about them, and found that they belonged to a poor but honest family that had lately moved into the town. After this he was often in the orchard gathering the apples for market. When he saw the little brother and sister coming, he would always toss some of the pippins over the wall where they could get them.

At last he spoke to them, and told them they might come into the orchard on Saturdays, and pick up as many apples as they could carry home. So Karl and Christina went many times, and worked as busily as two bees till they got a barrel of apples for winter. Farmer Grün liked the children because they were so honest and so willing to work.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



MOUSIE'S MATCH.

A LITTLE gray mouse was out on his travels. He wanted to see the world and get some supper. It was late in the afternoon. It was growing dark, and mousie lighted a match.

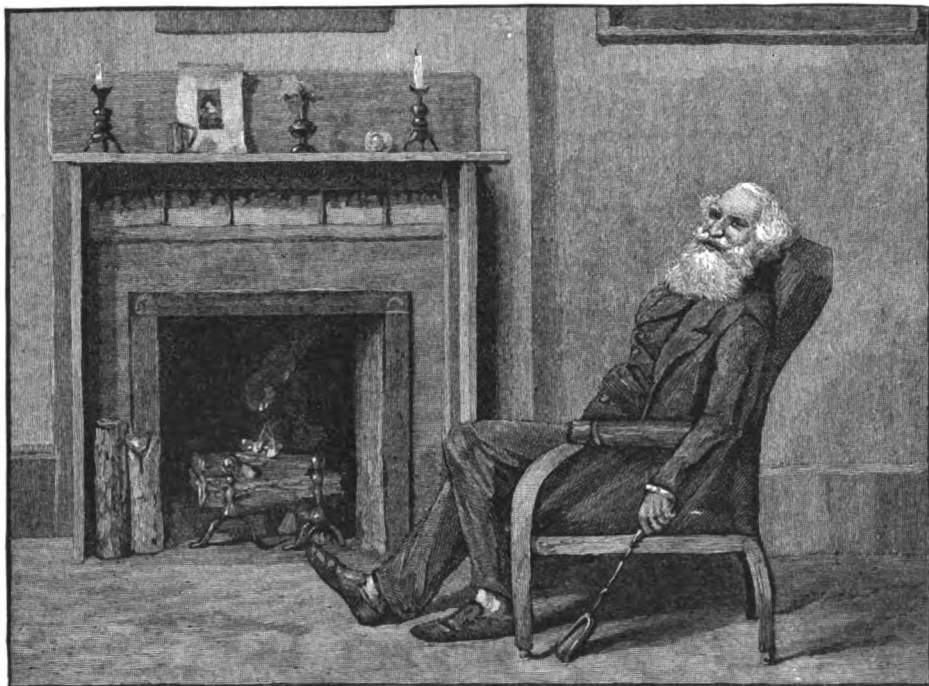
You don't believe it?

Mousie really did it, though he did not mean to; and this is the way it happened: Mousie crept through a little hole into a nice, cosy room. It was very quiet and warm. Grandpa West sat there writing. There was a little pile of chips and bits of paper on the hearth, ready to light the fire next morning.

Mousie smelt crumbs of cake in one of the papers. He crept in

and found them. They were very nice, but he wanted something more to eat. He nibbled some of the chips. There was a match among them.

Mousie found the match. He did not know what it was. Mousie never smoked, and never lighted fires. So he thought matches were of no use; that is, unless they were good to eat. He would try and see; so he nibbled the match.

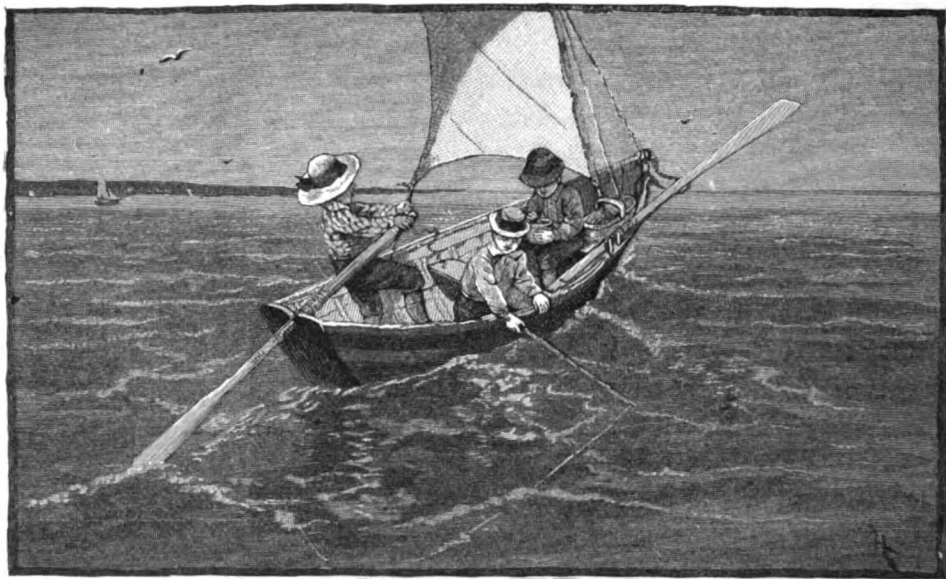


Snap! went his wee white teeth. Up jumped a little flame right in his face.

"Quee!" screamed mousie, and ran back to his hole.

If no one had been in the room, mousie's match might have set the house on fire. It caught the papers and chips, and they blazed up in a second. But Grandpa took them up on a shovel, and threw them into the fireplace. Then he sat down in his easy-chair, and laughed to think how fast mousie ran. Mousie reached his nest in safety; and very likely he told his wife that the world was burning up.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



THREE FISHERS.

THREE little fishermen, down by the bay,
Went on a voyage one sunshiny day;
Dick had the bait in a pink china dish,
Ted had a basket, to bring home the fish,
And Tommy, the captain, went marching along
With a gold-headed rod on his shoulder so strong.

Three little fishermen, out on the bay,
Laughing and shouting, went sailing away, —
Sailing away with the wind and the tide,
And the little waves danced as they ran by the side;
But the worms wriggled out of the pink china dish,
And the gold-headed rod only frightened the fish.

Three little fishermen, out on the bay,
Weeping and wailing, went drifting away,
Till a grimy old oysterman brought them to land,
And set them down safe in a row on the sand;
But the gold-headed rod, and the pink china dish,
And the big willow basket were left for the fish.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

BOBBIE LEARNS A LESSON.

UNCLE WILL bought Bobbie a dog, which Bobbie named Joss. Joss was a puppy ; but he grew fast, and soon was quite large.

"Bobbie," said his mother to him one day, "why don't you teach Joss some tricks? He belongs to a very fine breed of dogs, and looks bright. I would teach him something."

"Very well," said Bobbie, much pleased, "what shall I teach him?"

"Suppose you teach him to carry your tin pail when you go over to Mr. Smith's for yeast," said his mother.

"That would be fine," said Bobbie ; so that very day, as he had to go for yeast, he thought that he would have Joss carry his little pail for him.

"Come here, Joss," he said, with a little whistle, which Joss knew very well. Joss came running as fast as he could, wagging his tail, and looking very gay and happy.

"Here, sir," said Bobbie, putting the pail between Joss's teeth ; "take my pail, sir!" Joss took it, shook it, and then dropped it.

Bobbie put it in Joss's mouth again, and again Joss shook it and dropped it. Bobbie tried it three or four times ; but the result was just the same, though he frowned at Joss sternly and cried out in a very cross tone, "Don't you dare to drop it, sir!" The pail began to get a good many dents in it. "It's no use," said Bobbie ; "I shall spoil the pail, and Joss will never learn a thing." So he went back to his mother and told her his story.



"I know just how you feel, Bobbie," said his mother. "I have been trying to teach a little boy to say, 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am,' for several years, but still he says, 'Yes' and 'No,' instead, nearly all the time."

Bobbie hung his head; and his mamma went on: "I shall keep on trying, though, and you had better, too. Perhaps we shall both



succeed in time. I will get you a new little pail for the yeast, and you can keep the dented one on purpose to teach Joss with. You mustn't get tired trying. Just think of the years I have been trying to teach my little boy a few simple words."

Bobbie said "Yes, ma'am," very carefully, and the next day he went to work at training Joss some more. Before many days, Joss would carry the pail nicely. Then Bobbie taught him to stand on his hind feet and beg, and to go for the paper, and to do many other tricks. Joss used to stand on his hind legs, and make a very

funny noise which Bobbie called "singing," though it was really only whining and yelping.

Training Joss made Bobbie understand something of how hard it was for his mother to train him. Because he liked to have Joss do just right, he tried harder to do right himself.

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

A STORY OF A TOOTH.

It was a very troublesome tooth. Not a bite of anything sweet could Christie eat without making it ache. I cannot tell how many hours and hours in the night it had kept every one awake.



"That child must go to the dentist to-morrow," said papa one night.

Christie was a little girl, not quite five years old, but she was tired of being a baby. It seemed to her that since all big girls have had teeth pulled, having a tooth out would make her

a big girl. So she went down street beside mamma next morning feeling very happy.

"Hallo," called out Cousin Tom, whom they met, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled," replied Christie proudly.

"I would n't be in your shoes for anything!" added Tom.

"Is it very bad, mamma?" asked Christie.

But Mrs. Spencer told her not to be frightened, for Tom was only trying to tease. I think the little girl's mother ought to have told her the whole truth. Don't you?

What a nice place that dentist's office was! There was a splendid great chair with a head-rest, and a pretty bowl close beside it. There was a stand all full of funny little tools that Christie thought would be grand to play with.

What a pleasant man Dr. Snow was! He lifted her into the great chair, and asked so kindly which tooth had ached. Then he took one of the little tools in his hand. And then such a straining and tugging and wrenching and breaking.

• Christie did n't know that she screamed, but mamma told her afterwards that her cries were frightful to hear. She only knew that she put both hands up, to see if her head was still in place, before she bounded out of the chair.

"You are just as mean as you can be, and I'll never come here again as long as I live! So there!" she cried.

In an instant she was in mamma's arms. She was told, between tears and kisses, that it was all over. Then Mrs. Spencer took from a paper a lovely new wax doll. In a little while Christie was as smiling and happy as ever.

"Now, dear," said mamma, as they started for home, "you run back and tell Dr. Snow you are sorry for being so naughty, and ask him to forgive you."

Back into the office went Christie.

"Please, Mr. Dentist, if you're sorry for being so naughty, I'll forgive you."



The doctor smiled and patted her head. Christie never knew that she had n't said it right.

After all, she was n't a big girl! That very night she was rocked to sleep in mamma's arms.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.

Stay.

Words by MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Music by T. CHAMPTON

Andante.

Voice *mf* *Legato. p* 1. Stay a lit - tle, skimming swal - low,
2. Stay and gath - er in your hon - ey,

Piano.

Stay a lit - tle, robin gool; When you go the leaves all follow, All forsake the
Bustling bee, with dusty wing; Soon, not ev - en love or money Can coax a bud to

shadowy wood. In your nests se - cure - ly hid - den Are your lit - tle ones all taught
blos - som - ing. Gold - en - rod, keep on your shining, Milk - weed, spin your cunning thread;

Just to sing as they are hidden, Just to fly as small birds ought.
Show us all your sil - ver lining; As - ter, do not hang your head!





